Hearst's Internationa

combined with OSMOPOITAIN

April

Reginning

OMAD'S LAND" by Mary Roberts Rinehart
New Series of Humorous Stories by H.C.Witwer
A Delightful Love Story by W. J. Locke

Five Common Flaws Overcome

in this Exquisite Hosiery

Below are several common faults that Paris says are inexcusable. Note each one carefully. See how completely Holeproof guards against them.

COLOR and weight are not the only things in choosing hosiery. Too often overlooked, says fashion, are other points equally important. Certain flaws are hard to see until you put hosiery on. Then they quickly destroy fashionable appearance.

Read these facts about exquisite hosiery which many women do not know. You will see why fashion accepts Holeproof style as authoritative. Yet—as you know—even the filmiest chiffons are strikingly low in price.

Hidden Style Correctness

Holeproof stands supreme in style elegance and beauty. Millions will tell you that. Now we want you to know the fashion secrets that lie hidden in these exquisite stockings. Let them be your guide to style correctness. Note each point carefully.

- 1 Exquisite clearness. In sheer chiffons clearness comes only with the use of uniformly even thread. The lack of it in cheaper silk causes unsightly shadow rings. So at greater cost Holeproof selects China silk, judged finest of all oriental grades.
- 2 Correct Paris shades. Paris authorities select the newest colors. A scientific dyeing process keeps them clear and bright. Our anti-fade treatment protects from fading.
- 3 Superlative transparency. Even in the heavier weights. There is no cloudiness, no streaks. First the silk is specially tested, then it undergoes the special scientific Holeproof treatment.
- 4 No loose ends. Loose threads mar appearance. So Holeproof carefully trims the inside of each stocking by hand.
- 5 No imperfections. Style vanishes with imperfections. And here Holeproof safeguards you by nine separate inspections. It is a fact that few other fine hose are so uniformly perfect.



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What They're Wearing in Paris If you want to know, in advance, the latest style news from Paris, write for our special Paris Style Bulletin. It gives you intimate information which is cabled to us by foreign representatives. Bear these points in mind when selecting hose. Holeproof shops alone offer you this unique fashion safety. Know that whatever color, whatever fabric you choose, your hosiery will be faultlessly and fashionably correct to the smallest detail.

Today the startling new French colors are being shown. We invite you to see them soon. Note especially the new chiffons. Prices from \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Holeproof Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONT.

COSMOPOLITAN

Lu,ck?

By The Rt. Hon.
Winston S.
Churchill

HE longer one lives the more one realizes that everything depends upon chance, and the harder it is to believe that this omnipotent factor in human affairs arises simply from the blind interplay of events. Chance, Fortune, Luck, Destiny, Fate, Providence seem to me only different ways of expressing the same thing, to wit, that a man's own contribution to his life story is continually dominated by an external superior nower.

One afternoon in 1915 when I had been about a week in the line with my company, I sat myself down in our tiny sand-bagged shelter to write some letters home. I had written for perhaps a quarter of an hour when an orderly presented himself at the entrance to the shelter, and saluring with Guardsman-like smartness, handed me a field telegram:

"The Army Commander wishes to see Major Churchill at four o'clock at Merville. A car will be waiting at the Rouge Croix

crossroads at 3:15."

I had known General H—personally for a good many years. But it was rather unusual to bring an officer out of the line and I wondered what this summons could mean.

I did not much like the prospect of trapesing across three miles of muddy fields, the greater part under the observation of the enemy by daylight, and then toiling back all the way in the evening. However, the order brooked no question, and in a rather sulky mood I put away my unfinished letter and set out on my trudge.

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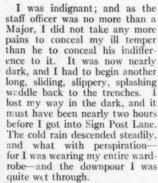
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DNT.

At last I reached the rendezvous—a shattered inn at these exceptionally unhealthy crossroads. Presently there appeared a staff officer on foot.

"There was a mistake," he said, "about sending the car for you, Major Churchill. It went to the wrong place, and now it is too late for you to see the General at Merville. You can rejoin your unit."



The bullets whistled down Sign Post Lane venomously, and I was glad when at last I came into the shelter of the breastworks of the

HAD got within about twenty yards of my shelter when a sergeant came up to me and, saluting, said:
"Your dugout has been blown

up, sir."
"Any harm done?"

"Your kit's all right, sir," he replied, "but A—— was killed. Better not go in there, sir, it's an awful mess."

"When did it happen?" I asked him.

"About five minutes after you left, sir. A whiz-bang came in through the roof and blew his head off."

Suddenly I felt my irritation against General H—— pass completely from my mind. All sense of grievance departed in a flash.

As I walked to my new abode, I reflected how thoughtful it had been of him to wish to see me again, and to wish to show courtesy to a subordinate when he had so much responsibility on his shoulders.

And then upon these quaint reflections there came the strong sensation that a hand had been

stretched out to move me in the nick of time from a fatal spot. But whether it was General H——'s hand or not, I cannot tell.



The Gibson Girls of 1926 – By CHARLES



A Natural

DANA GIBSON

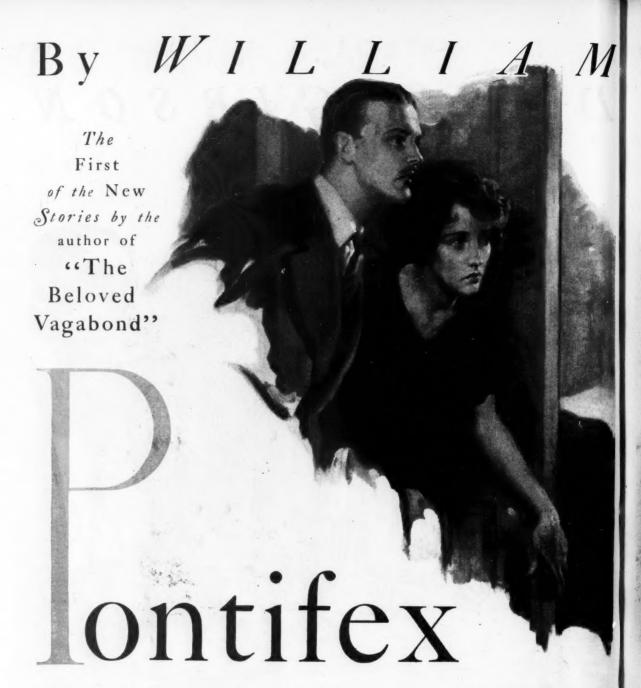


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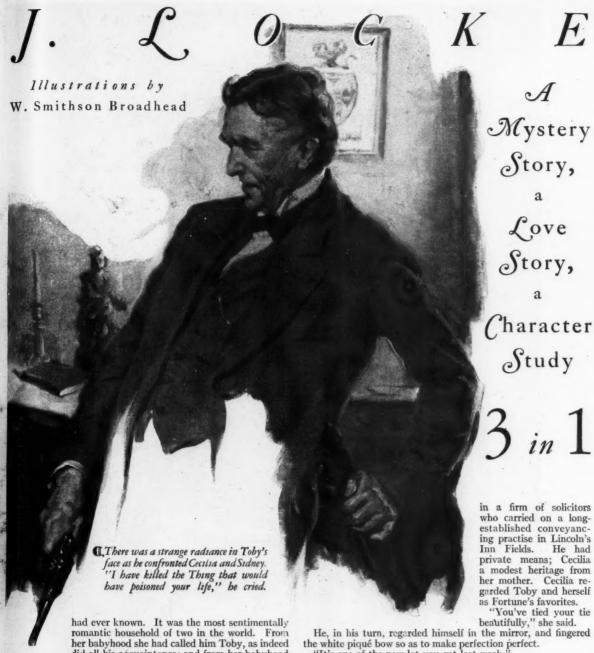
T WAS not until Cecilia was twenty-two that the shadow of Pontifex fell across her path. At first it was just a shadow, nothing more; of whom, or of what, she did not know; but it was a phenomenon definite enough to require explanation.

Now, very few shadows had darkened the ways of Cecilia Ford. There was the shadow of her mother's death, but that had occurred when she was six years old, and, at that age, shadows are fleeting. There was one cast, not too gloomily, by the absence in Irak of Major Sidney Lefroy, the man to whom she was engaged; but he would soon be coming home on leave, when they would marry and let the question of after-separation solve itself. He had been away two years. That the shadow was none of the blackest may be inferred from the fact that she could never resolve the problem whether she would have been happier or unhappier in a grass-widowed state.

Now, if the gallant but imbecile soldier had confessed his love a fortnight or so before his departure, there would have been no problem at all, because they would have been well and duly married, seeing that she had been miserably in love with him for a considerable time; but he had blurted it all out on his last nightmare of a night in London, and not even the Archbishop of Canterbury, exerting his most archiepiscopal authority, could have given them a license to marry before the inexorable morning train started him on his journey to Mesopotamia.

There had been a shadow, a deeper one, years ago, as it seemed to her, when her beloved Toby—her stepfather, Richard Westoby by name—had been knocked out in the war, and had lingered in hospitals for wounds and nursing homes for shell-shock until long after the war was over. She had been told that a mysterious son of his, her unknown sort of elder brother, of whom she had vaguely heard during her child's life, had been killed in the same cataclysm, and that Toby had been terribly affected by this death. The informing friends had warned her never to speak to Toby on the subject. She had never done so. Indeed, she had almost forgotten the fact. These dark days for Toby were, however, her school-days, and their end coincided with his complete recovery and inaugurated a delectable life together, for ever and a day, when all far-off things and battles long ago were forgotten in the large familiar house in Queensborough Terrace off the Bayswater Road.

Richard Westoby welcomed the child whom he had taken to his heart for her mother's sake when she was a pathetic wisp of four; and Cecilia flung her worship around the only father she



did all his acquaintance; and from her babyhood

he had called her Cilia, and he was the only one privileged to do it. A couple apparently more free from care never dined at the Carlton than did Toby and his Cilia on a mild evening in May. They were celebrating her twenty-second birthday.

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He eyed her across the discreetly lighted table.
"The new frock?"
She nodded. "Has it taken you the best part of an hour to find it out?'

You had it all covered up with that thing in monkey fur."

"Do you like it?"

"Stunning. You look like a hazelnut."

She regarded herself in a near mirror on the wall, and pleasurably admitted the accuracy of the description, for she was slender, and had hazel-brown hair and hazel-brown eyes, and the green of the frock was that of the hazel sheath. Now and then Toby had a poet's flashes. That was one of the many reasons why she loved him. Now, if Toby had been a poet, she would have taken the flashes for granted; but Toby, even in her adoring eyes, was one of the least poetical personages in the world. He was of medium height, stockily built, and running into the fat of a fiftieth year, blue-eyed, clean-shaven, with rapidly thinning fluffy hair; and he thought he earned his living as a junior partner in a firm of solicitors who carried on a longestablished conveyancing practise in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had Inn Fields. He had private means; Cecilia a modest heritage from her mother. Cecilia regarded Toby and herself

He, in his turn, regarded himself in the mirror, and fingered

'It's one of the new lot you got last week.

"I know. They smiled into each other's eyes.

'Heaven knows how I'm going to get on without you."

"You'll learn all you can while I'm with you, Toby darling," said Cecilia, "and then I'll find you a nice new wife to carry on the good work.'

He laughed, challenged her to discover the paragon in her image, for with nothing less would he be satisfied. She responded gaily. The pleasant meal went on. She was more than usually happy that evening, because of late her jealous sense had detected carefully hidden spells of depression, fits of absentmindedness, moods of thought foreign to his nature. He had often confessed himself to be a rotten solicitor, and was notoriously sensitive about his golf; but as yet, not surmising the encroachment of the shadow, she had feared worries deeper than those of work or play. His health, for instance, never too robust of late years. This evening, however, Richard was his old Toby self again.

In pursuit of celebration, they went on to a theater. The piece, a thing of music and froth and folly, had already begun when they arrived. They threaded their way to their places through the darkness of the stalls, their eyes caught by the antics



Across the corner of the torn photograph was the signature, "Pon-"He tifex." was a-an acquaintance of your mother's," Toby told Cecilia, "before he became criminal."

on the stage already lighted with the anticipation of amusement.

When they sat down, she squeezed his arm.
"A lovely birthday," she said.
The final curtain fell on the first act; and the packed theater sprang from darkness to light. There was the usual exodus from the stalls. Cecilia and Toby remained in their places talking over the play, happy in the afterglow of laughter.

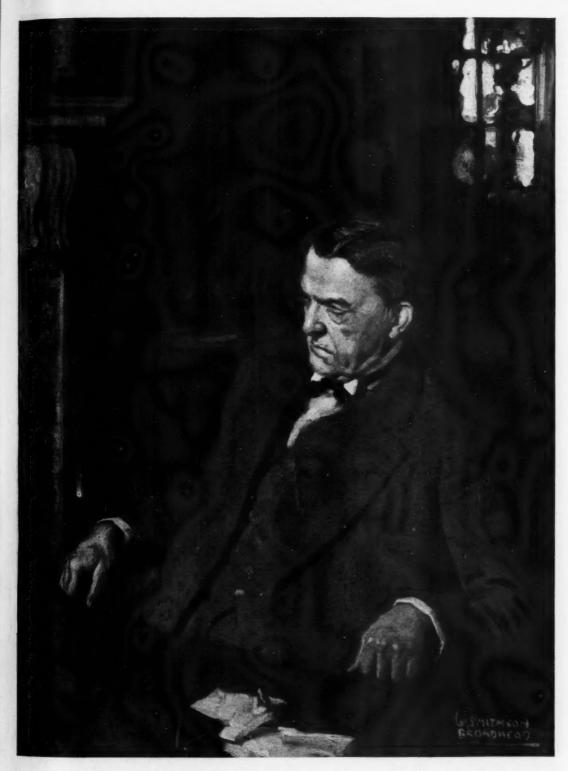
Suddenly she became aware that he was not listening. His eyes were fixed on a box in the second tier. She touched him. He made a vague, almost absent-minded gesture of pointing. But the box to which he seemed to point, the one next the proscenium, was, for the moment, empty. In front of the adjoining box stood two men and a woman; two commonplace, sleek, oily, corpulent men, and a bejeweled, skinny woman. Cecilia's touch on Toby's arm revealed to her that he was trembling. As she bent forward, in concern, she saw that his brow was wet with sudden perspiration. She said quickly:
"Toby dear, what is the matter?"

Her voice aroused him, and he turned to her with the wreck of a smile.

"I'm afraid I've come over rather queer," said he.
"Would you like to go home, dear?"
"Perhaps it would be better." He stared up again. "Yes.
Not only better, but for the best."

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He rose and moved towards the gangway. Cecilia huddled on her wrap swiftly, picked up a forgotten coat and hat from beneath his seat, and followed him. They were in the middle of the fifth row of stalls, in full view of the house. She gave a glance over her shoulder at the occupants of the box, which was on the side opposite to the exit chosen by Toby. They were chatting comfortably together, their backs turned to the audience, in no member of which were they apparently interested.

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member of which were they apparently interested.

Passing along the thinned row of stalls she caught up to him quickly. When they had passed through the swing-doors into the corridor, he leaned against the wall, covering his face with his hands. She was frightened. Could she send an attendant for

something for him—water—brandy? He shook his head. Presently he dashed away his hands. No, he was all right; but he must go home. He made his way up the stairs. A commissionnaire called a taxi, and they drove homewards. "I feel an awful brute for spoiling your evening," was the burden of his talk. "But I couldn't have stuck it another minute . . I'm better now . . . No, no, Cilia, darling—no doctor. I know what's the matter. Heart a bit rocky . . . 'I haven't told you—didn't want to worry you . . . Oh, yes. I saw Burgeon—Sir Myles Burgeon—a month or two ago. Nothing serious . . . Yes, darling, the same beastly old war. I'll always be liable to recurrence. I know exactly what te do

when I get home—drops . . . Oh, dear! Your birthday gone phut! Do forgive me. But you know you're the only being I've got left to live for in the world."

Cecilia knew it. The knowledge was sweet compensation for what might have been a desolate period of waiting for the soldier in Irak. Toby, with all his funny little ways, was the greatest dear on all the earth. Indeed, what made him so dear was these very little funny ways: his hysterical and sometimes impolitely manifested horror of cats; his undisciplined taste in costume—she herself corrected color-blindness in the matching of shirts, ties and socks, but was powerless to control his golfing raiment, in the which, when he played, she declared him to resemble a rainbow-hued Michelin tire man hitting a little liver pill with a meat skewer; also in the category of funny ways, his habit, if it had not been so tenderly humorous, of demanding the remains of last week's jugged hare or sweetbread, when a delicate joint of lamb was served at table; again, his passion for little pipes with tiny bowls, which must be found, near tobacco founts, in every

suspicion of Toby's possible disingenuousness. Why should a man suffering from heart attack point up to a box at a theater and give the impression of uncontrollable affright? She summoned and marshaled all her girl's vague knowledge of pathology.

At two o'clock she

At two o'clock she heard creaking on the stairs. Presumably it was Toby. His apart-

ments were on



In spite of Sidney's love, Cecilia's mind was darkened by the shadow that had fallen over Toby.

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room in the house; his sweet inability to remember dates of social engagements; his paradoxical, unerring memory of dates in the lives of the dull great-great-ancestors of uninteresting people whom he seemed to regard as specimens under the microscope of a scientific genealogist. With regard to these, and a few other foibles, Toby was the most touchy and irritable of men. In the other aspects, which really mattered, of life, Cecilia, with her woman's love and sense of humor, regarded him as God's Pet Lamb.

She went to bed, but could not sleep. The declaration of heart affection and the recurrence of war troubles worried her exceedingly. Yet against this worry was set another—that of the first 26

the floor below, the drawing-room floor. He must have gone down to the dining-room for some purpose or other—a book from the library behind it, or brandy for his heart. If he was ill she must go to him. She threw on a wrapper and went out in time to see him, over the well of the banisters, enter his own room and turn out the electric light on the landing. She sighed with relief. All was well. But she noticed that, characteristically Toby-wise, he had omitted to turn out the light on the ground floor.

Laughing, she tripped down the stairs, stepping gingerly on the edges of those two that had notoriously creaked ever since she could remember ascents and descents, and reached the brilliantly lighted entrance-hall. Now, the switch happened to



be just beyond the marble hall table. On it a telegram form met her eyes; obviously a telegram just written by Toby and put there for dispatch the first thing in the morning. The circumstances of the evening justifying disregard of delicacies, she took up the paper and read:

Pontifex, c/o Anglo-Peruvian Bank, Lothbury, E. C. Demand immediate explanation of your return to London—Westoby.

Cecilia put out the lights and went back to bed at once reassured and frightened. No heart attack had brought about his sudden breakdown in the theater, but the unexpected sight of this man, Pontifex. It stood to reason that Pontifex was one of the well-fed, oily men in the box . . . And yet, they were not looking in his direction when Toby raised his pointing finger, and took no notice of his exit from the stalls. An impression, growing into a conjecture, began to assert itself in her mind as a conviction that the apparently empty box next the proscenium was the object of Toby's concentration. Indeed, she seemed to have a vague recollection of seeing, during the act, a man's form, white shirt-front, white cuff and hand in that particular box. In a darkened theater human figures shimmer somewhat ghostly and unreal. The man must have hidden behind the curtain, or slipped out as soon as he saw Toby's eyes fixed on him.

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An illusory white shirt-front, white cuff and hand, masking a malevolent personage, haunted the girl's sleep. Something

elusive from far down the years also interwove itself into her restless dreams. The queer name reverberated faintly like a distant echo. She awoke unrefreshed, to find the shadow of Pontifex fallen across her path on that sweet May morning. But Toby came down to breakfast brisk and hearty, and, declaring himself the fittest of God's creatures, went off as usual to his dismal avocations in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

A week passed; so pleas-antly amid the first delights of the London season that she half forgot the incident of the theater. Besides, a long letter from Sidney Lefroy contained the cheerful news of leave earlier than their wildest anticipations. He might also wangle a lift in the air-mail to Alexandria, which would again shorten his journey. A goodly part of the letter was taken up with things which young women about to marry have not been disinclined to read since the world began. And Toby set out cheerfully to golf, and in the evenings wallowed in a sea of old parchments whence he way deriving conclusive and happy proof that a gentleman who had died without issue had been the rightful heir to an extinct earldom.

Then there came an afternoon when the illusion of
peace was broken. Returning from some social
engagement about six
o'clock, she rang the front
door-bell. The parlor-maid
opened the door. At the
foot of the stairs the sound
of Toby's voice in the

library beyond made her pause. He was speaking rather loudly. Cecilia stopped the retiring maid.

"Who is with the master?"

"I don't know, miss. The master's not lorg come in. He must have brought somebody in with him."

Cecilia nodded dismissal, and the maid disappeared along the corridor and down the basement stairs. Suddenly Toby's voice grew strident, and she could not choose but hear.

"There's no object in your torturing me like this. I've given you all you asked for. Now I'm putting down my foot, and there's an end of it."

Cecilia ran up-stairs. The way of the eavesdropper is abominable.

She went to her room and took off her hat and came down to the drawing-room. The peculiar peace of a warm afternoon lay on the cool Terrace, so near yet so remote from the hum of traffic along the Bayswater Road. She stood for a few moments on the balcony, and, craning forward, caught the green of the trees in Hyde Park. Some of their bravery seemed to have gone since she had danced into the house. A shadow had crept over them, the shadow of the man who was torturing Toby in the library. With a sigh, she returned indoors and took up a book. The man could be none other than the man at the theater, the man to whom the strange telegram had been addressed. Why should he be torturing the kind and gentle Toby, who had (Continued on page 217)

MARYROBE By

The First of a Series in which We SEE The Color of the East through the eyes of a Charming

Novelist

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Y FIRST view of her was under rather flattering conditions. First, it was moonlight; one of those clear white moons of Egypt which was undoubt-edly responsible for the madness of Antony over

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Cleopatra, since one has only to see divers reliefs of that wellknown lady to realize that it was madness. And in this moon-light certain austerities and angularities of her outline merged softly into the desert sands and were there lost.

Second, there was a good breeze going, and in this breeze a certain rather overpowering Easternliness about her was attenuated to a faint and merely suggestive scent, which was

dissipated in the general direction of the Pyramids.

And, third, she offered locomotion Had she not turned up I might still be a fixture in the desert sands, fac. g the rising sun and being photographed with tourists grouped about me, and matter of public comments and still the limit of the same terms. my age a matter of public comment and published in Baedeker.

Briefly, I came out of a tent, and there she was. Dressed in her best, jingling with small bells and various necklaces to keep off the evil eye, prone, acquiescent and mild, there she was I got on her, the two shadowy figures who had been standing on her doubled-up forelegs stepped off, her rear shot up into the air, her forward portion followed suit, another notch let out behind and another in front, and she was up.

So was I.

Far below me were the sands of the Libyan Desert; the tall Bedouins had shrunk to insignificance. And Dahabeah turned her long neck and gave me a glance of concentrated hatred.

Dahabeah was a camel.



I We looked at each other and in -

RTS RINEHART



The Head of the Family, having watched me up, was mounting also.

"How do you like it?" I inquired nervously, when he had

described the necessary number of arcs in the air.
"Fine!" he replied in a hollow tone, and turned his head to

see if his neck was still working properly.

The nautch-girl had twisted up her skirts and mounted a donkey; the musicians were trudging along on foot, pipes and ancient drum under their arms. The camel boys, each with what I hoped was a death grip on the rein, began to move, and so did the camels.

"You look great," our host called encouragingly, from the tent. "Like a pair of blooming Arabs! How does it go?" "Simply wonderful," I returned feebly, and gave my entire

and concentrated attention to my mount.

Had anyone told me during that first five minutes that I would before long travel a hundred miles on that camel, I would have laughed. Or no, I would not have laughed; one does not laugh during the first few minutes. One is too high for one thing and too busy waiting to see whence the next jerk is coming. And then there is the strange discovery that neither in front of the saddle nor behind it is there anything whatever. It is like sitting on an Alp.

Added to all this, also, is the circus feeling, and with it a bit of unreality.

Who has not stood on the curbstone and waited for that great moment when, the horsemen and the vans having passed, the cry goes up: "The camels are coming"? And seen the great



-a single voice shouted with laughter.

beasts, nostrils dilated and haughty heads thrust forward, padding down the street? A bit of another world, brought to us for our admiration and wonder.

And to be, for even a moment, a portion of this strange world carries a thrill of its own

But the emotion, in my case, was entirely onesided. Dahabeah moved off indeed, at the insistence of a small stick from behind, but neither then nor at any time later did she reveal the smallest interest in me. Later on I was doomed to search in vain for some indication that she so much as knew me; to long to scratch her ears, or to rub that sensitive portion of her six-foot neck which seemed forever itchy, and yet forever beyond the reach of her hind foot. But never did I break through her impenetrable reserve.

Indeed, one of my earliest overtures settled an



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both upper and lower sets, in good condition and ready for immediate business

But that night I was not interested in Daha-beah's teeth. The procession moved off, the nautch-girl on her donkey, the musicians afoot, and then ourselves. The Arab gentleman who had been hastily drawing my horoscope in the sand was left behind; the tent flap dropped, and underneath me a sort of localized earthquake was taking place. We were

on our way.
"You like drive her yourself?" asked

my camel boy.
"Not just yet," I said firmly and with

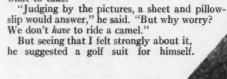
But the ice was broken. From that time on the caravan trip into the desert, which Assour had assured us would make me as "strong as a lions," was a settled thing.

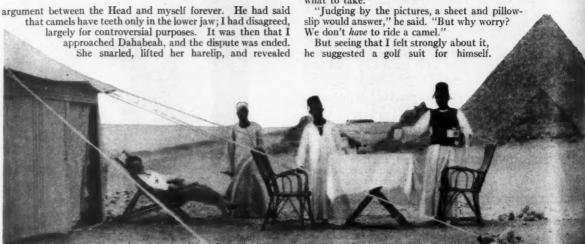
Now as long ago as the Christmas before last the Head and I had had Egypt in mind. And with Egypt, a camel caravan. It was, indeed, from a welter of tissue-paper, ribbons and cards that I looked up one day from my wrapping and said: "What does one wear on a camel?"

And the Head, who was trying to remember where he had hidden some gift or other, said:

"What camel?"

"Any camel," I said largely. "We'll have to make up our minds what to take."





Photograph by Dr. S. M. Rinehari

The first camp—"I was just a trifle ashamed of the luxury of these camps of ours."

C. The

Alabas-

ter Sphinx

at Memphis.



to see the desert turn from rose to gold. We were going to do the thing or die trying.

And being a consistent person, a golf suit he took and a golf suit later on he wore. But my problem was not so simple.

There is something infuriating to the average woman about the competence of a man's wardrobe. The only anxiety he ever knows is whether it is to be dinner jacket or tail coat. He can pack a suitcase and be prepared to mount a camel or to The matter of riding a cross-saddle on a donkey, in a short tight skirt, never sends a blush to his face, nor does he hobble across sandy wastes in low pumps because he hasn't the strength of mind to wear proper shoes.

No. The Head packed his golf suit, thus tacitly acquiescing in the camel idea, and let it go at that. But I——!

Personally I had had an idea that while men on camels rode between humps, as it were, women were luxuriously housed in a curtained and box-like arrangement, from which ever and anon they peered out, or waved a white and surreptitious hand to some passing gallant. And Assour had fathered this delusion.

"If we do go, Assour," I said one day, "we must be comfortable.

Why can't I dress like a Bedouin woman, in something soft and loose? And the doctor the same

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"You like go in native costumes?" he said, his eyes brightening. "Sure, madams. Very fine, very comfortable. You make fine Bedouin lady."

It is true that so far all the Bedouin ladies we had seen had been wrapped in a black cloth, generally trailing in the dirt behind and covering them from head to foot. But this had not daunted us, and so to the bazaars under Assour's guidance we went, and made our purchases. Then we carried them back to the hotel and put them on!

Over a striped green and white robe the Head wore a brown camel's-hair aba cloak, heavily embroid-

ered in gold thread. The under robe was girt with a sash of many colors. On his head was a white turban, and over that a gorgeous

and brilliantly colored silk scarf, hung with tassels and held in place by a gold cord.

I myself was modestly attired in a gold-colored slip and over it a cloak or aba of turquoise-blue silk shot with gold. My head scarf was a brilliant piece of work, and over my nose and extending downward was a thick white veil, which I inhaled and exhaled with each passing breath.

With a single voice we shouted with laughter.
"Any camel," said the Head, "would run a mile at the sight of you."
"And any woman would run a mile at the sight of you," I

retorted pleasantly

We took them off and put them away, and on the ship coming back they served very well as fancy-dress costumes. They stood out like sore thumbs, as a matter of fact. But as costumes for a hard desert trip in a matter-of-fact world they were a failure.

Even then, however, the desert trip still remained in abeyance. True, Assour now and then mentioned it-about three times a

day or thereabouts.
"If madams," he would say in his soft Arab voice, "if madams will but sleep one night in the desert, she will be strong as a lions. The desert it healthy, very healthy, madams.

"It looks healthy," the Head would say, gazing out from the Pyramids or some kindred spot over interminable sand-dunes. "But what about us? Will we be healthy?"

And in the meantime kindly friends were advising us not to go. Some of them were quite certain that the Egyptians were intending to rise and drive out the British, and that in the ensuing massacres the Americans would suffer as well. While others told us intriguing stories of various desert fauna.

There for inwas. stance, the scorpion, an

unpleasant insect resembling a cravfish in general outline, and which grasps one with its claws and then brings a (Continued on

page 187)



Never did I break through the impenetrable reserve of Dahabeah, my camel.

First

of

H. C.

Witwer's

Laughs

from a

Beauty Shop

F ALL the insulting epithets in the American language the most repugnant to me is the term "hick," applied by the inmates of Greater New York to the hundred million non-residents of their city. It is my belief that this vertical word of four letters meaning gullible contains more condensed contempt, patron-

densed contempt, patronization, malice and contumely than any other expression in the pungent vocabulary of the Jazz Age. Tell me I am homely and I will not resent the charge. Accuse me of being low-brow and I'll smilingly return the inevitable "So is your Aunt Emma!" Criticize my taste in books, plays, friends, recreations, and bootleggers and I remain good-natured. But call me a hick and I'll bile you!

I am Arthur Justin, twenty-one, and only son of Calvin Justin, whose exploits as a spender along the Great White Way have lately entertained you in the newspapers. I have a modern dairy-farm in Wales, Eric County, New York, which I conduct along scientific lines. I am a farmer, but, as I hope to convince you, I am not a hick.

For that matter, good people, what has become of the hick? I contend that the Jasper, jay, patsy, yokel, boob, sap or rube of our villages, once famed in song and story, has become as extinct as the dodo. No longer may gold-bricks be peddled with impunity on Main Street; instead, the farmer is apt to stick the city slicker with some real estate. The handsome city chap who does wrong by our Nell soon faces a jury of rustics that awards Nellie enough for her winter furs and limousine, with a trip to Paris thrown in. Try to sell Reuben the Aquaritum when he comes to New York and he'll buy it with Confederate bills, getting change in real money. The honest farmer "knows his oil," while the simple country maiden has seen "Rain," wriggles a wicked Charleston and can recite "The Green Hat" backwards.

The concrete mansion where the farmer takes his ease has a radio antenna on the roof. A player-piano decorates the living-room and a five-thousand-dollar car graces the garage. A tractor in the fields and a cream-separator in the dairy. A live daily with world-wide news service keeps him posted on truths far wilder than the snappy fiction on his table full of current magazines. Electric lights, vacuum cleaners, mechanical stoves and churns, golf, Kollege Kut Klothes, the latest super-films and news 32



C.Helene kept me entranced with running comments on the tricks of her trade; I learned about women from her.

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weeklies. Cross-continent telephones, adding-machines, dictaphones, check protectors or what have you? Daughter in a smart finishing school and son at a fashionable college. In the argot of the city, what do you mean, "hick"?

I admit my resentment at the insulting term is mainly due to the fact that, in a sense, I'm a farmer myself. "Hick," that sneering characterization of the natives of our hamlets, has never failed to make me see crimson. Although without the slightest flair for pugilism, I have no hesitation in answering this offensive allusion to my alleged rusticity with what have proved capable fists. Absurd, no doubt, but then we all have our bêtise.

Ten years after the death of my mother, my somewhat eccentric father turned our farm in Wales over to me with his blessing and the mortgage. He then departed for balmy Florida, ostensibly to spend his remaining years in tranquillity. Inactivity quickly palled on him, however, and against my earnest advice he began dabbling in land, buying a tract here and there as the fancy seized him. At the peak of the great real estate boom in the Land of Flowers, father disposed of his holdings at nightmarish prices and found himself virtually a millionaire. Almost immediately he descended upon Broadway to circulate his ill-gotten gains.

Then the fun began!

The Merchant Venus



Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

My first inkling of father's renaissance came with the abruptness of an earthquake. I awoke one morning to find the newspapers featuring the amazing exploits of my venerable parent, who as a spender was now apparently out after the record of the Count of Monte Cristo. Imagine my chagrin on reading that father was known along the highways and buyways of the garish night-club belt as "Cabaret Cal"!

Things had reached a pretty pass, indeed. My duty was clear and I hurried to Gotham, with the intention of severely repri-

manding my erring parent and sending him back to Florida.

Following what I am sorry to say was a very moist trail, I tracked father to the Fitz-Charlton, where he occupied the most elaborate and expensive suite in that ultra-smart hostelry. Attended by a valet, a secretary and what not, father was living in the regal state of an East Indian potentate, the only outré note being the numerous blue-prints of subdivisions and colored maps of Florida desecrating the walls. I gave my name to the pompous secretary and was shortly ushered through several gorgeously furnished rooms and passages into a large parlor, whence issued the blatant blare of a jazz orchestra. There I gazed in dismay at my wayward progenitor lolling back in a plush chair not unlike a throne, his face hidden beneath a steaming towel, while a comely manicure, a barber and a bootblack simultaneously plied their

arts on him. This to the accompaniment of "Two Time Papa, Don't You Two-Time Me!" from an unnecessarily large and atrociously noisy radio set near the window.

The barber raised a corner of the towel just enough to allow the escape of father's muffled bark for me to be seated. The clammy cloth was then smacked back in place with a squishy sound, the bootblack whipped an explosively cracking rag across glittering whipped an explosively cracking rag across glittering yellow Oxfords, and the hour absently polishing father's thumb-nail vouchsafed me a specious smile. The air was heavy with the mingled perfume of cosmetics and shoe-polish. I sat down, gingerly. At length, the labors of the court attendants finished, they were waved away with princely tips and father lighted a fat and arreputic signs with as I

and father lighted a fat and aromatic cigar, with, as I dazedly believed, the fire of a gigantic diamond on his finger. He dismissed the valet, whom he addressed as "Miami," and approached me with an expansive grin, rubbing his hands together briskly. Suddenly he snatched a pile of pamphlets from a table and thrust them into my limp hand.

"Here, young-feller-me-lad, read these over carefully!" he exhorted, with a far-away look in his eye. "Read and learn of the God-given benefits of Florida, the land of sunshine and plenty! Leave the drudgery of your-eh-whatever your business may be-behind and come to the new Eden. Eventually, why not now? I have still some choice parcels left and I'll sell you—" Here he broke off and regarded me sharply as though recognizing me for the first time.

"What the devil are you doing here, young man?"
I did not immediately answer. For the moment I did not immediately answer. I was lost in stunned contemplation of this redblooded Nordic that was my rejuvenated parent, exuding pep, prosperity and Florida with every breath. It's a wise son that knows his father! My

eyes traveled up and down his gorgeously clad figure and when they reached the plus-fours I uttered a strangled exclamation that father mistook for admiration.

"Nifty, eh, son?" he grinned, preening them. "A grand pair of pants—collegiate, y'know!"

"Father!" I groaned. "Is this really you?"

"This is me, myself in person, not a moving-picture!" he

answered snappily, pulling out his watch. "And now, my lad, what is it? Trouble at the farm? Money? I must ask you to what is it? Irouble at the farm? Money? I must ask you to excuse me for the next hour—I have my saxophone lesson scheduled and—" He stopped to inspect himself critically in a gold-backed mirror. "Humph! I must have that double chin removed. It don't look dressy!" he muttered.

"Father, this nonsense must stop!" I rose angrily and faced him. "You are making a perfect fool of yourself—you're the

talk of New York! What has come over you?"
"Is this why you have come down from the fastnesses of Erie

County?" he inquired ominously.
"It is!" I declared. "And furthermore—

"Then you had better go back to Wales, my lad, as swiftly as the good Lord will let you!" interrupted father, without heat. "And that is cold turkey! I shall continue to spend my money and otherwise disport myself as I see fit. Your father is nobody's

fool! I have passed the age of reason and the point where financial matters are of any moment. There are no pockets in a shroud and no night clubs in the cemetery! I have set aside a sum that will leave you well provided for upon my demise. Meanwhile, do not annoy me, or papa spank!"

He pressed a button and the valet appeared noiselessly.
"Miami, two h

highballs!" two manded father.

"None for me!" I announced firmly. "That does not affect the order! remarked father to Miami, who bowed and vanished, to reappear almost instantly with two drinks which

father appropriated.

Then followed a long, and as far as I was concerned, a losing debate constantly interrupted by the insistent telephone and callers who dropped in informally. Sleek, sharp-faced, well-groomed men who engaged father in brief whisperings, either ignoring my presence entirely or eying me with suspicion. I eavesdropped hoarse mentions of "Another big game to-night, Cal—thousand-dollar limit!" and "I can let you have the wine for two hundred a case, now!" All had highballs with father.

When the last visitor departed, father clapped on his head a nobby soft hat with a roaring band and paused for a brief inspection of his

face in the mirror.

"In these days of miracles there's no good reason why I should have three more wrinkles than a prune!" he informed me over his shoulder, interrupting my arraignment of his conduct. "Come back tonight and have dinner with me, Arthur, my boy, and I'll be glad to hear the rest of your stirring attack on the present genera-tion of parents. See you all of a sudden!

I did not fancy the look in his glit-

tering eye.

"Father, where are you going?" I

demanded sternly.

His answer horrified and completely floored me. He told me he was off to a beauty parlor to have his face

Thus endeth the first lesson.

Somewhat dizzy, I engaged a room adjoining father's suite, changed my attire and went for a long walk in the the biting winter air to mull over my problem, but arrived at no conclusions beyond deciding it was my duty to remain in New York and protect my amazing father from the horde of parasites undoubtedly preying upon him. I was about to purchase a

newspaper, but found I had no silver and I knew better than to offer a bill to the snarling vender with the pugilistic profile. I had strolled quite a distance from the Fitz-Charlton and I was tired of being shoved and elbowed along by the hurrying throngs. What do New Yorkers find at the end of their eternal chase? Determined to beat down father's flippant resistance with either pleadings or threats at dinner that evening, I boarded a Fifth Avenue bus.

At first glance the wind-swept upper deck appeared deserted, but as I was flung into a seat by the lurching conveyance I observed a remarkably pretty and modishly dressed girl sitting opposite me. A particularly violent gust sent her brief skirt flying and as she hastily smoothed it down and glanced around surreptitiously, our eyes met. At that instant, I must confess, my mind ceased to be troubled about father. I had climbed into Paradise via the steps of a Fifth Avenue bus! I continued to



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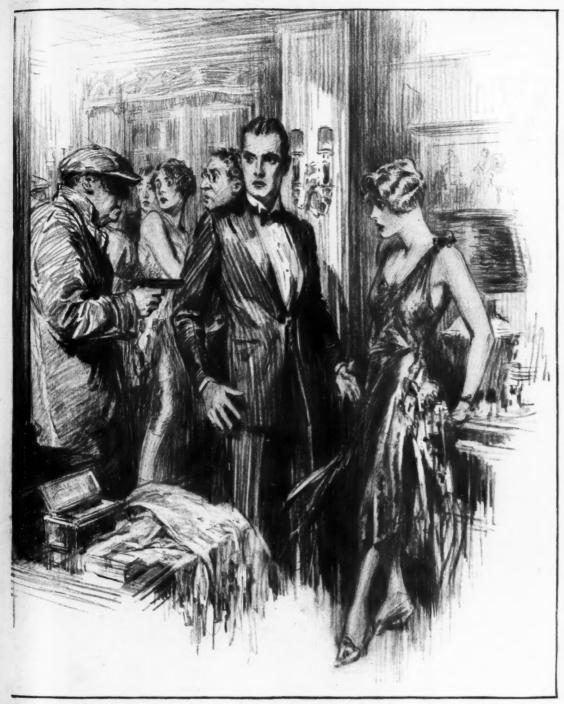
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stare and was annoyed to feel myself flushing, but the pretty lady, after a cool, brief appraisal of me and a slightly amused smile at my exhibition, returned to her contemplation of the busy sidewalks.

The conductor, a burly, ill-favored fellow, now approached and surlily extended the receptacle for my fare. The climb to the top of the bus in the coldish wind, an exercise for which he was employed, had not improved his congenital bad temper. Recalling I had no change, I reached for my wallet and a bill. It took but a moment's frantic search of my clothing to disclose the fact that I had left my wallet in my other clothes at the hotel. I could imagine father's expression when I told him. I immediately determined I would not tell him!

"Well, c'mon, brother, slip me a thin dime and make it snappy!" the conductor's growl broke in on my unhappy meditations.



for your ears, you're up against it!" a gruff voice snarled at Helene and me.

"I—eh—I've left my purse at home!" I stuttered stupidly. "'At's tough!" he sneered. "What am I supposed to do—bust out in sobs? Gimme a dime or cop a sneak and hoof it!"

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I could have sworn I heard a giggle from under the golden hair opposite and with flaming face I was futilely attempting a dignified exit from the wildly swaying deck, when I caught the click of the bell on the conductor's coin holder and he touched my arm.

"Sit down and take a ride with us, Big Boy!" he grinned and jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "The blonde just paid your fare!" Looking coarsely at the lady's averted face, he sighed. "What a disturbance 'at snapper is—and me just a boy which girls forget!" His elbow dug sharply into my ribs. "Pretty soft for you!" he added and lurched down the stairway.

Frightfully embarrassed, I sat down beside the girl, who turned with a dazzling smile that completed the rout of my wits.

"I—eh—I'm exceedingly grateful for your kindness," I stammered. "If you'll be good enough to let me have your address, I'll return——"

"Don't be sill!" she cut me off. "I'm not out anything. I found the dime that paid your fare on the steps of the bus when I got on. Funny—I was just wondering which of us would speak to the other first."

"You knew one of us would?" I asked, tingling.

"Why, yes—didn't you?" she returned, as though surprised at

my query.

That stumped me for a moment. "What the devil is the proper procedure in the face of such charming naïveté?" I asked myself. A sidelong glance at the cool, disconcerting eyes assured me that the stereotyped approach was not in order here. The silence became oppressive and I noticed for the (Continued on page 110)

At the Risk of a Flood of Wrath from Women, I Say That

rafters

URS is a grafter's age. And the biggest of grafters to-day are wives. The easiest graft in the United States these days is marriage.

I see the marital parade from a revealing eminence. I have listened day after day to battalions of angry, revengeful, weeping, grimly smiling husbands and wives-mostly wives. Hundreds of couples have brought to me their unhappy home life, the hurt of their very souls.

From my point of vantage on the bench, I have come to the conclusion in all seriousness-speaking with the humility of a man who deeply respects womanhood and who is the happiest of husbands-that too many wives today have turned into

> **Parasites** Liars Cheats Intriguers Money grabbers Contributors to immorality.

And the men are powerless to stop what's happening. They haven't a thing to say about it. If they rebel, they're clapped into the "Alimony Club" in some county jail.

It would not be seemly for me, a Supreme Court Justice, to criticize our laws. My duty is to interpret them. But I will say that only in American courts today are money payments awarded for "lost love."

The whole business of alimony-grabbing is degrading. It cheapens the relations between men and women. A new understanding in the interests of fairness and decency must come. In Cosmopolitan, the most courageous magazine I know, I herewith offer myself as a pioneer in the new order.

What you read now may bring the wrath of the gods-and what's worse, the women's clubs—upon my head. But I have a multitude of facts and cases. I believe that I am in the right and that you, the American public, will some day agree by a revision of the statutes relating to marriage and divorce.

When I announced recently that I would refuse to grant alimony in cases where wives are healthy, childless, able-bodied and capable of supporting themselves, there was a nation-wide uproar. Lawyers specializing in obtaining alimony for scheming wives denounced me, as did women from the clubs. But editorially, from coast to coast, the newspapers upheld my view. Editors see the menace to our domestic institution if this alimony scandal is allowed to go on.

A wife applied to me for separation, asking alimony. She was an interior decorator doing a very satisfactory business in Brooklyn. I learned that she made more than her husband. "Why do you ask alimony?" I questioned her. "You are

making more than he does.

"Well, why shouldn't I get it? Am I not his wife? Shouldn't I get something back for all those wasted years?"
"Have you any children?"

"No, I'm glad to say. "Application for alimony denied."

I have consistently refused to grant alimony unless the facts warranted. I have reached the conclusion that the best ends of justice would be served if the courts permitted alimony only when the final decree is signed.

I truly believe it's alimony, alimony, alimony that keeps ousands of couples from becoming reconciled. The woman thousands of couples from becoming reconciled. being supported by her husband under order of the court isn't anxious to effect a reconciliation with him. She is dawdling in idleness, free, irresponsible; a life of song is hers. And she's making him suffer; so she gloats.

From my study of the court records I find there are twenty separation suits for every divorce. There is an ever-increasing tendency for childless women—tired of their husbands—to get rid of them and continue to take advantage of their helpless mates. If the husbands default in so much as a single payment of alimony, the wives can have them jailed for contempt of court.

And wives do! Very ferociously, I might add.

Before me the other day came the case of a traveling salesman. He's been paying alimony for five years. Awaiting trial for his wife's suit for separation! She has not pressed the case. Why should she? She's living off him in grand style. It is legalized slavery

Here is a letter from a manufacturer, typical of many in my

Your Honor:

Several years ago I had a business, a car and a chauffeur, and a highly paid office staff. I have lost my business. I have borrowed from my friends until I have exhausted my credit in an effort to

keep up my alimony payments.

I owe considerable money, but my meanest creditor has not undertaken to throw me into jail, as my wife did. Now I am in arrears again and she wants to have me locked up. She has said she would rather have me in jail than have the money. Unless you can do something for me, I may spend the rest of my life in jail.

E VEN after a wife has lived in idleness for several years, loaning on her alimony, she's not satisfied! One woman rushed into my court with her lawyer only the other day

When they separated, her husband was making \$100 a week in the lumber business. She obtained \$40 a week alimony. big real-estate corporation began developing near his yard. His business grew overnight. Today, she hears, he is making \$25,000 a year. And she wants her share. She wants her alimony increased.

"What for?" I asked her. "You're not living with him, are

"Oh, no, your Honor, but-

"You're not contributing to his success," I went on. "You're not stimulating him, listening to his confidences, keeping house

She stared at me, astonished.

"Why should you get more alimony?" I asked her. "Since he left you, it is true, he has prospered. Nevertheless, he's done it

in spite of you—not because of you. Application denied."

These Alimony Wives! Here is one, aged twenty-seven, a brunette of considerable animation. Her husband, an insurance salesman, she charged with inhuman treatment and addiction to drink. This was denied by the husband and supported by affidavits from his employer and two previous employers. They had one child, eight months old.

The papers showed the wife decided to have her own way. They showed that the husband had taken her back three or four times, after she left him to live in a six-room flat.

In that flat lived her mother, who is living apart from her husband; her aunt, who is living apart from her husband; two sisters, who are living apart from thei. husbands; and two

This young husband attempted to live with his wife. He was an earnest young man and hoped to hold her. Because of the drinking and carousing he was forced to say to her:

"We must go away. This is no place for you, as my wife. Your family is a bad influence. They're all living off alimony and idling and getting into trouble."

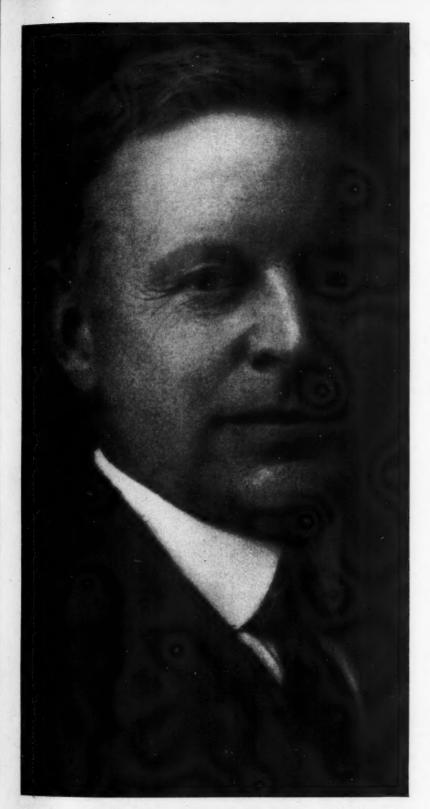
"That's just what I want to do too!" she retorted.

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She didn't get the alimony. I expect the idleness and trouble are hers today without asking. Why should she get his money? I ordered him to pay five dollars a week for the baby. No alimony or counsel's fees were allowed her. I didn't want to increase, you see, the horde of wives who fritter around on alimony for which



By Judge Selah B. Strong of the Supreme Court of New York

The divorce-and-alimony epidemic is causing a breaking down of ethical restraint. Men find it financially cheaper to have mistresses. They are usually recruited from the ranks of the alimony wives, by the way.

There are those who are still marrying—marrying wife after wife. They can afford it. The millionaire gets rid of wife Number One by tossing a small fortune in her lap. He goes out in the market for Number Two. Soon she is pensioned off with an estate in the country—and he's casting an amorous eye around for Number Three.

I heard the other day of a woman who is collecting alimony from two former husbands and is preparing to divorce a third.

There is another moral aspect to this alimony evil. It encourages immorality by both husband and wife. She won't divorce him-she's too content, thank you, with a separation allow-ance!—and thus both may not remarry. Only too often both of them find unofficial escorts into forbidden

On the other hand, divorces as a whole are conducive to morality. I favor them for this reason.

The facts do not justify alimony in ten percent of the cases, but the judges are allowed so little discretion, at least in New York State, that they are required by law to grant alimony in eighty percent of the cases.

Marriage is a partnership. woman, however, can lie down on the job, loaf, disturb the partnership with sabotage and I. W. W. tactics; nag and walk out. Yet the husband must keep on paying over her share in the business. I say that isn't honorable.

I submit no able-bodied woman with self-respect should demand alimony

And that is the trouble! Women are losing their self-respect. Our marriage system makes them. Parents show less concern in marrying off their daughters than stock-raisers do in breeding cattle. Only too

soon comes disillusionment-and the divorce lawyer. These, then, are my reasons for opposing the granting of alimony, except when there are children, or the wives are middleaged and economically helpless.

In such instances, it is the duty of the husbands to care for them-and I see that they do it.

No alimony for the gold-diggers!

they give nothing in return. They are not much better than

"Parasites"-did I say? Here is what often happens. With nothing to do, sufficient money to maintain an apartment, the alimony wife gets lonesome and restless, in a few months. She goes out with other men

And then we have another reason, a moral one, why alimony should be abolished.

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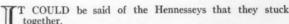
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By Fannie Hurst

Here omes the ride



together.
Until Ellen began having beaux and going out evenings
—a bit prematurely, Mike Hennessey thought—practically
every night could find the family group of them assembled in the usually overheated, always overlighted, overcrowded livingroom of theirs, on the fourth floor of a semi-modern pressed brick apartment house on 181st Street with a zigzag of fire-escape down its front and a flock of perambulators under the stairway in the lower imitation marble foyer.

The Hennesseys got on in the noisy, convivial fashion of—smack! for Bobbie who took clocks and radio machines apart more successfully than he put them together; "for mercy sakes, Mike, air your pipe!" "Maizie, quit sitting there pulling your lips that way..." "Ellen, the heels on your slippers need straightening.

That was the hot, crowded, overheated, overlighted spectacle of them almost every evening after Ellen and her mother had cleared the table and done the dishes and Mike had slid out of his shoes and Bobbie had gone to his tinkering and Maizie to paper dolls. That is, until Ellen received her certificate from com-

mercial college and went to business every morning.

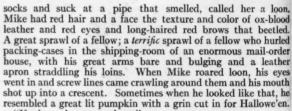
Then Ellen began to break the family group by attending motion-picture theaters with a bright-faced, square-faced young fellow named Leonard Hassebrock, who was city salesman for the printing firm where Ellen worked a multigraph.

And verily, two suns came out in the face of Lossie Hennessey, Two suns that suddenly seemed to have risen in her eyes and streamed light all over her face. Her tired face, lines, sags and grooves and all. Brightening it a little terribly. Making it a tense, nervous, fighting face.

When Lossie went about her crammed workaday, now that Leonard was courting Ellen, she did it with a tenseness that made her grind her scrub-brush into its object with gritted teeth. With a tenseness that made her pick up a pressed glass pickle dish from the sideboard with a clutch that could have raised iron. When Lossie lifted a newspaper, her finger-nails left half-moons in it. Suddenly Lossie, who had a bangy, rather easy-going way about her claptrap household, became a woman

with a light in her eyes.

Two lights. Two suns of intensity. The family twitted her about it. Mike, who liked to take off his shoes after supper and stretch to an hypotenuse and wriggle his toes in his warm cotton



"You're as loony as a loon."
"Loony, am I? Well, if I didn't make an effort to redd this place up, your daughter would be bringing her young man into a pig-pen for all you'd care. Bob-bie, your sister is going to have company this evening. Don't let me have to tell you again to stop tinkering with that radio and getting its insides all over the place. If I don't smack you on the same place where I patch you-Bob-bie!"

"Aw, mom, for the luvva Pete!"

"Maizie, take those paper dolls back in the kitchen and paste on the table out there!"
"Pop, make mom let me stay in here."

"You're as loony as a loon, Lossie. Let the child alone."
"That's all you care! A girl coming home from her day's work and then not even having a decent redd-up sitting-room to herself when her young man sets with her. It's no wonder girls is driven to meet their young men on the park benches nowadays when their young men are setting company.

"Well, I'm setting too, and my feet hurts."

"But. Mike, I've got a new Welsbach light in the kitchen and the range going full blast and you can have your rocker out

"I sets my evenings in the front room like I been doing it for the last eighteen years and if my young ones wants to set here with me, they sets or don't set, as they feel inclined. There's chair room for as many as wants."



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selfish! If I don't tell Ellen when she comes home from work how her own father and her own brother and sister are too meany-too selfish to clear out of the sitting-room so I can redd

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up a bit, so her young man can set company of an evening. Here she comes now—if I don't tell her——"

Ellen came in then with a paper sack of cone-shaped chocolates which she threw on the table for the children to scramble for, and a little cone-shaped red felt hat that she jerked from her clipped dark hair and tossed precisely to the head of a plaster-of-Paris negro gamin on the upright piano.

Pert, pretty Ellen, as cunning, as rolled of stockings, as flat of breast, as level of eye, as concave of tummy, as carmined and ready of lip as the best of her generation!

"Hello. S'mom, I've got to wave my back hair. S'mom, will you press out my pink? I'm stepping."
"Ellen—with Leonard?"

"No, darling, with the King of Phenacetin."
"I'll press it, Ellen. Only I thought you might want to set home and use the front room tonight."

"Chop-suey and dancing. S'mom, you didn't by any chance

finish my camisole?" "I did, Ellen, all except the ribbon run through. It won't take me a minute. Say now, Ellen, it's right fine, Leonard asking you out to chop-suey supper."

"And how fine me accepting him? For heaven's sakes, mom, you would think he was doing me all the favor. I was eating suppers every night of my life long before I ever knew his map."

"I'll say she was!"

"Bobbie, let my pockabook alone. That's only garter elastic in there that I stopped in for on my way home. No, you can't have a piece of it for insulating. Mom, make him—"

him and she can have plenty without him now that she has seen him.

"Your papa's got no ambition for your future."

"Ellen's got a be-au! Ellen's got a be-au."
"Shut up!"

"Ellen's got-Smack!

"Your mother is loony on the subject of---"

"Your father has no ambi-

"Well, don't be so sure, mom, that your ambition for my future is the same as mine."

"But. Ellen, he's a decent young man with prospects and intentions."

"Sure he is."

of fellow

"Any girl could be proud-

"Well, I'm not any girl. I'm me."

"You're only a wage-earning girl of a wage-earning father with no future except the one she makes for herself."

"Aw, tiddlywinks."

"That's a fine way to answer your mother who stands here sweating blood for you."

"Well, it's enough to disgust any girl to see her mother so man-crazy for her. Pop's not all wrong. If you're so crazy to marry me off, why don't you hang out a shingle? Daughter for sale. Marry. Marry. Honest, I can't hear the word no more. For heaven's sakes, mom, you're the limit! Honest."

"Marry you off! Well, what of that? I say it again. Marry. That's my ambition for you. There's so much badness going on nowadays. Light girls and light fellows—without intentions. I admit it. I want you married, Ellen. Safe!"

"Well, the best way I know to get me out of humor for marrying is to ram it down my throat every time you lay eyes on me."
"You would never hear me encourage any but the right kind

"Right kind of fellow! Leonard Hassebrock is the first fellow I ever knew until I got into business. He's the first fellow ever asked me to step out in my life and here you are ramming marriage—"

"He's a nice clean fellow, Ellen. Nice clean parents. Nice clean

fellow."

"Suppose he is. So is Maizie's little china-boy doll."

"He's a city salesman with a car."

"That don't turn my

head."

"Is he calling for you in his—flivver—Ellen?" "Yeh, I told him he

"Yeh, I told him he could if he would hang a rug or one of them excusemy-dust pennants over the firm's name on the door, careless-like to hide it, I would ride out with him."

"Hadn't you oughta wear my gray knitted hug-me-tight under your coat, daughter?"

"Yeh, that's swell, and maybe you could tuck me up warm-like in one of pop's Balbriggan union suits and his flannel bed socks. If you're so crazy for me to make a hit with Leonard, don't insulate me, dearie."

"I want him to see, Ellen, you're not one of the light girls of today with their minds on nothing because they ain't got any. A steady young man likes fancy things in the girls he feels fancy toward, but not in the kind of girl he would consider leading to the altar."

"The altar! The altar

—there you go. You oughta been born with a little silver altar in your mouth. Honest, mom, you make me so mad at marrying. Harping on it always. The way I feel now—the way I feel now—from you harping on it, I wouldn't marry the best man in the world!"

"Ellen!"

"No, sir! No sir-ree! Not if every tooth in his head was set in gold crowns and diamond fillings and if he carried a different gold toothpick for every day in the week."

gold toothpick for every day in the week."
"Atta girl," said Mike through puffings at his cold pipe, and wriggling his toes in his socks.

When Leonard Hassebrock arrived for Ellen there was the smell of impending liver and bacon simmering in its own juices adrift over the house of Hennessey, while Lossie, with one eye cocked to the skillet, pressed out her daughter's dress.

There was still Mike Hennessey in the front room with his

There was still Mike Hennessey in the front room with his stockinged feet stretched on the nickel rim of the glowing base-burner; Maizie pasting paper dolls from a teacup of flour and water; and Bobbie disemboweling a home-made radio machine and causing Mr. Hassebrock to stumble over a maze of wire.

An overhot, overlight room of Nottingham lace curtains, Axminster rug, golden oak upright piano, golden plush upholstery, a sheaf of wheat caught about the waist with a red bow above the doorway, and Ellen's mandolin-ukulele, with another red bow at its neck, reclining on its side against the mantelpiece mirror.



C,"Did you hear Father Sheehan say, Mike," cried Losse,

A room of family homelinesses punctuated by the remote thumps of Lossie's iron as it came down against the pale pink of Ellen's frock and the gentle, oh so gentle, simmer of scorching brown hair as Ellen, with her mouth in tight grimace and her pretty bare arms lifted above the dainty tininess of camisole, held the iron so close to her scalp she could feel its hot breath.

Scorch of pretty brown hair.

Leonard knew that smell. Except that when it was his sister's hair scorching, there was nothing to make Leonard's eyes and lips water as they did now, sitting opposite Ellen's father and swapping White Sox lore with him.

The pretty, lovely smell of Ellen's hair scorching, softly, sweetly through the house. The darling smell. When Ellen curled her hair, if she used the brand of iron in the advertisements on the bill-boards, there would be both of her bare arms raised—bare and white—curve of elbow—

Poor Leonard, sitting there swapping White Sox lore with Ellen's father, while his eyes and lips watered at the scent of Ellen's scorching sweetness.

And the whisperings! The great, inflated whisperings between Ellen, scurrying about in her little box of bedroom, and Lossie at her iron. "S'mom, have you seen my pink knickers?" "They're on your closet shelf. I pressed them."

"Sh-h—don't have to let the whole world know it. Seen my nail-file?"

"On your dresser, where it belongs."

" 'pare

"For him sitt "I'm "S'm album. panties "All your fa

your fa "Sh-l "Yes "For "Wh "You "Wh "It's

"It's Now! what I' they do downto little—

"Now face sp up you Now, I but don splotch



'parents whose noble ideals of-home-had been passed on'? That nearly broke my heart."

"For heaven's sakes, mom, aren't you finished? I can't keep him sitting in there till doomsday!"
"I'm on the hem."

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"S'mom, go in there and make Maizie stop showing him the album. I don't want him to see me in the picture with my panties showing.

"All right. Don't get nervous, Ellen, and get splotches on your face. I'll see to everything."

'Sh-h-for heaven's sakes, mom, not so loud. Mom?" "Yes, daughter?"

"For heaven's sakes, what did you do with my pink hat?"

"Why, nothing, daughter—I haven't seen it!"
"You did! You did! Somebody's sat on it!"

"Why, daughter, I haven't——"
"It's that brat! She's been playing house with my pink hat.
Now! Now! I'm not going out at all. I'll stay at home, that's what I'll do. If my own mother can't raise her children so that they don't pull their sister's good clothes to pieces while she is downtown earning her living-if I don't smack that nasty

"Now, Ellen. Now, Ellen. Didn't I tell you not to get your face splotchy? Here's your dress, honey. Give me. I'll perk up your hat with my hot iron. Drat that child! Now, Ellen. Now, Ellen—I'm going to spank her all right after you're gone, but don't get splotchy, daughter. Please, for my sake, don't get splotchy."

"Len's getting a raise the first. Thirty-two-fifty a week."

"He's going to get one of those big Booster Club pennants to cover the firm's name on the flivver door. We can ride every Sunday. There's room for three if we jam a little, mom."

"Scream, isn't it?"

"I'll give you a wedding, Ellen, that you'll remember. two hundred and sixty-four dollars saved to give you a wedding.'

"Don't want a wedding. Me and Len will go off some day and have it done over the magistrate's bargain-counter."

"Daughter! "That's the way the step-offs do it nowdays. Rather have the

Lossie gripping her girl's shoulders (Continued on page 194)

At exactly seven o'clock, there dawned upon Mr. Hassebrock the vision of Ellen. So pink. So fair, so pink, and with her bright young eyes causing him to ride up a fraction of an inch in

goose-flesh.
"Take good care of her,
Mr. Hassebrock," said Lossie, pushing the falling strands of hair out of flushed face and flecking at her daughter's coat collar for the fleck that was not there.

"That's what I want to do—always," said Mr. Hassebrock back slyly over his shoulder to Lossie and leaving the air to sing.

THE engagement of Ellen to Leonard was brought home to Lossie one evening by an embarrassed, shy young thing whose pertness was so miraculously rubbed off that when she found her mother sitting waiting up for her alone in a flat fairly jammed with the sleeping breathing of Mike and two young-sters, she crumpled up without preliminaries.

"He popped, mom. We're engaged." Poor Lossie. She

would have given much to put her hand out quietly on Ellen's bright hair and say something measured, something grateful. She was a little afraid of Ellen.

But the tears came like a lash of rain through a forest. The inner forest of the years of Lossie's concealed hopes and dreads and fears for her offspring. The tears came. Like the rain that lashes

a window dripping wet at its first moment of downpour; and strangely enough, Ellen, who could be so pert, wept too, there in her mother's arms with the little household sleeping and breathing around them.

"God's good, Ellen."

"Len's good."

money.

"When's the wedding, Ellen?" "He wants a short engagement."

"My little girl-married. A wife." "It's a scream, mom. Imagine me married."
"I've always imagined it."

'My married little girl."



It was inevitable that the Prince should soon grow somewhat weary of his Perdita; she was, in truth, too good for him. Besides, he was under the influence of Fox, who was quite willing that Perdita should not last as a favorite; indeed, Fox kept an efficient spy on all her doings in the person of Mrs. Armstead, Perdita's confidential maid. But far worse than Fox's influence, which was largely political—the Prince took to visiting Cumberland House, as Perdita one day discovered. She questioned him about it, only to be bruskly repulsed.

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She beheld the danger to herself from this new friendship of the Prince's with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and gathered her wits to fight it. Yet she knew herself wearied body and soul. Had it been worth while, she wondered, to change Mr. Robinson for the Prince? These brief years had taught her a bitter wisdom. 'You will figure a sleepless night with such thoughts as companions.

Sheridan's exquisite wife Elizabeth, a woman of the finest mold, who watched her husband's growing debauches with anguish, and was harassed by the debts inseparable from following the Prince's extravagant lead. Elizabeth's only consolation in a life she hated was her friendship with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a

fervor inflexibly restrained.

nature to be a mirror of profligacy and selfishness. Brought up

too strictly by his parents, and then suddenly loosed into the licentiousness of the times, he gathered about him a wild crew, including Charles Fox and Sheridan, and launched into a life of

Many men and women were to curse the Prince's influence in

later years—not the least of them Sheridan, that erratic genius

who might have been one of the truly great; and even more,

man cast in a mold as fine as her own, and who loved her with a

gross folly and debauchery, whither Perdita must follow.



he EXQUISITE PERDITA

Illustrated by DEAN CORNWELL

in dignity and self-control and therefore in beauty, her features and figure inclining always to the extreme of refinement and good breed-ing. This suited her, and he looked back with a vein of wonder to the liberties of candor and criticism he had permitted himself with her in days gone by. He en-tered now with the utmost ceremony.

"I have done myself the favor to wait on you, madam." "I trust it was not inconvenient, sir."

"Had it been, the pleasure would have been the greater, but 'twas quite convenient May I ask what commands you have to lay on me?'

Her pallor became her and the large eyes shadowing outward into a gravity of deep lashes -a beautiful woman, though she had lost the quickly changing play of expression that some admired as her greatest beauty on the stage

to me as an old friend in trouble who once more asks your counsel." "Mr. Sheridan, I beseech you lay aside ceremony and speak

"In trouble, madam? The gay, the fortunate companion of the Prince?

She put that half-taunt aside, and went on. "Do you remember before I entered on this engagement that you were kind enough to warn me on three heads?"

'Madam, I have long forgotten all misgivings and warnings.

How otherwise in face of such triumphs?"

She thought this cruel. She knew his penetration too well to believe it but put the sneer gently aside also.

"Mr. Sheridan, long ago you said, 'We are not now on the boards!' I am playing no part. Believe me, I am in great anxiety. May I break the matter with you?"

He was about to interpose some gay nothing but the look in her face forbade it. Suddenly he threw aside the fine gentleman and became real and penetrable.

'I am at your service."

That was the tone she could respond to. It encouraged and strengthened her where the other repelled. At once she related to him what had passed the night before, omitting only what her sensibility construed as slights upon herself, and therefore treason to her lover if repeated.

"You will remember, sir, that you warned me anxiously against the Prince's becoming involved with the Duke and

HE sat down next morning, pale with fatigue, and wrote to Mr. Sheridan, requesting his company that day, and received a speedy reply by the messenger to say he would do himself the honor to wait on her at noon.

It is certain his quick wit gave him some premonition of her views, for he cast a look of doubt at her as he entered bowing. It was certainly also no surprise to him to find her alone for the first time since she embarked on her new life. The very look of her writing told him mischief was afoot, and he could pretty well guess its form. He might wonder how she would take it, however, for though nothing had passed between them but what all the world might hear, he had observed her closely.

He thought her much changed since her elevation, so much that he could now guess little of the heart within. She had gained

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Duchess of Cumberland. Counsel me, I entreat you, now that I am at the beginning of that difficulty."

"Beginning, madam?" cried he, utterly astonished. "Why, do you not know—for 'tis common knowledge—that the Prince is forever at Cumberland House? Often he spends whole days and nights there. Their Majesties are in the profoundest anxiety, both from the Duke's well-known perversity of principle, and his political influence, which is of the worst. I surely thought you knew this."

"How could I? I hear nothing but what the Prince tells me. Oh, Mr. Sheridan, if you knew it you surely might have afforded me a word of warning! I don't say my pain should detain you a minute, but he is the Heir to the Crown, and an Englishman might give his ruin a thought."

"An Irishman!" corrected Sheridan with one of his brilliant enigmatic smiles. She scarcely heard him.

"I have observed how careless his talk grows. He comes in more often drunk than sober. I have feared—sometimes I have terribly feared, it may be my companionship that is thus lowering him."

"Yours, madam?" he cried, indignant. "Did you but guess the company he meets at Cumberland House you would know yours is his only hope. "Tis said at the clubs that the Duke is deliberately debauching him for a revenge on the King, and in a lesser degree on you."

"Then it is my most miserable fault!"
She wrung her hands in an agony of fear and contrition, paused on a sob and went on. "Oh, what can I do! Should I leave him instantly? I have had another fear also. How do his money affairs stand? I know nothing for certain, but can guess the suns spent enormous."

"Tis said he is up to his ears in debt. Burke told me t'other day he believed his bill for clothes alone was ten thousand pounds this year. But don't trouble for that. A long-suffering parliament will not suffer his debts to go unpaid. You astonish me, madam. Is it possible all this is unknown to you? Mr. Fox, myself, and all his friends deplore it. 'Tis the last influence to be wished for the Heir to the Crown. But to be honest, I believed you yourself had told Mr. Fox he was perpetually at Cumberland House. You may rely that the Prince has hidden it, for he values Charles's opinion. How could he have heard it? I am certain it came from this house. Is it really possible you were ignorant of it?"

"Entirely. I live among enemies and flatterers. Who should tell me! But this is worse than the worst I dreaded. What shall I do?—where turn?"

"For yourself or him, madam?"

"For him."

"Stay where you are and endeavor to gain his confidence with every charm and grace in your power. Capture his heart and senses by every complaisance. Then use that influence to restrain him. Not suddenly and violently, but with the utmost finesse. He is still



Derdita's strength failed before the and defiance at her This ends

all!



furious rush of words as the Prince stood hurling hatred all! he cried at last. I go, and never will see you more.



very young. There may be time. Be not too grave with him. He can't bear the didactic. Stoop to conquer."

"Heaven knows I have stooped. Will you yourself speak to

"Heaven knows I have stooped. Will you yourself speak to him?" she implored, and seeing his face harden, continued: "He admires and imitates you more than any man I know. He regards you as the very soul of wit and spirit. You have influence."

"No, madam. Such influence as I have with the Prince is gained by avoiding contradiction. And Dick Sheridan to preach morality! The very thought would send him into fits of laughter. My connection with him has nothing to do with the moralities. It is political and I mean to keep it strictly to that."

Lid he indeed? Did he believe as Perdita had fatally done that the machine could catch his garment and not drag him wholly into its wheels? His Elizabeth could have told him a different story. She knew very well what those midnight carouses with the Prince and Charles Fox cost her husband not only in money but in all the gifts of youth and genius and health. She could have told him what the soirées meant in Great Queen Street—soon to be the more fashionable Bruton Street—where all the fashionables came and gossiped and chattered and intrigued, decrying the King and Queen, and plotting a very different world when the Prince should be in power. The Sheridans' visits to Chatsworth and the other great houses with the inevitable cost and the gaming in which she as well as he must join to keep pace with the great ladies were another item.

And Elizabeth could have told him also what he little knew she guessed—of moonlight hidings with the lovely Mrs. Crewe in the

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great conservatories, of stolen walks in the parks, of a heart that grew colder and colder to his wife, more and more absorbed by the soft witcheries of Amoret. He was paying dear for his poli-tics and was to pay dearer still. Already men began to whisper that to be the Prince's friend was a danger wise men would shun. But Sheridan could not shun it-the brilliance, the wild extravagance, the dalliance, the wit, found a willing victim in him. Nothing but his intellect outsoared them, and they had power to lay that dormant, to steal the pen from his hand, and to direct the brilliance of his wit to the amusement of an idle Prince instead

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Perdita's story interested him now only so far as her conclusions might influence his own fortunes. It was a very faint and far-off pity. She felt the chill in him though she could not guess the cause.

"I must bear my own burden," she began-and hesitated.

"And my maid saw her—lovely as an angel at Richmond last week, walking with Lord Edward Fitzgerald. She told me that all faces turned to see her. I craved for the sight of her

myself."
"With Fitzgerald? I don't believe it."

He turned sharp round in his chair and looked into her eyes. Something in his tone startled her. She was easily startled now. Her eyes distended as she looked at him.

"With Fitzgerald? Are you sure?"
"She certainly said so. Why? I have met him at your house in the old days.

Sheridan stumbled. "Nothing. Only I had thought him in Ireland. He has interests there. But as I was saying—"

They were interrupted by the lackey's noiseless foot at the door.
"A lady desires to speak with madam."
"Impossible! I can see no one. Tell the lady to leave her name and another time I'll see her."

He presented a salver with a letter at her elbow, and in her astonishment she opened it and pushed it over to Sheridan. A line, no more. "The Countess (Continued on page 169)

Stomach Ache Should Be rrested

HERE are several ways people can take when a man is

One way, when a man has a stomachache, is to have him arrested

Another way is to laugh at him and get him to see that he is a ridiculous object. If ten thousand men in New York would agree tomorrow for one year publicly to make fun of fat men in the streets, so that only people in taxis could afford to be fat in New York, everybody knows what would happen.

Another way is to sympathize with him in being a ridiculous object, coddle him, let him suppose his being so absurd is not his own fault, and put it off on God.

Another way is to rouse up his intolerance, start him up into being ashamed of himself.

My own choice is the first—simply have him arrested.

It sounds extreme but when one comes, as one does in Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," on a whole society regarding a man's being sick an act of aggression, it is astonishing how sensible it seems.

The habit of making one's stomach ache by overwork is as catching as any other habit. It runs in families, just as laziness runs in families. And certainly if a man cannot hold up or arrest himself there ought to be some one by to help.

People can already be arrested for spitting and very soon people with colds will be sent home to breathe, or

HOSPITAL

put in jail for doing public breathing. People already feel there ought to be a law enacted to have a man arrested in a street-car for spraying a cold at And a stomachache, though it

is not showy, is quite as much an act of aggression on civilization as a cold. It is not only catching to a little temporary audience of fifteen hundred people a man has around him in a theater, but it is catching to his fifteen hundred thousand children.

When a man takes the liberty of being a father, who is an addict of a stomachache, a chronic or con-firmed colic—he is committing an act of aggression on a nation. He transmits a complex of habits—a tendency in people toward overriding the body.

It is an insult to the next thousand years to be chronically not well. An unhealthy ancestor dead four thousand years keeps right on being a public nuisance and a national menace.

Society is getting to be as intolerant toward a man

who compels his stomach to ache, as his stomach is. The man who is loose about his own health, or other people's health, finds he is as intolerable to people as the man who is loose about his own money or about other people's money.

One day when I was taking a vacation in a village up in the mountains, I looked out of a window up the crooked little street and saw a 250-pound Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of walking placidly up the road eating chocolates out of a bag. Suddenly, when his wife. appeared coming out a store two doors

away, he whisked the bag into his pocket. He had nearly died six months before from having to tote around permanently 130 pounds of sugar he never really used, and had had to make a solemn promise not to eat except in his wife's presence.

Everybody is found looking on ill health, as a matter of course, in the way they already look upon a bad cough in an audience. People look around and say, "Why did you come?" and the time is not far off when ushers will step up to people coughing in a theater and say:

"This audience and the players are asking you to go home. These seats you have paid for will be reserved for you if you want them two weeks later."

When it is considered by everyone unnecessary and shiftless to be ill, it will be bad manners to ask after a man's health.

The weak, kind person who meets a really well, chronically robust man in the morning by saying "How's your health?" will get his head taken off for it.

The whole clinging idea, even now, among women—the idea of pity-ing weakness and deferring to it -has changed. With the mod-ern girl, a young man who offers to help her over a fence, or around a puddle, takes a chance. She waves him aside. She wants to be treated politely—treated as if she knew how to handle herself as well as he does.

The present spectacle of civilization, of thousands of contented men bent with work, battered with play, pampering themselves in parlors, rolling around in limousines with their insides burning up, is not much longer going to be before our eyes. With our modern knowledge people are getting too unsentimental. Millions of us are seeing the thing as it is and are acting on it. The taboos, styles and customs of society on every hand are turn-

ing the other way. A stampede for wholesomeness sweeps us along. Millions of young men and women today who might have written this article will sign it when they read it.

Now the most powerful of all lures in making health catching

is the lure of money.
Samuel Vauckain, the President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, whose time at the office is rated as being worth \$500 a day,



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By Gerald Stanley Lee

With Cartoons by John T. McCutcheon

has his office time contracted for with his doctor. He pays his doctor a salary of so much a year for keeping him well and gets rebate every day he is sick.

Health is being treated in big business in America reverently,

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Anyone can see what is happening. When a natural and reasonable arrangement like Mr. Vauclain's becomes general among large employers it logic lly leads to the large employer's wanting some similar arrangement for his executives. He wants the men he has to work with as fit as he is.

This arrangement for executives logically leads, as anyone

can see, to some similar arrangement for all labor about the place. It is just a matter of working out details, and working men all over the

country-union men and non-union men-will soon be taking their doctors as seriously as Vauclain does, regarding doctors as belonging to a really great and serious profession and letting their doc-tors, as Vauclain does, finish their job.

If working men don't do this, firms will. Overturn will make them. No big company very much longer is going to be caught spending three years in educating a sick, unguaranteed man-a man they will lose or as good as lose in three or four years-when with the same time and the same money, they can edu-cate for the same job a man they could keep forty or fifty

In those first experimenting months when the Ford factory, its huge, hopeful, innocent-looking way, was trying to make any man whether or no worth five dollars a day, there were all manner of meddling things—even

spiritual things the Ford factory sprawled out into. But what it all finally simmered down to was health. The factory found it couldn't stick it out for a man's theology, but a man's biology—a central fact in a man—the factory did have to admit made a difference to it.

However the technique may be worked out, every man who knows anything about business or human nature knows that, next to his job, it is the personal habit a man has from day to day that roukes or unmakes his value to the factory. The business concerns which first find a decent way to do something about setting up in each man they employ the daily habits that keep him fit, are going to have on their roll; everywhere the pick of the labor and the pick of the execu-

tives of the country.
In the Dennison Manufacturing Company the health of the executives is made as definite a part of a man's contract as his salary. A man's health comes in as the first

part of his job.

When Mr. Vauclain's idea is carried through to its logical conclusion people will expect to pay a rebate for being bilious on company time. It is as unpractical in a business way for a saleswoman to have a headache—to take thirty percent from her power to please customers and make sales all day and draw pay for it—as it is to leave the counter at three o'clock and go and sit down at the movies and draw pay for it.

The general recognition of a new standard of health as part of common honesty in business is taking shape all around us, and the arrangement Mr. Vauclain has made with his doctor is really a typical, standard, rational arrangement that all of us-employees and employers-would make if we could.

I believe there should be for each man his own ideal—his own private appetite for health, which makes itself catching to

There should be a public or cooperative conception of healtha standard of just how miserable a man should be willing to be

without feeling everybody ashamed of him.

There should be a personal technique for keeping one's standard which one knows and is ashamed not to use. Each man of us can always be sure just what he has failed to do. and what he has to do not to be ill again.

There is one other essential element. If we are going to follow a general rule of sick-bed shame and of applying laughter and tears to illness, we must learn to laugh and cry straight, and allow for exceptions-people too old or settled to change their ideals or health

styles-people who have met with accidents-people who from chronic discouragement have become immune to health, extreme cases of heredity and of exposure; and last of all

there are the people on sick-beds, that God knows and that some of us know, who touch the world with a high seriousness and a glad heroism when we stand beside them. How often have I come away from their bedsides with a light heart!

In their name, in the name of their courage we say it: "We are ashamed to be ill!"



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The Story So Far:

HERE was a man-hunt on in the San Dimas National Forest, in the northernmost part of California. Bob Mason had escaped from the convict road gang, on which he was serving for the murder of the Superintendent of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company—a man whom he had warned to leave his wife alone, and who had disregarded the warning. The yearning to see his baby had made Bob break the convict honor system.

Forest Ranger Garland had been notified by his chief to be on the lookout for Mason, and a sheriff's posse was on his trail.

But the chief ranger had not notified Monica Dale, the lookout on Bogus Mountain, of Mason's escape, because he knew that she, being an old friend of

Bob's, would probably help him to get away. And that is what Monica did when Mason arrived at her place in the fog. Being a young woman of courage and resourcefulness, she determined to outwit his pursuers.

First she put him to bed in her log cabin, where he instantly fell into an exhausted sleep. Next she went down the trail and, when the sheriff's baying bloodhounds appeared, shot them. Then she told the fuming and indignant sheriff that, not having been warned of the man-hunt, she thought the dogs were chasing deer out of season and it was her duty to shoot them. And she coolly invited the sheriff and his posse up to her cabin door and treated them to some of Uncle Charley Canfield's famous moonshine.

Garland was the next visitor after the sheriff had gone; and he came, she was aware, to spy out the ground. He was a new man here, just transferred from the Cocopah Reserve in Arizona; he had become a ranger because incipient tuberculosis had forced him to give up his law practise.

He and Monica took to each other at once. He was surprised to find so charming and well-read a girl in this lonely spot, and she had never met a man as gallant and attractive as Tony Garland.

Their friendly and intimate talk was interrupted by Mason's snoring. Monica managed to divert Garland's suspicions, but the original reason for his visit now came out. She frankly and openly told him, to his astonishment and admiration, about the incident of the bloodhounds, but managed to imply that Mason had got away. When Garland left to find the sheriff, Monica answered his farewell wave by throwing him a kiss with each hand.

Monica now roused Mason and made him climb into a cedar tree near the cabin. When the sheriff arrived, and while he was 50 searching the house, Bob descended and rode off on the sheriff's horse, with the sheriff's rifle. Nor could that now thoroughly irate and nonplused official even notify headquarters of the escape because Monica had cut the telephone wire.

From far down the trail they heard a fusillade of rifle-shots. "Perhaps," the sheriff suggested mournfully, "Mason has shot the horses out from under some of my posse."

the horses out from under some of my posse."
"Poor man!" Monica sighed. "How singularly unfortunate you are today!"

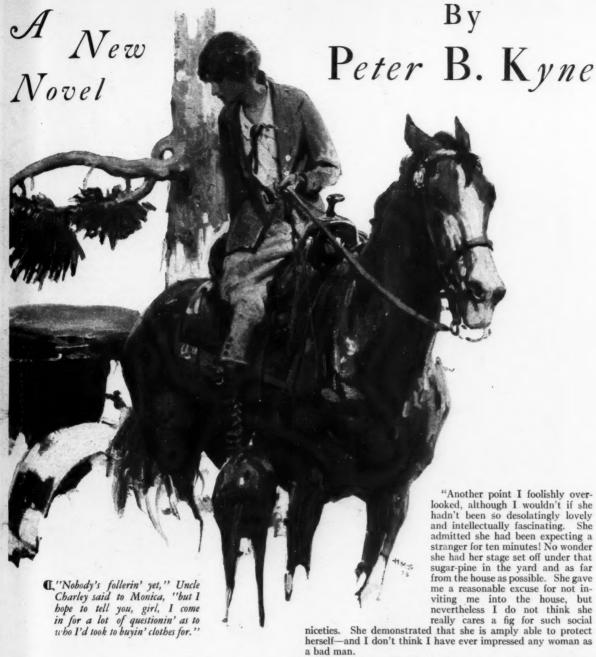
was well on his way to the Tantrum Meadows station before he commenced to recover from the mental and physical shock incident to his meeting with the mistress of Bogus Lookout. Gradually his heart-beats resumed their normal cadence, and from a purely masculine consideration of the effect this mountain girl had had upon him, his mind, habituated to clear, untrammeled thinking, automatically swung to a consideration of the effect she had had upon the failure of the mission upon which his chief had sent him.



Herbert M. Stoops

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"Gave us both a good trouncing and made us like it," he reflected. "Then she had the audacity to tell me how and why she had foiled us, and forced me, in some subtle way, to promise not to betray her! Good Lord, how weak the strongest of men is in the hands of an adroit and lovely woman—not that I'm the strongest of men by a long shot, but I've never regarded myself as a weakling. It was my duty to search her cabin when she invited me to. I could have done it then without a severe loss of dignity, but I sacrificed that advantage to gain another—to do what I'll bet a new saddle she obviously desired me to do—and that was to please her by declining the invitation.

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what I'll bet a new saddle she obviously desired me to do—and that was to please her by declining the invitation.

"What if she was bluffing? What if that convict actually was concealed in her house at the very moment she urged me to search it? Was that magnificent rage of hers real or simulated? Certainly I have never heard an old dog, with cattails in his nose or a growth in his throat, snore as clearly and distinctly as that Airedale did. I didn't believe her then, and I do not believe her now, and I noticed that when the old pup stretched himself out in the yard to continue his snooze she kept throwing bits of bark at him to keep him awake. I think she was afraid that if she permitted him to sleep he wouldn't snore!

"She got that radio going to drown the sound of possible snoring—and she chattered continuously when the radio wasn't playing. Mason has had very little sleep and much physical exertion since his escape; he must be exhausted. He had to have rest—and she saw that he got it. He had to depend on her to get rid of the sheriff's posse for him—and evidently she succeeded! Getting rid of me was child's play to that girl, but getting rid of that convict isn't going to be so easy.

"Shall I go back and search her house? Or would it not be more diplomatic to suggest to the sheriff that he or one of his posse do it? I hesitate to incur that girl's active dislike, although, bless her, she thinks like a man and probably would be sporty enough to like me for outgaming and outthinking her. At any rate she'd respect me—perhaps. You never can tell what these mountain people will do in their resentment. No, I wouldn't care to place myself in such a poor light that I wouldn't be welcome again on Bogus. That girl is certainly the shadow of a rock in a weary land for young Tony Garland."

He turned his horse abruptly off the trail and climbed to the very crest of Bogus. As he had anticipated, he found an armed and mounted man sitting his horse here where he could command, while daylight lasted, a view of the surrounding country.

"Where's the sheriff of Siskiyou County?" Garland demanded.

"Right here." the horseman replied laconically.
"I'm Ranger Garland, of the Tantrum Meadows station. Have you searched the cabin of Monica Dale, the lookout down yonder on the western slope?

The sheriff's eyes opened questioningly. "No, I didn't."
"Why not?" Garland demanded in the peremptory tone of one accustomed to giving orders and rejecting explanations.

"Well, now that you ask me, I've got to admit I'll be horse-whipped if I know," the sheriff replied frankly. "We were all at the lookout station—rode up behind the girl after she'd killed our dogs and furnished a pretty sound reason for her act. We met her about a mile below the lookout station and she led us up to it instead of trying to send us off in another direction on a wild-goose chase—which she might easily enough have done. At her

house she gave us all a drink andand-well, Ranger, it never occurred to me to suspect her. I must have been hypnotized by the girl."

"I can readily understand the spell she weaves, since she wove it on me half an hour ago," and Garland related in detail his experiences at Monica Dale's cabin.

The sheriff was convinced, in-antly. "The devil take that girl," stantly. he declared disgustedly. smarter than any woman has a right to be. She knew the value of a bluff, but she also realized that a half-hearted bluff might fail. I knew a man who worked that psychology with marked success. He was a gambler—always played poker, and for table stakes. He wasn't an extraordinary poker player but he did possess extraordinary courage. With a mixed hand and the highest card the curse of Scotland, I've seen that fellow stand pat in a game with four millionaire mining men. He bet cautiously, playing 'em close to his vest, studying his hand, studying the faces of his opponents, sighing a little, giving every evidence of a wholesome desire to bet 'em as high as a hound's back but lacking the necessary courage. So he kept raising and back-raising on piking bets until somebody shoved in a

ack.
"Everybody stayeu.
They fig-They had to. ured it was the last bet and that he'd lie down. He didn't. He shoved every chip he had in front of him into the potfour thousand dollars' worth-and he didn't have as much as a pair in his hand. The others immediately quit and the bluffer reaped the reward of his courage. Ranger, you're right. That girl is brave enough to take a desperate chance. Why didn't you call her bluff, young man?"

"Sheriff, if I were as old and as homely as you -if I were a married man with four children, as you are-I'd have done it. I

had a feeling, when she invited me to search her house, that I was losing some money by declining the invitation, but-well-

"I can read you like a newspaper, Ranger," the sheriff replied, grinning widely. "You're passing the buck, boy. Well, I don't blame you. She's as sweet as a royal flush."

"Women have a lot of conceit regarding their power over a man," Anthony Garland continued wisely. "Their first and

most powerful weapon is their sex attraction, and they've used'it so early and so often they figure they can get away with murder. Monica Dale

If I was as good-looking as you—and as young as you—and if I wasn't a married man with four children-all of 'em girls and the youngest sixteen-I'd probably agree with you that what I didn't know about women wasn't worth knowing," the sheriff interrupted. "As the situation stands with me, however, I'm free to state that I don't take much stock in your pronouncements, Ranger. You ain't had the necessary experience. was you about to say regarding this girl, Monica Dale?"

"She will conclude she has successfully deluded both of us and that we will spend the night guarding the base of Bogus to keep Mason from escaping of the hill. So she'll keep him there all night—and turn him loose on Bogus an hour or two before day-

light to take his own chances with your posse. She cannot afford to keep him hidden longer. In fact, she realizes it must never be known that she harbored him at all!"

The sheriff nodded his agreement with the ranger's views. "I wish I had about twenty

more men," he complained.
"I can tell you where to get them." Now that he was removed from Monica's influence, he was all eagerness for the chase. "Send your chief deputy over to the camp of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company on Dogwood Flats—about three miles from hercal back. killed their superintendent-that's why he's The management there will codoing time. operate with you, and your deputy can swear the entire crew in as deputy sheriffs and commandeer their services. You'll need them all for a night guard, Sheriff, and most of them have weapons."

"Right you are, Ranger. Please ride along the hog's-back for about a mile and you'll find my chief deputy. He's a red-headed man on a roan horse. Tell him what to do and say that I ordered it done. Then you take up his guard until he comes back."

Without further parley Garland rode off up the hog's-back and the sheriff rode off down it to Monica Dale's cabin, with the result already told.

It was quite dark when, after an arduous climb, the sheriff made his tortuous way through the chaparral to the point where Anthony Garland should be stationed. He lighted a match and shouted, and almost immediately Garland answered and rode to meet him.

"Well, Sheriff?" the ranger queried anxiously. "If you pester me with questions I'll tunnel the exasperated official roared back at "That scoundrel wasn't in her house when I got there. He was hid outside somewhere-in her barn, most likely-and while I was searching the house the sly devil forked my defenseless horse and quietly jogged away with him. I didn't even hear his departure. Ranger, you've got to protect me. I can't afford to have it known that Bob Mason actually stole my horse right under my nose and made his getaway. the love of decency, keep it quiet."

The ranger chuckled, and again the harassed

sheriff commenced to plead. He was so broken hearted at the disgrace which had befallen him that Garland was moved to pity, despite the humor of the situation, and gave the sheriff his word of honor not to mention the distressing incident.

"I swear I'm all tuckered out," the latter complained. "I'm too old and stout for this

hill work afoot. Ranger, suppose you lend me your horse while you make your way home afoot. You know this country well enough—and the moon will be up in half an hour. I'll tell the posse I had to have a fresh horse, so I swapped horses with you for a few days. Meanwhile the ranger force will probably find my horse, for Mason will not dare to ride him far. He's too dog-goned prominent."



Garla him he sheriff. "He convict Did yo



(It wouldn't have done you the least bit of good, Bob, if you had fallen in love with me," said Monica. "I wouldn't have married you."

Garland dismounted at once. "If you injure my horse or lose him he'll cost you two hundred dollars," he warned the harassed sheriff.

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"He's worth it, Ranger. And whoever finds my horse after that convict gets through with him earns a twenty-five-dollar reward. Did you hear that shooting a spell back?"

"I did. I marked the spot pretty well and when the moon rises we ought to go down and investigate. I'll hang to your stirrup, if you don't mind."

The weary sheriff sat down and rolled a cigaret; the ranger sat down beside him. "Wish I'd been more polite to that girl," the former remarked regretfully. "I ain't had a bite to eat since four

o'clock this morning, and I'm as hungry as a wolverine. If I'd had sense enough to keep my temper and refrain from cussin' her—yes, she exasperated me so I told her to go to—and she laughed—I might have got her to cook me up a snack. I know she'd have give me another drink of that old moonshine she has."

"I'm mighty peckish myself, Sheriff. Suppose we go down to Miss Dale's cabin and ask her for something to eat? A cup of coffee and some bacon and eggs would suit me fine. Nobody in this country ever thinks of turning away a hungry

"Don't torture me with your talk about bacon and eggs. Gosh, I can just smell 'em frying, but I can't eat 'em. I got too much pride to risk having that girl ride at a gallop over me again."

that girl ride at a gallop over me again."
"Tell me about her," Garland urged, loading his pipe. "Who is she? I mean, who were her people? Any fool can see she isn't the product of common blood."

"Well, naturally, Ranger, I know more or less about her. Once a fellow gets elected to the office of sheriff in a California cow county, runs his office respectable and does his duty like a man of some guts and intelligence, the job's misually his for life. I was the chief deputy when the sheriff and I tangled with a gang that held up the Shasta Express here ten years back. The sheriff was killed and I got shot all to blazes, but not fatally, and I was lucky enough to get enough of those train robbers for a mess. So I stepped into the sheriff's job for the unexpired term, and I've been elected twice since; consequently I'm more or less acquainted with every voter in the county.

"All I know about Monica Dale is that she was born and raised in these mountains and that her old man was a placer-miner, when he wasn't pockethunting. About twenty years ago old Dale found a pocket and took sixteen hundred dollars out of it. There was just about enough quartz in that ore to hold the gold together. Dale thought he had cleaned the pocket out, so he sold his claim to the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company for five thousand dollars. They put a gang of hard-rock miners at work on it and took out two million dollars before the vein pinched out. Old Dale never got over it. It made a pocket-hunter out of him for life. He'd do just enough placering to get a grub-stake together; then he was off, wandering from hell to breakfist in search of another bonanza.

"The girl and her mother lived over on Dogwood Flats alone most of the time. They had a section of land old Dale had bought some time or other, and they run about a hundred head of beef cattle and boarded some of the miners from time to time until Mrs. Dale developed pneumony of the lungs and died. I reckon Monica Dale was a long yearling about that time. Her old man stuck around home after that and raised the child, but you know the kind of raising a daft pocket-hunter could give any youngster. Why, the old fool couldn't raise a calf!

"The girl grew up somehow and the old man managed to pan enough dust to keep her boarding over to Siskiyou Center, where she went to school. When she'd learned all they had to teach her there she was sixteen, so she come home to Dogwood Flats.

Seeing as how she was big enough to take care of herself by now, her curious male parent took to pocket-hunting again. Girls marry mighty young up here; most of them have a baby at sixteen or seventeen and are old women at thirty and I suppose old Dale figured his daughter would be getting married early, like all the rest.

"This here convict we're chasing had known her all her life, and folks, so I'm told, sorter figured they'd make a match of it. Mason was running close to a thousand head of beef critters in the San Dimas and he had a little ranch over in Honey Valley—an even section, where he wintered his cattle. As pretty a little ranch as lies outdoors—all flat meadow-land, taking in the entire valley, and all subirrigated by the melting snow from Mt. Shasta. He'd seeded timothy and blue-grass with the native grass and used to cut two hay crops a year—enough to carry his ho dover stock over the winter. He had a nice, neat little log



I."No hope, neighbor," the

bungalow on it—running water and modern plumbing in the house, too, and a good barn and a flower garden and vegetable garden.

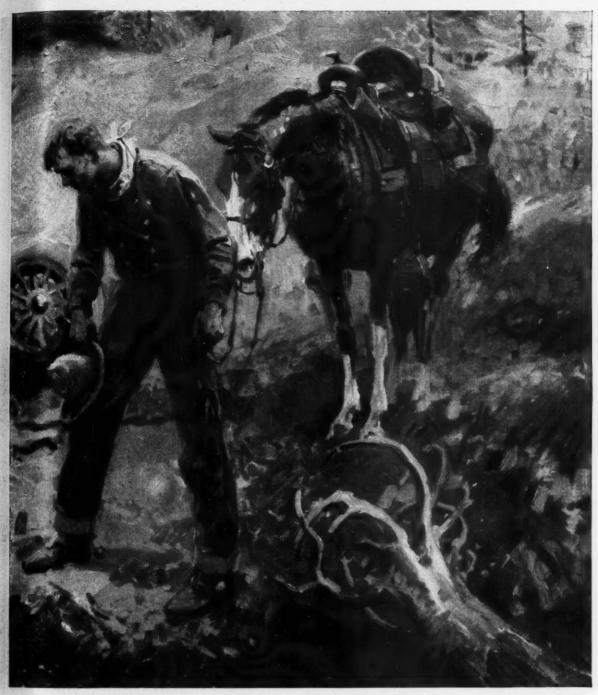
"Honey Valley adjoins the section of hill land old man Dale acquired and after the old man, Bob Mason got into the habit of looking after her and her few head of beef critters. He figured a few cows more or less didn't make much difference to Honey Valley or his haystacks. I remember I come through there once, trailing a bad Indian, and Monica was working cattle with him in the corral. It did me good to see the smart manner in which she could put her rope around the hind legs of a short yearling and drag him up to the branding fire.

"She can ride a bucker as long and as rough as any buckaroo in this country and she saved Mason the wages of a top cowhand. Reckon it was the only way she could repay him for wintering her stock."

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woman cried out to Bob Mason. "My baby . . . Don't try to save me-save the baby . . . "

"Not a bad sort, as men go. Far above the average as they go in this country—and at that they don't go so bad up here. They're hard-working, honest and law-abiding until they get into some sort of tangle where they think their honor is involved. Even then they're law-abiding according to their lights. They give fair warning—and then they get out the old six-volume law and argue the question in the smoke. They're pure-strain white men up here and mostly the descendants of Price's rebel army.

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"When Lee surrendered at Appomattox that went for Robert E. Lee, but not for Price and his outfit. They were operating against the Army of the Tennessee, so instead of laying down their arms and coming in peaceably, they just pulled out for California. They wanted a new, free, virgin country and they found it in Northern California. They settled in Modoc, Alturas and northern Siskiyou Counties—hunters, trappers, miners and

cowmen. They're a little shy, like coyotes; haven't got much to say until they're ready to say it, and then you can usually understand mighty quick what they're driving at.

"They don't name their boys Jim or Charley or Bill, like city folks. Most generally they take family names for their given names. For instance, this convict we're chasing is Robert E. Lee Mason. Monica's father was named Randolph Jackson Dale. Old-timers tell me her grandfather was a major with Price's army—an old-time Kentucky aristocrat. He was killed in a duel at seventy-five. The old warrior knew he couldn't see to sight a gun, but his honor or the honor of his tribe was in question, so he called his man out—another old fool of sixty-seven and as near-sighted as the major. They each wore two guns and at the command fire they commenced blazing away at each other and the major was accidentally killed."

"I knew that girl had blood back of (Continued on page 225)

Succeed for These Children

SOMEBODY suddenly asked you what single experience of your entire lifetime had meant the most to you, what would you answer?

Such a question, unexpectedly put to me recently, forced me into an examination of forty years with illuminating results.

I was riding up into Connecticut with a fellow scribe. What had been a more or less desultory conversation suddenly began to concern itself with life and its values

My companion and I had agreed that every experience in one's life has its purpose; that all knowledge gained thereby is intended to be utilized in working out the problems of the individual. It had been decided that each experience, rightly used, proves a stepping-stone to the next along the line of individual understanding and progress, with a consequent enrichment of life. Out of the latter comment sprang the unexpected interrogation I have mentioned.

"What single experience of your entire lifetime has been of

the greatest value to you?" I was asked.

Instantly my thought flew back to my childhood, taking a swift inventory of experiences begun in the primeval forests of Virginia and including, I believe, every emotion possible in a human existence. I have known every type of human love. I have experienced the pangs of birth and the grief of death. I have struggled through years of almost inconceivable obstacles to achieve emancipation from Southern traditions which would have denied me a professional success equal to that of my brothers. I have drunk the cup of discouragement to its very dregs in an uneven fight for what success I have won. I have walked through deep valleys created by treachery, and I have scaled heights of spiritual vision which flooded my consciousness with indescribable radiance.

Many elements have gone into the making of my present concept and expression of life. It is the outgrowth of experiences which have crowded, one on top of the other, thick and fast. Of these elements and experiences all have been of value. Nevertheless, I had no difficulty in deciding which single experience of my entire lifetime has been of greatest value to me.

I gave it in a single, unfashionable term. "Motherhood," I said.

And forthwith threw a bomb into the mental camp of my companion. She stared at me. She too is a writer; a wife, but not a

"You mean to tell me you have found motherhood a professional asset?" she demanded incredulously.
"Every sort of asset," I corrected the qualification, "but in no

quarter greater than in my work."
"How?" she begged to know in a voice hinting wistfulness.

To tell her was very difficult. For two reasons

In the first place, to do so involved personal history of an intimate character.

In the second place, I am familiar with the view-point of



Here is, in fact, the view-point of many hundreds of childless women of more or less creative ability who are confident they have something of value to give the world and are determined not to be deterred in giving Their concept of motherhood is that it must, of necessity, prove a handicap to professional achievement, an obstruction to self-expression. So obsessed are they with the importance of the little message they think they have to deliver that they can conceive of nothing which might be of more value either to themselves or to the

This inflated egoism blinds them to the possible enrichment of mind and heart which might come to them through the inclusion of motherhood in life's many-sided expressions.

world.

Having refused to allow themselves the experience, they are not to be blamed that they have no recognition of its value. How can the woman who has never had a child know that the love nearest akin to Divine Love is born to her with the birth of her baby? How can she know that this is the one and only type of human love which is unfailingly steadfast; faithful; protective; unselfed and filled with the power to endure all things and yet survive? How can she know that there is no other ladder by which she can scale great spiritual heights? How can she know—this woman whose name is Legion—that the public applause which she so craves in the expression of her little professional message to the world will fail to satisfy when life has turned the meridian?

She cannot know what she has not let herself know.

And so I sat hesitant before the highly successful writer who was already convinced that motherhood could be only an impediment in her career and had, in consequence, no wish for the experience. Nevertheless, she was insistent.

And when I had told her-quite simply and frankly-the sort of power motherhood has been in the making of my life, I witnessed a transformation in her thought which persuades me thus to repeat my own struggles and explain, if I can, just what part my motherhood has played in winning the fight. Her change of view-point as I told my simple story leads me to hope its repetition may show other women determined to deny themselves motherhood the sparsity of their experience, and the barrenness of a middle age in which there are no children.

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By Julia Chandler

Mine was the average childhood of a Southern girl. At least it was average as far as externals go. I lived in a little Virginia village skirted by deep forests. My father was a lawyer and a scholar, my mother a Southern woman who had married at eighteen and borne nine children.

As a little girl I had two great passions. One was the woods. The other was music. Across the fields from my father's house the tall sentinel pines guarded the great oak forests beyond them like a mighty phalanx. To my thought they represented two things. One of these was power. The other was purity. It mattered not what perturbed me—I had only to go across the fields and lie on the cool, clean pine-tags and let the voice of the wind talk to me.

I spent many hours stretched beneath the pines, or racing through the deeper woods beyond. At the edge of the latter I would hide my clothes and run naked among the giant oaks. They were unfrequented places, so I was quite protected. In the spring the banks of the streams were covered with violets. I used to lie among them—in a perfumed bath. Or again paddle a flat-bottomed boat on a beautiful, secluded lake. In years I saw no one there. So I had no timidity, no fear. To my passion for music was added some gift, and it became but a transition from one melody to another to leave the whispering pines for my piano.

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I was well taught in private schools until I was ready for a woman's college, from which I graduated when I was eighteen, already promised in marriage to a Southern boy whose experience in life was no broader than my own. We were like two children. Both of us were eager for a baby.

At the end of the first year he came—a perfect boy whose first cry raced through my consciousness like a new chord of music awakening into actuality all the potentialities of my womanhood. I had known some measure and variety of loves. There was the normal love of a girl for her parents; a very deep love for one of my brothers whose understanding of me went into the inner rooms of my being. I had known the love of a girl for her sweetheart, and the love born of an immature marriage. But no one of these adventures in love took me

into the same sweet secret places which opened before me with my motherhood.

It was birth into one world for my baby and into another for me—an elevation to a spiritual plane hitherto unsuspected.

Fourteen months later my baby girl came, and at the end of four years from the time of my marriage I found myself a widow with no means of support, no equipment to earn a living, and two youngsters for whom I was responsible.

In addition to this, the women of my family did not work for a living. Such a thing as a female Chandler holding a job was unheard of. There was no place for her activities—such as they were—outside the home. To my father, home was woman's place and he had no patience with an ambition which might take her out of it. While he had no great financial means, he could offer my children and me shelter, and give to them at least as much education as he had given me. To me that seemed pitifully limited. I certainly wanted more equipment than that for my two babies.

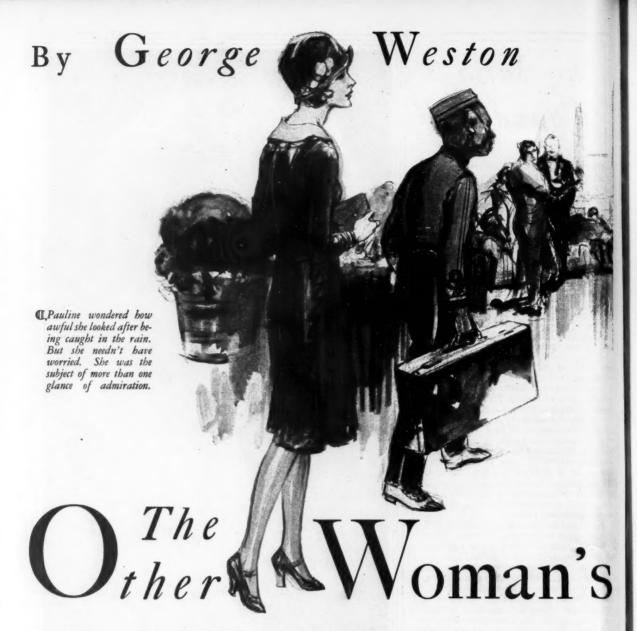


Besides, I was twenty-two, with life ahead, with vitality and energy and the will to do!

I knew there was a great world beyond my Virginia village where women as well as men accomplished big things. Somehow I knew that I too must accomplish them. But I am positive I would have ceased the fight to find a way against my father's opposition had it not been for that great love for my children which flooded my consciousness and drove me into activity against all odds.

At that time I had three older brothers and a much younger sister. My brothers shared my father's opinion that I should be satisfied to remain where I was. With him, they looked upon economic freedom for my sex as something to be feared and avoided. They felt that it would be a disgrace to the family name to have a woman of their household out in the world earning a living. In adherence to their ideas I saw stagnation for myself and worse stagnation for my children.

I meant somehow to escape them, (Continued on page 164)



AULINE tipped the red-cap and settled herself in the chair of her Pullman; and although she tried to look blasé, if you had been there you might have suspected that she wasn't altogether accustomed to traveling. In any event she blushed a little when she tipped the red-cap, and at first apparently she didn't know that she could swing her chair around, but sat with it facing down the aisle, shyly watching the other passengers, and taking everything in.

"Would you lahk a footstool, madam?" asked the porter. "Thank you," she said, and blushed again as he arranged the hassock for her feet and swung her chair around to face the

"Just like a little merry-go-round," she told herself, and even

got a thrill of pleasure out of that.

She opened her hand-bag next-not the overnight affair which was up in the rack, but the beaded bag which she had been carry-ing on her arm. And first she peeped in her purse, to make sure her money was all right; and then she looked at her baggage check to make sure she hadn't lost that; and finally she opened a letter from the Grand Shore Hotel confirming her reservation for room and bath for two weeks, beginning August 12th-a letter surmounted by a lithograph of the hotel which made it look larger than half a dozen ordinary caravansaries, and starting with the impressive date-line: "On the Boardwalk, Atlantic City.'

Two weeks, you see—two weeks of long-looked-for happiness. She replaced the letter in its envelop and closed her bag with a

joyful snap. As though it might have been a signal, the far-away voice of the conductor called "All aboard!" and the train began to move, promptly and smoothly, as though eager to get Miss Pauline Clark started upon her adventures. plain to see that she was already getting thrills.

A waiter dressed in white came through, with his respectfully muted "First call for luncheon-dining-car ahead," and Pauline enjoyed that too. Perhaps she had had a late breakfast, but in any event you could see that she was in no hurry for luncheon, but sat back in her chair contentedly watching the others go forward—and particularly watching the young ones when they traveled in pairs—watching them, it might be said at times, almost with the slightest possible touch of envy-a slight touch, however, which never lasted long and always gave way to an expression that was part expectation and part confidence-an expression which might be construed as meaning, "Never mind; I'll have some one myself—some day. I won't always be alone."

It wasn't long after that when she opened her bag and drew out a book-and what with this, and the hour she spent for luncheon, and the dreams she dreamed as she looked out of the car window at the scenery flashing by, it didn't seem a minute too long before the porter was confidentially taking the passengers

out into the corridor and brushing quarters out of them.

"I have a trunk in the baggage-car," Pauline told him when her turn came. "Can you tell me the best way to get it to the hotel?"

"There's a baggageman raht in the depot, miss," he said. "Yo' give him yo' check and he'll send it raht over to yo' hotel."



Illustrations by Edward Ryan

> soon. But there was still enough daylight left to see the crowds, the wheeled procession of chairs, the miles of shops, the majesti-cally rolling breakers and always the monarchs of steel and stone who were now beginning to overlook the sea with lighted eyes.

> "They're dressing for nner," thought Pauline. dinner,' "But there's plenty time."

So she walked along and the farther she walked, the farther she wanted to walk-her young feet keen for action after having been quiet so many hours on the train. So she kept on walking, watching the shops and watching the sea and watching the crowds as well-crowds, however, which seemed to be moving faster, and rapidly growing less. line. "Well, I don't care;

"Near dinner-time," thought Pauline.
I'm going down to the end."

It wasn't long, though, before she received another explanation of the diminishing crowds. A spot of rain splashed on her face and the Boardwalk suddenly seemed to be covered with large,

Within a minute after the first drop fell, the Boardwalk was being swept by a drenching, sweeping shower, and all covered chairs immediately went to a heavy premium, with a dozen takers for each offering and not much chance for a solitary girl who didn't like to fight loud-voiced gentlemen who rushed forward from nowhere, crying "Here you are, boy! Pardon me-this chair's mine.

"Oh, well, I'm wet now," thought Pauline after a few minutes this. "A little more won't hurt me." of this.

And indeed it wasn't the first time she had been wet through. So she made her way as philosophically as she could to the first parallel avenue, and after a while an empty taxi came along and she was soon splashed over to the Grand Shore Hotel.

"Got caught in it?" asked the room clerk after he had verified her reservation.

"Yes," said Pauline, blushing a little and wondering how awful she looked.

But she needn't have worried. The rain and the excitement together had grown new roses in her cheeks, and the fairies had blessed her in her cradle with a head of hair which always curled its best when it was wet. Indeed she was the subject of more than one glance of admiration as she made her way to the elevator behind a chestnut-colored bell-boy and was presently whisked up to the fifteenth floor.

'I think my bag and trunk are here somewhere," she said to the boy as soon as she had made sure that they weren't in her room

"You got your checks, ma'am?" asked the boy.
"Yes," said Pauline, producing the two which the said Pauline, producing the two which the man at the station had given her.

Then you phone the numbers down to the baggage-room and they'll send the baggage raht up if it's there."

So as soon as the boy was gone, she phoned down to the bag-gage-room and it wasn't long before she first heard a welcome

runk

"Thank you," said Pauline, and looking through the corridor window she happened to catch her first glimpse of the distant monarchs of steel and stone who overlooked the sea with so

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"Oh-isn't it wonderful!" her own glance seemed to say. "And just to think I'm here myself at last!

Indeed she could hardly wait for the train to stop—afraid that it might be dark before she got there; and as soon as she reached the station platform, she inquired her way for the baggage-room and arranged to have her trunk and bag both sent to the Grand Shore Hotel, blushing once more as her tip passed over, but beginning to feel more accustomed to it.

"I'm going out on the Boardwalk before it's too dark," she said. "Do you think my trunk will be at the hotel by the time I get there?"

"We'll try to get it there for you, madam," said the blue-shirted one genially.

As Pauline turned to leave the station, she noticed a cool-eyed girl glancing at her—a cool-eyed girl who had already learned that the next train for Philadelphia left in ten minutes, and who wanted to be on it-bag and baggage, too!

DOARD walks are like most of the other pleasant things of life—the farther you go along one, the farther you want to go. Or at least that's how Pauline Clark found it. The haze of evening was falling over the sea, and here and there a string of lights shone like yellow pearls which had been taken out of the show-case too sound of wheels in the hall and then a knock on her door. The bag-gageman wheeled a trunk and bag in and Pauline told him where to put them, and this time, getting used to it, she hardly blushed at all when she tipped him.

"Oh, but wait a min-ute, please!" she suddenly gasped, getting a closer look at the trunk as she went to unlock it. "You-you've brought the wrong one. bag's mine, but you've brought somebody else's trunk. This isn't mine!"

"The numbers are the same as the stubs you gave me," pro-tested the porter, showing both halves

together.

"Yes, but the trunk isn't mine," said Pauline -which after all was the only important point so far as she was concerned.

"They must have made a mistake at the station," said the porter. "I'd call 'em up if I was

"But this trunk here -I don't want this."

"If I was you, miss, I'd keep it till I got my own," said the porter, leaning over the handle of his truck in friendly fashion. "You've got something then-see to show the other fellow he's wrong. Whoever this belongs to, it's a pretty sure bet they've got yours-and as long as they haven't got theirs, they'll be as anxious as you are to get things straightened out-see

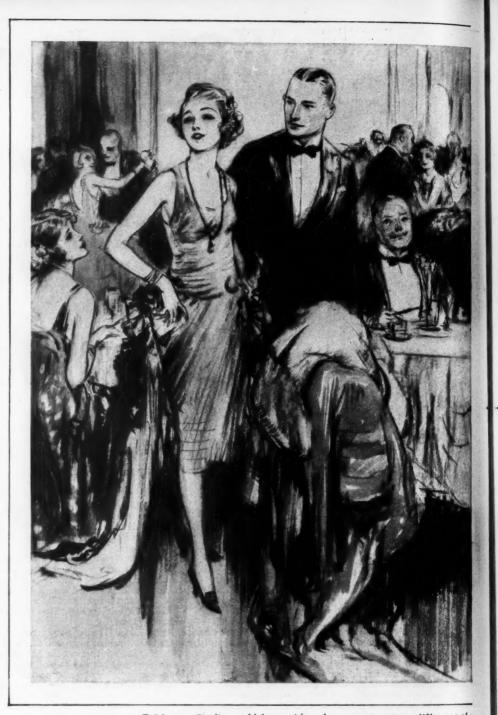
It was mysteriously delivered, this advice, but there seemed to be a measure of homely wisdom in it.

"Well, all right," said Pauline. "I'll telephone the baggageman at the station right away."

But this was sooner said than done. She called up the station first, and the ticket office gave her another number—that of the baggage-master. The baggage-master, in turn, referred her to the baggage express company, and by the time Pauline was connected with the latter number she was beginning to shiver a little-partly because of excitement and a growing feeling of failure, and partly because she was both wet and cold. The regular baggage express man had gone to his dinner and wouldn't be back till eight o'clock, and whoever answered her didn't seem to know much, and didn't seem to care much, either.

"We'll try to send somebody around in the morning and straighten you out," he said. "Can't do anything this evening."

He hung up then, and you can imagine how desperate Pauline began to feel when she realized that he hadn't even taken her name and address. She was still standing there undecidedand oh, so cold and shivery!-when she happened to remember



Of course Pauline could have said to the eager young man: "I'm not the

what the porter had told her-"Whoever this belongs to, it's a pretty sure bet they've got yours—and they'll be as anxious as you are to get things straightened out.'

"If I only knew who it belonged to," she told herself.

It was a new trunk, a black one, about the same size as her own, but as far as she could see, it bore no distinguishing marks except a dark red stripe which had been painted around it.

"(Vhoever owns it, though, I'm sure her name is in it somewhere," thought Pauline, "the same as mine's in mine. Yes, her name is almost sure to be in it somewhere; and if I only knew who she was, I could call up the different hotels till I found where she was registered."

It was, of course, not perfect reasoning; but it was the best that Pauline could do. And not only that, but she was faced with an emergency where she had to do something and do it quickly-or flatly go to bed and stay there till her blue serge was

dried Her silk Bier you fron My kno and

> that said said



one you think I am, though I'm wearing her dress." But he seemed so nice and friendly . . .

dried and she could have it pressed and made presentable again. Her overnight bag held nothing but brush and comb, a lavender silk night-dress, a spare handkerchief and a small round box of Bien Jolie (teinte Couleur de Rose). And when all is said and done, you can't go far in a costume like that . . . Coming faintly up from the dining-room she heard the orchestra playing "Deep in My Heart, Dear"—a small circumstance, perhaps—but everyone knows how little things will sometimes turn a scale.

"Yes, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Pauline to herself—cold, wet and miserable, you understand, while the orchestra was playing that—"I'm going to see if I can't find who owns this trunk!"

that—"I'm going to see if I can't nnu wno owns that hook.

At that, she almost snatched the telephone from its hook.
"I wish you'd send some one to unlock a trunk for me," she said to the operator. "And I'm in a great hurry, please," she said, getting colder and colder. "I wish you'd send him right away."

It was nearly five minutes later, though, before the locksmith appeared with his box of tools, and by that time Pauline was ready for almost anything. He was a sad little man, this locksmith, made sorrowful perhaps by the knowledge that he had to work for people of such a low order of intelligence that they had no more sense than to lock a trunk and then go and lose the keys. "Can you open it?"

"Can you open it?" asked Pauline, crisply leading him to it.

"I can open anything," he told her in a weary little voice, "but it doesn't always improve the lock."

"I can't help that," said Pauline shortly, having all she could do by then to keep her teeth from chattering. "I want it opened."

It didn't take him long, and when the sides of the trunk finally swung open, she felt so relieved that she tipped him a dollar—this time without the least sign of a blush—and could hardly get him out of the room quickly enough.

"Now!" she said, hurrying back to the trunk. "Let's see whose it is!"

She opened it wide. On one side were the drawers, held in place by a rod - a rod equipped with a lock of its own, but having its key mercifully tied to the knob. On the other side were the hangers, protected by a cretonne curtain. It didn't take Pauline long to remove this curtain, and a moment later she found herself looking at a dress of lavender brocade trimmed with the most beautiful black lace that she had ever seen.

"Oooh!" breathed Pauline, suddenly slowing down, and reverently lifting the hanger and holding it out at arm's length for a better view. "Oooh!" she breathed again.

Her hand moving a little, the dress seemed to curtsy, as though demurely acknowledging her praise; and all at once Pauline Clark forgot how wet and cold she was—forgot everything, in fact, but a growing wonder as to what else that trunk contained.

There were five dresses in all, each perfect of its kind, but none quite coming up to the lavender brocade. And there was a fuzzy tweed coat, and two hats, and a bottom compartment nearly filled with shoes. And there was a brand-new dressing-gown—apple blossoms on light blue silk, quilted over wool, and still smelling of the sandalwood box which had once contained it. And in the drawers on the other side were dozens of various items, but look where she would—in the pockets of the coat, for instance—at the laundry marks on the various (Continued on page 115)



OU don't lick them anny more, you coo at thim!" said Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. Callahan, opening a new box of baking-powder, gave her a scandalized glance.

"Coo, is it?" she repeated heavily.

"Coué—Coué—it's a man's name," said Lillie McGuiness.

Mrs. Murphy snapped her eyes, shrewd old gray eyes in a leathery, puckered little face, at this information, apparently not much enlightened. Mrs. Callahan blew the spilled powder from her big hand, with a sigh.

"Why they'll always fill these boxes until if you opened them in the middle of the desert itself they'd have you powthered like a clown—"she murmured. "I never opened a box of bakin'-powder yet I didn't waste full the half of it!"

"He had a foolish enough name onto him-" Mrs. Murphy

"He had a foolish enough name onto him—" Mrs. Murphy commented in an undertone.
"Coué? It's French," Lillie explained.
"You'd know it was queer," said Mrs. Callahan. "So you'd talk French to the children, instead of that you'd lick thim, nowadays?" she commented admiringly.
"Lick them, Aunt Agnes!" Lillie exclaimed. "You never lick children neve?"

lick children, now."

"In ever licked a child for how he reacted—it's how they act that makes me want to lay into thim." Mrs. Murphy commented thoughtfully. "Take Lizzie-Kate's Flurry, now," she added, "moral infloonce wud have small weight wit' that young lad! I'll tie your shoe-lace for you, Grammer! he says, an' wit' that the ties me fut to the chair. Whin I stud up wasn't I on me face!" "He got a good spankin' for that, for I seen Lizzie-Kate lay into him," Mrs. Callahan said, not without relish of his crime. Lillie winced, and shut her eyes. "Oh, please——! Spanking them is the worst thing you can do!" she breathed.

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them is the worst thing you can do!" she breathed. "Well, tell me what good parleyvooin' at thim does thin,"

Mrs. Murphy offered.

"You don't speak French to them at all! It's just that this method was originated by a Frenchman," Lillie responded eagerly, method was originated by a Frenchman," Lillie responded eagerly, off at full speed. "You greet them, the first thing in the morning, by saying 'Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better!" At night, the last thing, you do the same! 'Every day, in every way, my boy is getting better and better,' I say to Stevie. If he does anything naughty, I catch his little hands, look right into his eyes, and make him repeat that, three or four times. I knowledge the bed and the better." times. I kneel down by his bed-

"Doesn't he say anny prayers?" Mrs. Callahan demanded.
"Oh, of course he does, Aunt Agnes! But when I had Stevie psycho-analyzed——"
"Whatted?" Mrs. Murphy interrupted sharply.

en Norris Workers.

> "It's a sort of fortune-tellin'," Mrs. Callahan elucidated. "To know will he marry a dark ger'rl—and to keep away from horses—"
> "Aunt Agnes," Lillie said gently, genuinely shocked, "it's not like that

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at all. It's to find out about his complexes, and his suppressed desires. Those are terribly important in children. For instance, they told me that Stevie isn't gregarious-

"They say they're not, once you have their tonsils out," Mrs. Murphy admitted, in an interested aside.

"They can be right where a sickness is, and they'd not get it!"

"It has nothing to do with them physically," Lillie stated, patiently but firmly. "It's psychology—metaphysics-that sort of thing. Stevie is a child, they tell me, that should have almost no excitement, that should never be forced-

"What come over you, Lillie," Mrs. Callahan interrupted to ask,

with an unusually grave note in her kindly voice, "that you'd have your own flesh and blood treated that way? I'd have no dealin's with thim ladies that knows everything about the children except how you marry and bring them into the wor'rld an' raise them. Stephen looks a dear good child-

"Stephen is a dear good child!" Lillie answered with her bright, pleasant, professional smile. "I only had Doctor Randall—she's quite a lovely person!—examine and analyze him as a sort of example to other mothers whose children aren't quite normal. And what she told me was most interesting! She says Stevie is amazingly logical for a child. For example, he never can be bribed, and he never

can be bullied-but I knew that anyway! No, you have to reason with Stevie, and that's why this new idea of becoming better and better every day works so well with him. It's his dear little mind, instead of his poor little helpless body, that I punish-

"There's times when I'd punish thim both," Mrs. Murphy commented darkly.

"My sister Marcia and I have watched Stevie for every hour of his life," Lillie resumed. "He is always left with her when I'm away lecturing, and he has the record of never having missed a day's schooling in two years, except when he had whooping-cough, and then Marcia called at school every day for his lessons she teaches, too, you know—and studied them with him at night. She's been wonderful with him—keeping him to his special diet

of vegetables and whole-wheat bread—"
"Has he diabetes, Lillie?" Mrs. Callahan asked concernedly.
"Aunt Agnes darling, he has nothing! That's just the point.
He's never been out of bed later than nine o'clock in his life. He's never been frightened, or dragged about down-town shopping, or fed cheap candy, or tired by movies—and 'ook at him!' the mother exulted. "Now," she added with a sigh, "when Marcia is going to be married, and I've got to go off on this long lecture tour, as I was telling you, the best thing to do seems to be to



leave him with his father's sister, Mrs. Casey-she's a neighbor of yours, here—that big house with the trees, at the end of the street. But there is a boy there, and quite a few little girls. I'm not sure it would be quite a safe environment for Stevie.

They were climbing trees like monkeys when I was there this afternoon-

afternoon—"
Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Murphy exchanged an impassive glance. It contained a very volume of diplomatic adjustment.
"Thim's very quiet children, she keeps thim so regular,"
Mrs. Murphy commented disparagingly. Lillie's eye lighted.
""What with hours for bed, and night prayers, and Sunday-school you'd wonder them Casey children ever had time for anny fun!" Mrs. Callahan added with a sigh, suppressing a lively and fresh recollection of shrieking Indian brayes, bursting lively and fresh recollection of shrieking Indian braves, bursting across her back yard, and denounced as "thim Ayrabs of Caseys."

"That's exactly the environment I want for him!" Lillie ex-claimed in deep satisfaction. "And here's his mother's boy now," she added, as a fair-haired child of eight, with a fine, grave little face, came into the kitchen.

Stephen rested his cheek, flushed with afternoon sleep, against his mother's cheek. He sighed deeply, blinked. "So mother was right, and you did sleep, son?" Lillie asked.



C"Ladies and gents-here's the smallest giant now in captivity!" the funniest clown of all

"But I didn't want to sleep!" little Steve said resentfully. "Oh, but, my darling," Lillie protested, with very wide-open res, "does that sound like growing just a little better and better?"
"Well, sir, an' what did you think of the circus, this year?" Mrs. Callahan, bent upon peacemaking, demanded cheerfully. "All my grandchildren went in a lump—the nine of them."

"I never seen a circus!" Stephen responded, his cheeks redder than ever, his eyes dancing with sudden excitement. "But I seen the pictures on a fence. A lady was hangin' on a rope—"

"Stevie," his mother interrupted quietly.
"I never have seen a circus, I mean," he corrected.
"That's right. No," Lillie added, "he's never been to a circus, but next year, if we can manage it, Marcia and I mean to take

but lext year, it we can manage it, Marcia and I mean to take him in for a part of it."

"A part of it!" Mrs. Callahan echoed the words, astounded.

"Just to see the wild animals and the horses," Lillie explained lightly and quickly. "The performance is far too long for a

child, and the clowns are extremely dull. That blaring music, the dust and heat and excitement, are all bad. I don't think even

the children themselves enjoy it—"
Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Murphy exchanged fleet, patient glances, and little Stephen, securing an old circus program from the wood box, pored over it in silent rapture, and asked Mrs. Callahan undertoned questions about the elephants and the cowbovs

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Lillie, having disposed of these matters to her own satisfaction, was free to proceed, or rather to return, to the serious trouble that had recently darkened her whole sky. Mrs. Callahan had heard it all once today, but she listened sympathetically once again.
"It was how long ago, Lillie?"

"Oh, it was three months ago—that is what makes it so hard for me to find my witnesses!" Lillie said. "I was just turning into the Concourse, late at night, and all alone, and these boys



shouted, and Stephen was in seventh heaven.

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driving a closed car came full crash into me. My car was pushed against a tree, but it was all right, and they were so apologetic and decent that I let the thing go. And this man and his chauf-feur came up and spoke to me. If I could find them! And now now these boys are suing me for fourteen hundred and eighty-four dollars, the ingrates! And I can't find the men who saw the whole thing! I've advertised-I've spent about eight dollars advertising, trying to find my witnesses-but I've had no word of them!

"What was the men's names—it's called a wallaby, dearie," Mrs. Callahan said, addressing successively both mother and

"Well, that's what I've entirely forgotten, Aunt Agnes! I wrote it down," Lillie said distressfully, "and it was in my purse for months. The other day, when the attorney for these wretched boys called on me, I said that I had two witnesses—a gentleman and his chauffeur, and that they had volunteered to testify that the boys were drunk and were driving recklessly. But I've lost it!"

"You carried insurance?" Mrs. Callahan, luxuriously pouring herself another cup of tea, asked quickly

"Not a cent. Andrew never believed in it," Lillie answered.

Mrs. Murphy, stirring her tea, made a tut-tutting sound.

"Somebody was tellin' me somethin' about that accident of yours—" Mrs. Callahan mused, frowning. "It's gone," she added, shaking her head. "But, Lillie, you'll never have to pay all that money?" she protested.

"Well, I may have to compromise, for goodness knows what sum," Lillie admitted reluctantly. "At first they did nothing. But now this man says that his wrist was fractured, and he had to spend weeks in a hospital, and that repairs to his car cost seven hundred-

"Every day in every way he makes it betther an' betther!" Mrs. Murphy suggested, with her unearthly chuckle

"Well, he does!" poor Lillie said ruefully. "I'm sick over it! It's a put-up job absolutely, you wouldn't have to talk to the lawyer five minutes to be certain he was going to get fifty-fifty out of it! But what can I do? I've lost the name, and I can't for the life of me remember it!"

"Run through the alphabet," Mrs. Callahan suggested. "Oh, you may believe I have, Aunt Agnes! I've nearly gone mad trying to remember! He was such a pleasant-spoken man, he looked like a rich man-anyway, he had this fine car and an Irish chauffeur. they both came over to me-of their own accord!-and said that these boys who had crashed into me were absolutely in the wrong, and driving fifty miles an hour. It'll keep me poor for three years—it'll probably mean that I have to stop payments on my little houses, if I have to pay. And all for *nothing!*" Lillie said bitterly.

pay. And all for nothing!" Little Said Directly.
"Does a man stand on an elephant?" little Steve here demanded at Mrs. Callahan's elbow, with the circus program in his hand. "Looky!" he added excitedly, his thumb placed upon the picture of a raging tiger.

feller got out he'd chew you up!"

"If you've got to go back to Brooklyn and turn your house over to your tenant tonight, Lillie," Mrs. Callahan suggested suddenly, "leave this child here with me. Tomorrow's the last night of the circus, an' I'll get Mary's husband, Dan Keane, to get me the seats, an' take him along. Mrs. Murphy and me likes a show as well as the

Stephen McGuiness had turned pale; his eyes glittered. "Oh, mother!" he said breathlessly. "I'll go to the circus! I've been—I've just been praying to go to the circus!"

And he put his short arms about Mrs. Callahan's neck, and buried his face against her broad shoulder, as if

ashamed that they should see his tears of joy.
"Well, look at this feller——" Mrs. Callahan said, touched.

"But, son dear," Lillie's pleasantly unmoved voice said gently, interrogatively, "mother hasn't said that you

The rapture that had flooded the kitchen like June sunshine darkened under a sudden check. Mrs. Callahan's eyes brightened ominously. Mrs. Murphy sucked Stephen's quickly raised face was filled in her breath. with unutterable apprehension.

"But, mother—" the child breathed, his eyes on her face.
"But no teasing, Stevie," Lillie reminded him quickly, kindly.
His little breast heaved. He was silent, panting.

"Some day, perhaps next year; but not at night, and not in this sudden fashion," Lillie said easily. "Aunt Marcia or I will take you in, and let you see *some* of it. You can take your rest in the morning, and come home afterward and go straight to bed. But not tomorrow, thank you very much, Aunt Agnes

"Lillie dear, I'd see that there wasn't no strain on him," Mrs. Callahan, sick at the sight of the child's face, said pleadingly. "Thank you so much, Aunt Agnes, you're a darling. But I

think not tomorrow.

Stephen's agonized voice burst forth. "It's "Motherthe last day! And I've never even passed a circus, even! And I would love to see the little dogs dragging—"
"Stevie——" Lillie said, gently.
"Oh, mother, please—please!" the (Continued on page 205)

Most Interesting V oves to Play Tomboy

O ME the most interesting woman in the world is Lady

American-born, the wife of a great-great-grandson of our own John Jacob Astor, she was the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons-that mother of all parliaments. By her own energy and personality she has led revolt after revolt in British ideas and customs, and although she still clings to her Americanisms there is no woman in the British Isles who has half her following or half her power.

A dozen times during the three years that I lived in England I met her at dinners and luncheons and receptions, and just before I came back to America I spent a day with her at her country

home, thirty miles north of London.

Cliveden is a beautiful old English estate of 600 acres, with a great house and terraces that are quite as lovely as those at Versailles. After you enter the gate you drive for almost a mile up a winding road bordered by ancient elms, before you come to the house itself.

This day Lady Astor was dressed in a gay sports outfit, that seemed to belong to her tremendous vitality and ceaseless She's a small woman, hardly over five feet five inches in height, and certainly weighing less than 120 pounds. Her eyes are blue-gray and sparkling, and her hair is a tawny brown

"Did I show you our little soldier cemetery when you were here before?" she asked me. When I told her no, she led me down the steps and across the terrace. "You know during the war the house was made a hospital for Canadian and American soldiers, and I used to tell the boys to hurry and get well and leave or we'd turn them into posies . . . They were dear boys

We'd reached a little sunken garden, hidden by trees, and at one side against the green slope was a statue of Mother Love. Laid in rows, level with the short cropped grass, were marble slabs

bearing the names of the soldiers buried there.

"These two here were Ohio boys," she said softly. "I thought a lot of them . . . I received a letter only last week from the mother of one of them. War . . . Hum! hum!"

For a half-minute we stood there without speaking and then slowly we turned and walked away. The next second she had pushed back the memories and forced in a new mood.

"All right now, fire away with your questions." I did ask questions and for an hour or more we talked.

"I want to see women have an absolutely equal opportunity with men in everything," she explained early in our conversation.
"We'll get all that by laws, but there are some things that have nothing to do with laws; we have to get them through the heart. "You know there's a lot of talk about the double standard of

morality—but I call it the double standard of immorality. It seems to me that some of our young women of today are determined to gain equality with men by adopting a single standard of immorality. Of course it's a natural reaction against their inferior position through thousands of years, for women to assert themselves so vigorously

"I imagine we are at the swing of the pendulum now. Skirts couldn't be much shorter and the distinct sex appeal that women flaunt in the face of men today couldn't be much more open.

'And as long as women dress themselves to appeal to the baser instincts of man, then man can't help responding. Poor man is getting blamed for a lot of things just now, and I don't think it's entirely his fault. If women want men to be moral then they must change their basis of appeal."

"Then you're against modern women?" I interrupted. "Not at all," she vigorously protested. "For instance, I don't think skirts will ever be carpet-sweepers and dust-collectors again, and I doubt if women will ever again wear long hair. "I suppose I am old-fashioned in that I don't bob my own hair,

but I'm in enough trouble as it is. I've had to break so many

rules and crash through so many closed gates that I don't feel like further irritating the men.'

"You could wear a wig when you sit in Parliament," I

suggested.
She laughed—and in the same second her serious mood was

"I'm starving!" she exclaimed. "Let's hustle back to the -we're late already.

Within five minutes we were back in the living hall. There were children everywhere—children and guests. But the children were the important ones. There were four Astor boys and one girl, and two or three neighboring children who were visiting.

"Hurry up! Everybody into the dining-room! Come on,

Shouting and laughing, she led the way. Some of the guests were important people—but that didn't make any difference. And some of the talk was important big talk—but that didn't make any difference. When a boy or girl had anything to say he said it. The mother listened. Viscount Astor did, too.

Towards the end of the luncheon Lady Astor announced that nothing was going to keep her from playing tennis, and that the best thing I could do was to take a long walk with her

This pleased me very much because there is no man in England for whom I have greater respect. His father, leaving America for England, gained a peerage—but it remained for his eldest son, the present Viscount Astor, to gain the real respect of his adopted country. He has an honest and intelligent brain. He thinks in and through a subject, and arrives at a definite and logical con-Lady Astor, on the other hand, often uses her heart instead of her head.

On her has struck most of the thunder of the Astors-or rather, she has hurled most of the Astor thunderbolts-but she has had the help of an unselfish, able partner. Viscount Astor is quite willing for his wife to catch the spot-light; he enjoys the ease and freedom of quiet shadows. Even at the risk of being not understood, I would say that she has personality and he has character.

And they are just about the happiest and sanest married

couple that I know anywhere in the world.

DACK in Lady Astor's study after a two-hour walk I found my hostess signing letters. She had played five sets of tennis and then with the game finished had bullied two of England's best-known political lights into rolling the court.

"Sit down—I'll be through in a minute," she said to me.
While I waited I tried to study her, and figure out just what it was that had made her the remarkable and historic personage that she is. It was obvious that the one word that could begin to tell about her was Personality. But it was something even bigger than that—it was personality hitched to the sure knowledge that

here was some one working unselfishly to help people.

Driving out to her home that very morning, I had stopped at a garage to ask the way to Cliveden and when the mechanic's helper had pointed out the direction I questioned him about Lady

Astor.

For a moment he hesitated, then he answered: "Well, I suppose there's some as don't like 'er, but I ain't one of 'em, sir. I think she's a great lady, and most of us working people think that, too. She's always tryin' to do things for us. You ought to 'ear my missus talk about 'er. She's 'ad the honor of meetin' 'er, she's 'ad. She fairly loves 'er, sir.''

And then I remembered the Flact Street tale of what a London.

And then I remembered the Fleet Street tale of what a London paper had said about her when she took her seat in the House of Commons—the first woman member ever elected—and shocked that august body by her audacity and freshness: "She's like a mischievous boy who rings door-bells and then runs away."



That's a very big side of her—this irresistible tomboy side. Nowhere about her is there any real respect for the ultra-re-spectable—for the tapestry and idolatry of so much of the traditional life of England.

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It is difficult to explain how truly Nancy Herself this strange little American woman has been. No weight of English custom or prejudice has ever broken her own American manners; rather, she has broken through every "don't" in English life.

She has always been her own self—maybe a bit undignified, but very human, very humorous and very lovable. She has tried to treat all human beings—kings, princes, candlestick-makers, beggar men—as plain human beings. She has whispered to Labor ministers, uncomfortable in court dress, to pull up their stockings

and she has had rip-roaring jokes with royalty.

Once at a reception at her London house in honor of the Prince of Wales I was the butt of one of her charges. Some weeks before this particular day I had had a rather warm argument with her on certain aspects of British imperialism, and she had dubbed me a bad and bold Red. At the reception she was standing alone with the Prince, and when I came forward she threw up her hand in

a perfect imitation of fear and horror.

"This is terrible!" she shouted. "Here's the most dangerous man in England. He's a bomb-thrower. Do be careful, sir."

Undignified, certainly—but lots of fun. And they all love it!

I was thinking of these rambling bits when she turned from her desk with a sigh. "I'm so tired of work. Oh, what a job it is to

keep things moving! But you've got to if you want to get anything really done.

"And I'm fur gittin' things done," she went on in her quaint half-Scotch, half-Virginia dialect. "I suppose that's my job in life, to git things done and to try to git everything right down on a basis of fundamental Christianity. All the God anybody needs is in this book here."

Her hands reached out and touched a leather-bound copy of a Christian Science text-book. "If a fellow would follow that he wouldn't go very wrong-and the world would be a far better

place to live in.

A footman announced tea, but she didn't pay any attention. We talked on. She said something I didn't like about Russia. We were deep in the argument when suddenly there were shrill screams which sounded as though a child had been terribly hurt.

She rushed out of the study and into the living hall, to find her two youngest boys in khaki chaps and red shirts, playing cowboy. As they galloped by on their imaginary horses, she grabbed five-year-old John Jacob and gave him a great hug. "Catch us, mummie! Catch us!" they both screamed.

In a second she was romping all over the place with them. She'd forgotten about Russia and the new woman and politics,

and was only a proud and eager mother.

Here, too, she was "gittin" things done. Here, too, she was Nancy Herself-the undignified, the irresistible, the lovable tomboy.

Jinger that ILLS



'OW this here gurio," said Mr. L. Kohl, "this here is one that you positively couldn't afford not to have it. Going to make your gollection gomplete, you must have it. And say, friend, listen . . ."
Mr. Kohl lavished upon the adjacent air one of those subtle Semitic gestures of his—the inherited gesture of a hundredth generation of a race of traders—which without actually touching

a fellow yet made him feel as though he underwent a deeply

affectionate caress.

"Say, lookut here, listen: At the price what I'm asking, aggount of you having bought these other things, it ain't a bargain I'm of you having bought these other things, it ain't a bargain I'm offering, mind you—it's a gift I'm making. Twenty-five-fifty. Twenty-five-fifty!" Mr. Kohl achieved a paralytic posture and stayed frozen for an appreciable space. "Take it!" Without actually turning loose of it he nevertheless achieved the action of flinging the thing from him. "Take it quick before I get sense in the head and change my mind."

Mr. Kohl did not mean that last. He meant the rest of it but not that finely accented passage of appeal. If at once I took him at his word half the pleasure would for him go out of the transaction. Probably more than half would go from it. With him it was not so much an accomplished sale which counted as

the gratification of the selling instinct, the winning over of the reluctant buyer. From past dealings with the good-hearted old prevaricator I knew this and so purposely I delayed now the nod of acceptance. I think partly he sensed this. He grinned impishly at me before resuming the pleading:

'Gonfidential, it's something what I been saving for a gustomer what could appreciate something what's an A-number-one, out-of-the-ordinary article. Rights, I ought to keep it myself. It's got a history. It's Sioux; belonged to a big Sioux war-chief."

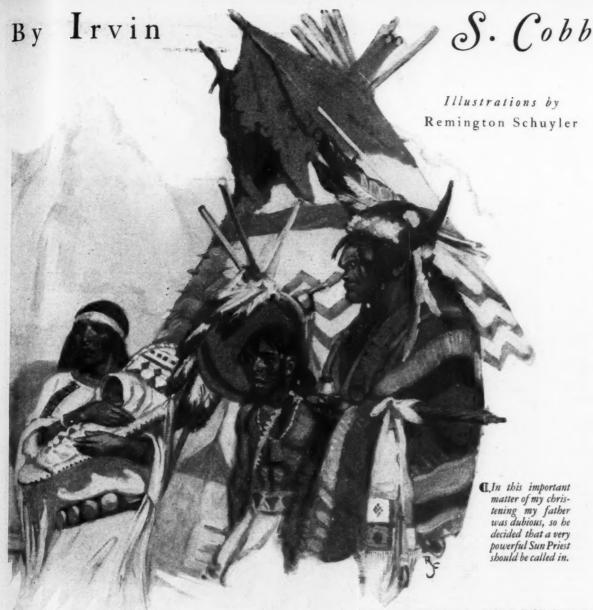
To hear Mr. Kohl tell it, his Indian relics were all of Sioux workmanship. He seemed not to have heard of any other

plains tribe than the Sioux and not to have heard that the Sioux included half a dozen subtribal and loosely affiliated branches. And invariably an object in stock was represented as having formerly been the authenticated property of a great chief unless it chanced to be intended for a woman's use or a woman's wear, in which event he told you on his word of honor that it had belonged to a "Sioux princess." It never was a plain squaw; it always was a princess. He went on now, improvising

squaw; It always was a princess. The went on now, improvising as he went, I was positive of that, and warming to his work: "Sure, yes, sir, absolutely, a great fighter he was. Why, I knew him personal—got this off him myself. Twenty years ago, though, it must be. About twenty-two, to be exact about it."

His way of tacking on that veracious touch was art. That's all, just pure art.
"What was his name?" I demanded sharply.

For not more than the smallest detectable fraction of time did Mr. Kohl hesitate. "Leaping Panther," he said.



I'd heard that before; it is a stock name among the jobbers in this line, almost as common a name as Lone Wolf.

"Hunt forty years, you couldn't find no sweller gurio than what this here one is. I ask you!" With a quick movement he shoved it toward me across the show-case from which he had taken it for my inspection. "Lookut! Absolutely guaranteed genuine beaded pipe bag what the great Sioux fighting war-chief, Leaping Panther, used to own. I said twenty-five-fifty, didn't I? Listen: to you it's twenty-two flat. Honest, I don't make a cent. The genuine human scalp-lock what's hitched on it is worth more than that and you know it. Rights, it should go

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to a museum."

"I'll take it at twenty-two," I said.

"You wouldn't never regret it," he said with the warm air of one bestowing a congratulation. He laid it with various other purchases of current date and rummaged off to find more

items which he thought might appeal to my fancy.

I liked Mr. Kohl. He was a decent old bald-head, honest in the main, I figured, for all his transparent lying, and occasionally given, in the midst of one of his beloved wheedling haggling operations, to a sudden and totally unexpected explosion of

Also I liked his store. It was a fascinating place to prowl in. The persistent patron constantly was running on wares rare and unusual and frequently beautiful. He called it L. Kohl's Souvenir Emporium. How he ever missed calling it Ye Olde Curiosity Shop was a mystery; so few of them do miss doing so. Mainly he handled Alaskan stuff and cheap Oriental stuff and stuff out of the more commonly visited South Sea Islands, which naturally was to be expected seeing that he did business on a wharf-side street in Seattle where sailors and peregrines were constantly drifting by with things they'd picked up.

His front window, his counters and shelves and all the odd

corners of his place were amazing conglomerate litters of gaudy imitation totem-poles of the smaller tourists' sizes; scrimshawed walrus tusks, sealskin moccasins, carved nuts. tapa-cloth, Samoan mats, Mexican drawn-work, Central American idols, Hawaiian musical instruments, Chinese lacquer, cheap Jap silks; a world of such-like bartered-in miscellany. But buried and forgotten under a clutter of terrible trash you were liable any time to find a possession really worth while.

So prowling through Mr. Kohl's was like reaching down blindfolded into a grab-bag. Nine times out of ten you'd only fetch up junk, but on the tenth try your reward might prove a capital prize to anyone who valued barbaric and semibarbaric finery either for the ingenious fashioning of it or for its primitive

beauty But how, away out yonder on the edge of the Pacific tidewater, he constantly displayed so wide a variety and so really excellent an assortment of Indians' craftsmanship—things which if authentic could have originated nowhere except in the interior of the Continent across at least two ranges from his town and some of them as far away as Wyoming and Arizona and even the Dakotas—was a puzzle not to be solved by me. His own explanations on this head were vague and unsatisfactory.

"Me, I got agents all over," he would say, with a two-armed swing which included practically every point of the compass. "Everywheres I got a whole staff of smart goys what gather in

novelties for the old man."

I didn't in the least accept this; it wasn't humanly conceivable to accept it. But the fact remained that he had the goods and the goods seemed reliable. On my first trip to Seattle I had stumbled upon the Emporium by chance and on each of several subsequent trips

had purposely visited it.

Everybody, the wise ones agree, should have a hobby and ride it. Mine is amassing Indian relics—not so much the crude burial pottery and flint arrow-heads and skin-scrapers of the mound-builders, although I have a few of their weapons and a good many of their utensils on my shelves, but by preference the belongings of the Indians of fifty years ago and forty and

Like most collecting manias mine has a selfish side to it. The Indian who wore feathers in his hair and peltry on his back has entirely disappeared except for exhibition purposes. The appeared except for exhibition purposes. blanket Indian becomes a rarer species every day. Among the remnants of many tribes that formerly were famous for their artificers, the squaws have forgotten how to do proper quillwork, have forgotten how to cure rawhides and buckskins by the ancient modes of their forebears, have even forgotten their traditional beadwork copies and now follow after the tiresome models of the white man.

I figure that about the time the surviving aborigines all turn into dun-colored shorthaired day-laborers and ranch-hands in blue overalls and stiff shoes-which time cannot be very far off now-this country will wake up to a realization of the fact that our so-called red brother, whose individuality has been stamped out of him by our kind of civilization, was an artist in the treatment of the materials he once had-hair and fur and bird wings, porcupine stickers and deer sinews and bear claws, his home-made paints and his hand-tooled pipe-stones and all the rest of it; that his original ideas of decoration were sound and his workmanship was honest, and most of all, that in what remains we have left the only physical reminders of the glories of a vanishing people. When that day comes there is sure to be a

nation-wide revival of ethnological interest in the native stocks and then I maintain the contents of my modest cabinets will be worth a whole lot more than I paid for them. As I see it, I'm not wasting the money; I'm investing it against the profitable hour of a spreading cult, the which I might add is a common enough

feeling among faddists who collect.

Viewing it from a less materialistic standpoint, the craze appeals to me on the creative side of my nature; that is, if you'll concede a writer of yarns is creative rather than assimilative and imitative. When I am classifying and cataloging my specimens, or better still when I am fingering them and rearranging and reappraising and admiring them, my imagination gets a heartening and healthful physic. I am mentally invigorated to conjure up pictures and to have stirring visions.

Before the eyes that are behind my visible eyes I review a stirring pageant of great historic Americans-Pontiac and Powhatan and Keokuk; those two who were miscalled for gentle saints—King Philip the plotter and Chief Joseph the strategist; Red Jacket and Brant of the North Woods; Dragging Canoe and Piomingo, both of the South; Black Hawk, who fought in the open, and Little Turtle, who contrived massacres; Sitting Bull, the crafty, and cld Geronimo, the cruel; Buffalo Hump and Dull Knife, gallant leaders of one of the forlornest and most heroic lost causes of frontier warfare; Tecumseh, the



Among the Blackfeet I had

Protean orator, the military organizer, the master politician, and that conniving kinsman of his, Cornstalk, the eloquent; Osceola, a brilliant, unrelenting wild general whom the whites destroyed by foul means and who in death was insulted under the name of Billy Bowlegs; Logan, the pathetic, and Rain-in-the-Face, the implacable; Sequoya, the translator, and Quana Parker, the scourge, and MacIntosh the half-breed; Gall and Red Cloud and White Calf and Big Foot and Captain Jack of the Lava Beds and Spotted Tail; then among the womankind, little Pocahontas and Running Eagle, the Chieftainess, and Sacajawea—"Bird Woman"—the greatest recorded feminine figure of her race.

In short, you might say-and probably will-that I get quite

kick out of it. I do.

Now this pipe bag that I had got from Mr. Kohl was, I told myself, a desirable acquisition. To begin with, it was one of the elaborate designs, intended for ceremonial occasions and full dress, for the council-fire and the dance circle and the formal visit rather than for every-day use. Moreover, it was adorned with a scalp-lock, the dangling tuft being of glossy black hair that was coarse and thick and strong, and on the under or skin side it was painted a dull red to show it had been stripped from the skull of an enemy slain in combat. The paint was old; it was flaked and caked and crumbly with age, but the color had not faded. The true Indian red which was made from ochre dug



my share of honor. Behold, I was Finger That Kills, the one bearing a grudge!

out of the earth and refined by a cooking process never does fade much.

Real scalp-locks are not come by any too often in these days and rarely are they attached to pipe bags, which stand for peace whereas these grim trophies stand for war. On these scores therefore I especially valued it.

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But privately I took issue with Mr. Kohl's claim that it was a Sioux pipe bag. According to my imperfect technical knowledge the patterning certainly was not Sioux. It lacked the characteristic double or triple fork suggesting sometimes a three-tined candlestick superimposed on a geometric pyramid and sometimes a fish-spear with the prongs set on at angles, which nearly always would be found in ancient Sioux beading and which students of Indian heraldics insist was an attempt to typify the lightning. It did have the yoke figure twice or thrice repeated, which might make it Crow and then again might make it Cheyenne, for these nations—the Crows and the Cheyennes—are known to have employed the same symbolisms after the old tribal lines began to be perverted and mixed, say in the first two decades following our Civil War.

On the other hand, though, it was hung at the top with the tails of four winter weasels—white tails with black tips—and the winter weasel was a favorite mythological badge of the Blackfeet and the Piegans and the Bloods who, after all, were one people under different names. Finally on the worn underside of my pouch I deciphered a faint painted on picture of a tadpole, which likewise used to be a popular emblem among the Blackfeet, the head being done in blue and the wriggly lower end in brown shading off to yellow. But the dyed quill-work-below the beadwork might very well have been Gros Ventre or Sioux either and that added to the puzzle.

I couldn't make up my mind just what identification I should give my new pipe bag when I installed it in the array of other pipe bags that I owned. So I let it go unlabeled but I prized it all the more on these accounts and especially on account of the

scalp-lock.

One night during the following winter, which was two winters ago, I went to a masquerade party in New York. I went as an Indian chief in a war-bonnet and a fringed antelope-skin shirt and I carried my scalp-lock pipe bag swung by its thongs on my That same night or, left wrist as was ritualistic and crthodox. rather, early the next morning—since the party lasted until four o'clock—I had a dream and it is this dream which all this while I have been approaching with intent to describe it.

Now, to begin with, usually my dreams are confused and distorted; frequently they are quite meaningless. Before this time I cannot recall a time when on awakening I had a clear

recollection of a clear vision.

But this dream was a dream of realities. It wasn't a jumble. It was a mosaic of coherency dovetailed and mortised together like good cabinetwork; and chronologically from start to finish it balanced. Coming out of sleep I had in my mind so complete a remembrance of it that never since have I forgotten a single phase

or incident or episode. It is not like something which roved through an uneasy slumberer's brain. It is, and always will be to me, as something which happened—something in which both as spectator and as actor I was a con-

scious part and parcel.

At the risk of being boresome with the preliminaries, let me add one thing more: I have no turn for the occult and powerfully little interest in it. My nature, as those who know me well will tell you, shows no mystical facets. I never went to a fortune-teller in my life nor to a spiritualistic séance except once to one that was got up with deliberate intent to expose the quackeries of certain self-styled mediums. I am a reasonably practical individual, keeping regular hours at a practical trade, and in me I have not as much of this so-called artistic temperament as you could assemble on the tip of the blade of a fruit-knife.

That will do for the preamble. Let's go to the dream:

I don't know how long I had been in bed probably not very long, though.

I was a twenty-year-old Indian—a Pikuni of the Blackfeet Confederacy or, as the whites would say, a Piegan. My name was Buffalo Fat, but this name was no tribute to my shape because I had not a half-ounce of spare flesh on my bones, being sparse and sinewy and light on my feet. When I was born I bore no distinguishing marks nor did anything notable happen while my mother was bearing me or immediately thereafter. As she emerged from the travail of bringing me into the world the first object upon which her eyes rested was a cross-barred parfleche meat bag swinging from one of the lodge-poles above where she lay. So, taking this for a sign, she was minded to call me Painted Skin.

Now, of my father, Owl Rattler's, four squaws, my mother, Grass Growing Green, was his favorite; she was his sits-beside-him woman and on all affairs in which properly one of her sex might have a voice he deferred to her judgment. He went further than that—for a Pikuni he went very far indeed. Frequently he humored her whims and because of his good heart he had patience to put up with

her occasional crotchets.

But in this important matter of my christening he was dubious. Painted Skin seemed to him fitter for a woman child than for a man child. So he decided that a very powerful Sun Priest—or as the whites would erroneously translate the title, a medicine-man—should be called in. The holy man came. I could recall him as having been when I first knew him a very old man and I then a naked boy of seven or eight playing about the camp of our people.

Let me say right here that in this dream of mine I did not dream back of my childhood; I was able to think back to it just as one does who is awake. And here was an even more curious part of the experience: From the start until the end of it I was in all imaginable ways Indian, but at the same time I was bringing to bear upon each succeeding phase, each following step of the dream, a white man's mind and a white man's interpretations and even a white man's fashion of inner expression.

For instance, quite naturally and as a matter of course I would do something or say some-

thing exactly, I am sure, as an Indian would do or say that thing and yet all the while I would be speculating upon the occurrence with a white intelligence and in English words. It is hard to define

the double sensation. Perhaps as near as I may come to it is to state that it was as though my skin and my body had become altogether red and one lobe of my brain as well, but the other lobe remained white and continued to function as such.

Anyhow, as I was telling you a moment ago, the Sun Priest



CIrvin Cobb at the Crowley Club

WHILE back, Irvin Cobb took me down into the Cajun country of Louisiana for a duck-shooting trip. We shot a lot of ducks at least, Irvin did—and in addition we foregathered with some of the finest folks I ever met. There was "Prent" Atkins and Travis Oliver, of Monroe, Louisiana—which, so they convinced us, is the up-and-comingest town in the South—and P. L. Lawrence, who built a nine-story bank and office building as a sign of his faith in Crowley, Louisiana, and "Ned" McIlhenny, big-game hunter and organizer of a hunt club in which you could lose a dozen of the sort we have around New York.

To Mr. McIlhenny's club there came from Chattanooga a crowd of rare souls—federal judges and the like; and, naturally, much of the talk was about the South. You can't talk about the South without talking about the Confederacy. While we were on that topic, one of our fellow guests told of an incident at a Confederate Veterans' Reunion.

An incident so dramatic, yet so human, that it formed one of the most perfect stories Irvin or I ever heard. I shan't attempt to tell you about it, for Cobb (who is, as you probably know, son of a Confederate veteran) has written it for you to read next month.

Written it with an insight which no other writer could have. For it requires a man like Cobb to understand how a man like the man in this story could misread a woman so greatly as he did the woman in the story.

I don't say it's the best story Irvin Cobb ever wrote, for that opens the way to argument; but I will say that for my reading, it's certainly one of the best any American ever wrote.

R. L.

a moment ago, the Sun Priest came to our lodge; so they told me afterwards. My father offered him two ponies as a gift and asked him to dream out a suitable name for his newly born son.

So the priest took the ponies and went away to dream. Like most of us-I speak from the Indian standpoint-he could have dream complexes, as it were, to order. To be sure, any person who fasted for days and prayed for hours on end and then went up into some high lonely place and smoked many pipes of strong tobacco on an empty stomach and rendered invocations and then slept, with perhaps a buffalo skull for a pillow, would almost certainly dream, being from weakness and exhaustion and religious fervor already on the verge of delirium. My white reason-ing told me that even while my Indian soul accepted the phenomenon as an exhibition of the mystic power.

This priest dreamed of a wolf that talked to him and of a grizzly bear that wore a warbonnet of many feathers and of a new moon that stood upside down in the heavens dancing on its horn and of other marvelous things, but in his vision there kept recurring a strip of luscious sizzling marrow-gut spitted on a roasting stick before a fire. Four times he saw this, he being, you -the number which spells out fate. So after he had dreamed this same thing four times he awakened and came staggering down from the peak and told my father and mother that Napi—Old Man Who Never Grows Any Older-had sanctioned for me the name of Buffalo Fat.

As Buffalo Fat I had reached the age of twenty and now, at the beginning of the main dream, I was going on my first war party. I had been on one raid before—a horse-stealing foray among the timorous Flatheads upon whom we preyed—but that was by way of apprentice-ship. I went then as the moccasin boy bearing no weapons and carrying strung over my slim shoulders the spare moccasins for the older members who'd take them from me as fast as the soles of those which they had on their

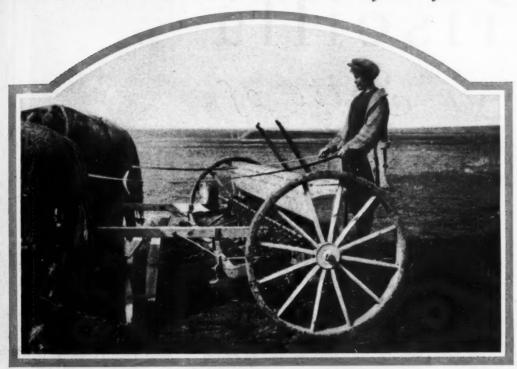
feet wore thin under the strain of rapid travel. But now I was going as a qualified fighting man and my sixteen-year-old cousin, Night Shot, would be the moccasin (Continue 1 on page 212)

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If You Know Anyone, Man or Woman, Who Complains about Hard Work, Show Him My Story-



I Work a 160-acre Farm ALONE—and I Love It By Garda Angela Jussila

HERE is nothing in the world that I like to do as much as actually farming the soil. I don't mean by that simply bossing men about: I mean really farming the soil with my own hands.

This past summer of 1925 I did all the work on a 160-acre berta farm. When I say I did all the work I mean just Alberta farm.

exactly that.

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This fall I threshed eighty acres of grain that I myself broke the ground for, harrowed and planted. And this past summer I plowed another eighty acres that I will put in wheat the com-

ing spring of 1926.

I only use a hired man around a farm when I can't use a machine or a horse—in threshing, for instance. I can do any work on a farm that a man can do. With a three-horse team—with fresh horses in the afternoon—I'll plow four acres a day. When I use my tractor with a three-bottom plow I'll turn over ten acres. And with a twenty-foot horse-drawn harrow I'll do thirty acres a day.

And at the same time I'll do my own housework, cooking and barnyard chores. That's where a bachelor girl farmer has a bachelor man beaten. She can make a better go at frontier lifebecause she can have a better home. I've never known of a bachelor farmer who didn't have trouble with his cooking and home work. I don't blame a man for disliking the drudgery of the household grind—I do myself. I'd far rather be out working in the fields than puttering about a kitchen. One time several years ago when the spring farm work was too heavy for one to do and at the same time make any pretense of keeping up the house, I was faced with the alternative of either hiring a man for the

fields or a girl for the house. I chose a girl and did all the actual farm work myself.

I've been running a farm now for eleven years, and the beauty of the changing seasons and the eternal mystery of the planting and budding and maturing of the crops are as fascinating to me today as when I first started out. If anything, the love of the soil is stronger than ever.

I was born in the little town of Centerville, Klickitat County, Washington. As we grew up each of us eight children was taught some trade or profession. When it came my turn I was taught expert dressmaking. For two or three years I tried my best to like it—but I simply couldn't. I worked hard but I was always extremely unhappy. I simply could not stand the indoor, confined work.

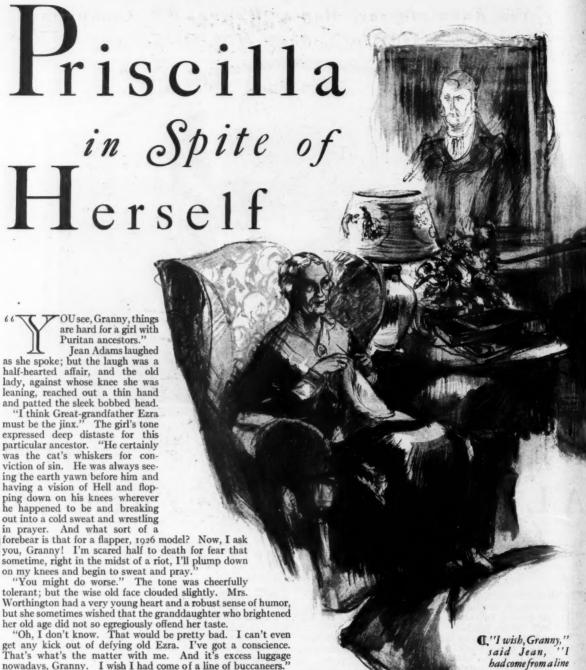
Just at the time when my dissatisfaction was at its highest I saw the announcement of the public sale of a farm that was school land. There were 160 acres in the farm that had to bring at least \$35 an acre and the buildings were valued at \$1100. had \$350 in the bank and finally after a good deal of persuasion my father agreed to lend me \$400 so that I could bid in the

I bought the farm in late February and that spring I moved over to the house and went to work by myself. My farming equipment consisted of a walking-plow, a cast-off harrow and a borrowed drill. I bought a couple of old mares and a cow on time and my mother gave me several hens.

That first year I broke thirty acres with my walking-plow.

The next year things were a little easier. And in five years I had paid off my father, lifted all the (Continued on page 184)





nowadays, Granny. I wish I had come of a line of buccaneers. The girl sprang to her feet, stooped to snatch a kiss from a soft, withered cheek and pulled her rakish hat down further over her eves. "If mum asks about me, tell her I've gone to Di's for dinner." She breezed out of the room and the old lady, in the chintz-

covered chair by the window, sat, smiling a little, sighing a little, thinking of her own youth and wondering about youth yet unborn. It was good to be honest and gallant and fearless; but it was lamentable to be cheap and vulgar and it was dangerous to be recklessly self-confident.
"If only the right man comes along in time," she said to

herself.

Out-of-doors, in the glow of the setting October sun, Jean was,

unknowingly, going to meet the wrong man. He was waiting for her in Di Castle's studio. hint of incense in the room, the light filtered through amber curtains, divans and cushions of violent hues were everywhere; there were weird, ultra-modern pictures on the walls, canvases stacked against the wainscoting, a welter of paint-presumably an unfinished picture—on an easel. Not a painter's workroom; but Di Castle was not a painter. She was a rich girl, well past

débutante years, bored, playing at art in the intervals of playing at other things, and finding a studio an amusing setting for all sorts of play.

of buccaneers."

"There's something about a studio," she explained to her friends when she had signed the lease. "People loosen up."

People did. Not that Di's crowd was seriously restrained by inhibitions, even in the ordinary home setting; but as a point of departure and return and for occasional wild parties, a studio did, as Di put it, have the home fireside looking like a solitary confinement cell.

She liked her studio, but she wasn't stingy with it. Any of her friends might use it, if they didn't get their dates tangled with hers; and if the little Japanese who kept the place tidy happened to be out, the key was always hanging behind the lantern, beside the door. Whether the friends met the wrong men or the right men, or merely kept dates with women friends there in the studio, was all one to Di. She had no Deacon Ezra perched perso with That Ar thril with a ma blith one

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By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd



on her ancestral tree. Being a hard-headed little person, of twenty-four summers, she could get along without him. What her friends did was their affair. That was the first law of the modern creed.

And so, when an unexpected opportunity for a thrilling evening presented itself, too late to permit telephoning and breaking her dinner engagement with Jean Adams, the owner of the studio turned to

a man who happened to be lounging on a divan beside her and

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bilthely made over her date with Jean to him.

"Give her a good time, Larry," she said. "She's a darling—one of the latest inventions. You'll fall for her—hard. Of course you're a disreputable character; but so are we all of us, and you can be awfully nice; so Jean won't bear me a grudge for chucking her

She went her way; and the disreputable character, after some hesitation, decided to wait and see the thing through. Looking at Jean Adams as she came through the doorway, he was glad that he had waited. He had forgotten that there was anything so young in a jaded world. The sophistication of her clothes, of her manner, the rouge on her cheeks, the absurd red of her lips were mere masquerade, accentuating the questing light in her eyes, the childish line of her chin, the sweetness of her mouth.

For a moment she stood looking about the room, her eyes narrowing slightly in the effort to adjust themselves to the soft half-light after the glow of the outdoor world. Then she saw the

long, lean figure, blotted against the black divan.

"Hulloa!" she said lightly. "Now, who are you?"

Larry Mowbray rose to his feet as she spoke, six feet two of bone and muscle, with a bit of flesh to boot.

"I didn't get up at first for fear of startling you," he said. "My name's Mowbray. Di had to go out somewhere. She told me to tell you she was

sorry."
"Meaning she had a chance of something more amusing," inter-preted Jean, without resentment. "But why not a note pinned to

the lamp-shade? That's the usual thing."
"She had a kindly impulse." Larry Mowbray's voice was one of the nicest things about him, low, slightly drawling, friendly, yet with a characterful ring in it. People remem-bered Larry's voice. "You see, she was about to turn me out into a world that is cold to Prodigal Sons; and at the last moment it occurred to her that you might put up with me for the evening since she had failed you."

Jean liked his voice. She liked his looks. He must be all of forty, she thought, and she was horribly fed-up on callow youth. But she had thought that at forty men had jowls and tummies. The men in Di's crowd had. This man seemed made of whalebone and rawhide; and above his alert, sinewy body

was a thin brown face whose chin was stubborn in its lines, whose mouth was reckless, whose dark eyes were keen and a trifle weary. There were streaks of gray in

Yes, she liked his looks; but why "prodigal"?

"Am I taking on the rôle of doting parent or fatted

calf?" she asked.

A shadow flashed into the man's eyes and was drowned there. His father hadn't been doting; but the son wished the old man were back in his library chair, in the old house on Washington Square, instead of lying, as he had lain for two months, under the sod of the family burying plot. "Certainly nothing fatted," he said, pulling himself away from

bitter memories.

Jean glanced down at her own straight slimness with complacent approval.

"Yes. Nice, isn't it? Just a hundred and ten. I thought I'd never get the last ten pounds off. I hadn't a decent thing to eat for months; but now my stomach's proud spirit is broken. I can eat anything, any time, and the calories just reel back, I order potatoes and white bread and ice-cream discouraged.

and cake and don't take on an electron."

"Then," suggested the man, "we might go out and order potatoes and white bread and ice-cream and cake together. Yes?"

The girl hesitated. Di's friends were of all sorts and then there was that "prodigal." Uncle Ezra stirred and groaned. She snuffed him out. There was nothing else on for her evening, and one couldn't be bored; and this stranger looked more

interesting than any of the boys for whom she might

telephone.
"Why, yes," she said cheerfully. "Why not? Only, it's too early for dinner."

"There used to be restaurants in the country-and roads to them. I suppose they haven't all been closed while I've been in Africa?"

Jean laughed.
"Not permanently—but often. Let's go out to the Laurels." Of course, she told herself, dad and mum disapproved of road-houses and country drives; but that was archaic, perfectly prehistoric, and it was a heavenly evening

for a drive.

The man stood looking at Things had changed much in the years he had been away. There had always been road-houses and cars and girls-but Di had said this girl was of a fine old family and straight-absolutely straight; and she was young, unbelievably young for such freedom. There was no Great-grandfather Ezra in any complex of Larry Mowbray's; but he did have certain ideas about playing the game.
"No," he said, "not a road-

house, I think. We'll dine in town.

"Women's votes not counted?"

He smiled at her. There was something extraordinarily engaging about his smile.

"Don't be huffy, child. I'm a thousand years old; and sometimes I do aged things like denying myself pleasure. You see, I've been in East Africa for five years, and the children don't roam the jungle at night out there. I'll have to get used to the thing gradually."

One couldn't be angry with him when he smiled like that; and anyhow Jean didn't particularly like roadhouse dining. She didn't know exactly why but thought it had something to do with the waiters. They always looked so frightfully

discreet.

"Any objection to the young person taking a walk in the jungle with an armed

aard? I suppose, of course, you are armed?" she said. "To the teeth," he answered. "Do you want to take a guard?

She looked around the studio and shrugged her shoulders. "One needs a crowd and drinks to help one stand this chamber of horrors, and it's glorious outside. Let's sprint up through the Park.

So they sprinted. The sun sank; and the roofs and towers of the city silhouetted themselves against the afterglow. Myriad windows changed to jewels, flying against the bosom of the night. A cold breeze came up and set Jean's face tingling, like her heart. The man, walking beside her, was a good companion, talking a little, laughing a little, listening a little, matching silences



C,"Don't be huffy, child," Larry Mowbray said to Jean. "You see, I've

with her, always giving her the feeling of being companioned, understood, admired. A technique very different from that of the boys with whom she had been jazzing about. She liked it, li ed it enormously.

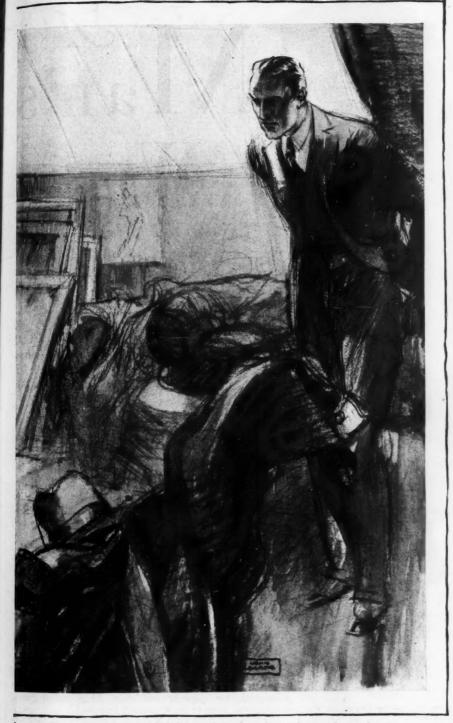
And when, later, they sat opposite each other at a table in a restaurant and the man had ordered, in an effortless, efficient way, a dinner that seemed perfect, Jean made him talk of Africa and sat entranced. Othello again! The old motive wears well; and even the modern flapper will thrill to tales of adventure, well told.

"It must have been gorgeous," she said enviously. "Men do have all the luck. But why did you go to Africa? Just for adventure?

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been in Africa for five years, and the children don't roam the jungle at night out there."

"N-no. Not exactly." He spoke slowly. "I wanted to get away. Africa is a good grave—but it wouldn't bury me; and after a while I didn't want to be buried. By that time I'd been fascinated by things down there. You either love it or loathe it There's no half-way house. I loved it; so I stayed. And then I had word that my father had died."

He was silent for a moment. Jean could not decide whether his face hardened or softened.

"I was needed here," he went on. "Business matters. So I came back; but I'll go out again."
"Soon?" Her question was on an odd, breathless note. There was no reason why he shouldn't go back to Africa; but, queerly, Jean felt that New York would seem bleak without him.

"Yes-soon," he answered. He looked at her across the table. Deep in his eyes something stirred, leaped to the surface.

A slow blush crept up through her rouge, her lips trembled, she looked young absurdly young, and sweet— unspeakably sweet. Flapperhood fell away from her like a husk and the kernel was eternal girl.

"That is," the man added,

"I-should-go."

She did not ask why, just sat and ate food that had no taste and wondered, vaguely, why the jazz had suddenly gone out of things.

"I made a horrible mess of things here before I went away." Mowbray was saying. "That's why I went-and stayed. I always thought my father would send for me. He didn't. Now there's no one to care whether I go or stay; and

it's a man's life out there."
"It sounds terribly thrilling," she heard herself saying. There was more talk after that, more food, a cocktail or two; but back of everything loomed Africa, huge, black, threatening; and when, at her own door, Jean said good night to the new man, she felt as though the jungle had swallowed him-or her.

"Well, what did you think of Larry?" Di Castle asked, over the telephone, the next morning. "Some enchanter, that lad; but don't get your heart-strings tangled, honey. His past is hectic and I've an idea he'll go right on making history.

For the rest of the day Jean roamed about the house, wondering about the his-toric past. Late in the afternoon a maid called her to the telephone.

"Might I come up?" He didn't mention his name. There was no need of She would have known the voice among a thousand. "Yes—do." She tried to

make it gaily indifferent, tried to think of something foolish and slangy, in her usual line, that she might add; but nothing came. So she let it go at that—just "Yes—do," with a throb in it.

After that day they spent their idle hours together, lunched tea-ed, dined, walked, drove, danced together. Africa might be waiting; but apparently Larry Mowbray turned a deaf ear to the call and Jean refused to believe in a Dark Continent. All the world was a light and a glory. Once in a while she met some of her old crowd; but they belonged to a very remote past. Boys and girls called her up on the telephone, tried to make dates with her. She was kind to the silly young things but had no time for them. Her father and mother noticed no difference They were busy with their own interests and she had in her. always been a human pinwheel. They had stopped trying to regulate her spinning, long before. Now she was just whirling as usual. What could a mere parent (Continued on page 126)



RS. SAMUEL WINTERS, better known to the County of Coyote as Ma Sam, was neither very young nor very beautiful, nor was she gifted with any mysterious allure. She had scant hair of a grizzled russet, a colorless eye, a rough, red face and a mouth like a section of braided rope. But she was in the habit of calling herself-a man's woman.

It would have been difficult for her to be anything else in Coyote as she was the only woman in a radius of sixty miles. Smiling widely to show courage, energy and a real gold tooth, she had brought into this promising wilderness the shy and tongue-tied husband who in her native town down there in Idaho had been the only youth unenterprising enough to be captured by Homely Hetty Brown, and in Coyote, while she built and bustled, fenced and ditched, grubbed sage and invested sagaciously his not inconsiderable inheritance, Sam gradually sickened and inconspicuously died. He had never, as he was disconcertingly in the

phonograph, her hospitality—all these things spelled charm, enchantment, home in the womanless, bare land.

The boys rode forty miles to call on Mrs. Sam, and rarely did they fail to employ in unqualified courtship their well-fed and much-talked-to visit. Like Madelon, Ma Sam was satisfied to love a regiment; at least she said she was.

But there were two men distinguished by an apex and a nadir of emotion: Slim Kidder and Rab Dominick.

Slim was a handsome tin-horn, lightly disguised as the Store keeper. He had a store at an invisible town of four houses for which a straying motorist kept looking after he had passed it for forty miles or so of evil road. This town was the Paris of Coyote; it had a dance-hall. The men rode gravely, Saturdays, to drink and gamble under the gentle patronage of Slim, and to dance gravely with infinite grace and pleasure with property of the gravely with infinite grace and pleasure with the gravely gravely with the gravely gravely with the gravely gravely with the gravely gra gravely with infinite grace and pleasure with one another and with Ma Sam.

Slim was one of the two men in Coyote who had not asked Ma Sam to marry him. The other was young Rab Dominick.

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By Katharine Newlin Burt

A Story as Old as the FIRST JEALOUS WOMAN

made compliments, drooped his lids; therefore, she loved him. Rab looked her coolly in the eye, straightened his cautious mouth and rarely spoke. Under this look and rarely spoke. Under this flook and this silence, she became again the "Homely Het" of a town of pretty girls. Therefore she hated him. She meant some day to marry Kidder and to "sick him on that Rab." It would not be so difficult; the men were as naturally antagonistic as silk and sandpaper.

Fate, a woman's woman, fav-

ored Ma.

After the night when Rab, who rarely took a chance on any-thing, playing poker with one eye shut and a pipe in his mouth, cleaned out Slim Kidder by the simple process of detecting his method of cheating and thereafter silently using it against him, Slim rode up to see Ma Sam, borrowed money from her and promised to marry her. At least she has always said he did. And it was superfluous for her to do any "sicking on" Rab—for Kid-der was already "sicked."

Into this situation, a triangle more of the infernal than of the eternal variety, there came a complication, geometrically confusing. Jane Carey, uninvited and more unexpected than a

German husband's compliment, came to pay a visit to her pa. She came to persuade him to return, after an in-terval of fifteen years, to "poor old ma" at home. But after she had listened to his side of the history, she became pensively, uncertain of her partisanship and

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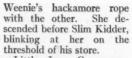
She had been working as a dressmaker at Sugar City and

had a pretty skill with her fingers

besides some money of her own. She set herself immediately to paint and beautify pa's cabin.

Poor old Joe Carey quit ranching out of pure excitement. He could do nothing but watch his "little Janey." He would light his pipe and let it go out a dozen times a minute, shaking his match thoughtfully long after it was dead, to watch her. He could not hammer a nail without hitting his thumb—for watching

Presently she sat herself sideways on his old mule, Weenie, and kicked him with her dangling heels to town. She must buy stuff for curtains, she must have toweling, paper napkins, muslin sheets and a little new kitchen crockery. In pink gingham dress and sunbonnet, white cotton stockings and Mary Jane slippers, she rode, holding to the saddle-horn with one hand and to



Little Jane Carey was slender; she was young, a sleek and shining girl, bloodred and snow-white like the fairy-tale princess, and lighted with a pair of rogueeyes black as a pickaninny's. The way she fanned her ne way she tanned her eyelashes like a black butter-fly's wings was "plum' dis-integratin'," said Johnnie Imes, who owned a dictionary and read it winters. He'd got near about to the middle of D, d that spring.

Rumor, slow, soft and sure in Western speech, brought word of little Miss Janey to Ma Sam. On that

big ranch of hers, well-fenced, well-watered, dotted with barns and cattle and horses, Ma Sam said she had never liked women—"females" she called them, likewise "cats." She made for herself a gorgeous robe of orange-colored taffeta, wore a feather in her hair and went to the dance-hall Saturday night, with a red nose and a stiff upper lip.

A little figure in a scrap of white muslin with a blue ribbon round what it called its hips came up to her through the forest of certain partners and seized her by her two

big hands. Jane sparkled when she smiled. "It's awful, week in, week out, never to see a woman," cried Jane. "I've such a lot of girl friends at home and I miss them awfully. Oh, Mrs. Winters, I'm so glad to know you! I'm a sort of a woman's woman, I guess."
"I ain't," said Ma, pulled her hard hands

free, and turned her back.

Jane's face paled, the butterfly wings apped once. "That's the first time I was flapped once. ever snubbed," she said, "and I don't like it." Her rogue eyes sparkled in another fashion, and she turned swiftly into her partner's arms.

Feeling that round lithe waist under his hand, Ross Jones wanted to take its owner entirely, completely, and crush her with all the fury of his strength. No one would have suspected the nice young man of such a dangerous emotion. He kept his great

dark red hand spread carefully across Jane's narrow back, held her six inches away from him and danced bashfully with his eyes lowered.

The only two men who did not dance with little Miss Janey that night were Slim Kidder, who under Ma Sam's eye wasn't sure that it would be safe, just yet awhile, and Rab Dominick, who didn't want to. Jane made a note of both omissions. The two most interesting-looking men in the place, she told herself, adding loyally-for Janey was nothing if not loyalist-except, of

Course, poor pa.

In fact, pa nowadays was rather interesting, emerging bashfully from ten years' seclusion, in a yellow waistcoat, a new pink shirt, store "pants" and a purple scarf, his hair and beard trimmed à la Janey.



There is no country where a feud can grow and spread and deepen so relentlessly as in a lightly peopled country of large distances. In silence, the emotions strike deep root, in absence and loneliness they grow intense. Between these two lonely women, in a vast no-woman's land, the ill-feeling engendered by Ma's jealousy grew with an incredible and feverish rapidity.

Ma Sam gave a party at her ranch. All the county came except Jane Carey, who had not been invited. To Ma Sam's next party only one-quarter of the county came, and Ma Sam clearly understood the stern rebuke. Not long thereafter she met Jane, a basket on her arm, kicking her mule out through the gate of Kidder's ranch. He had a neglected bit of land and a cabin besides the rooms above his store in "town."

Ma drew up her towering chestnut horse above

the mule.
"You visitin' the men-folks?" she asked cuttingly.

Jane tried to achieve hauteur, looking up a mile into those gleaming colorless eyes all rayed with sun-wrinkles

"I don't know just what you mean by that,"

she said.
"I'll tell you right now what I mean, Miss Zany,
"I'll tell you right now what I mean, Miss Zany, I mean you're to keep your fingers off'n my man, savvy? I mean, you keep to your side of the river or I'll—shoot." She slapped the gun-case on her flank. "Savvy? I'm packin' this here gun—for flank.

"Then tell your man, please," Janey piped, redder than even princess-blood-red, "to keep away from me. 'Twas him asked me to stop in and kerry home some of his honey-jars to pa. better begin packin' your gun for him-or I will."

Ma lifted her switch and Weenie, not unnaturally applying the gesture to himself, broke for the first time in years into what he would probably have called a lope.

Ma laughed.

When, beyond the cottonwoods, Jane had pulled Weenie to a jolting walk, she boxed his ears and wept.

'To think after all the times I've half killed myself tryin' to make you do that, you ornery mule, you'd jest hev to do it then—like as if I was scared! Oh, what an awful, awful wo nan, Weenie!"

Weenie, thinking her boxing of his ears a wellearned caress, let his lower lip hang down and

quiver-a sign of rare tenderness

Jane did not notice the tribute. thinking rather ruefully that it might perhaps be wiser to go back to her own poor old ma at ho ne. This was a dangerous country surely, and

not at all pleasant in some of its ways. It wasn't nice, for instance, to have some one pack a gun for you. And then-she meant to flirt with Kidder "anyhow"; it was part of another

She was on bad terms with pa's neighbor, Dominick. He was a real neighbor too-the only real neighbor in all of Coyote County. His homestead bordered theirs and he'd built his cabin close up against pa's fence. When she washed clothes in the brook, he could see her from his window; when Weenie strayed, he always jumped Rab's bars; all pa's hens laid eggs in Rab's alfalfa field. Hadn't she got to go looking for them there? If the wind blew west, her drying dish-towels traveled over Rab's fence and flapped against his porch. It was too "blamed ridicer-lous," thought Janey, in a "great big enormous huge country" to have such towny bothers. Why had she teased the man? Why had she made herself so cross with him?

It had been during refreshments on one of the Saturday nights; all of Coyote, she, Ma and their partners eating chicken salad and cookies about the stove, when the Devil had prompted her to taunt this silent young man, a pipe-smoker in a cigaretrolling world, this grave young man who, in a Jane-enthusiastic

world, had never talked to her.

He had come-oh, by accident, no doubt!-to knock out his pipe against the stove—to stand just at her elbow. She merely tilted her head sideways, flapped the butterfly wings and spoke.



C. "Who shot you in that

"You haven't much use for women, have you, Mr. Dominick?" "I have not," he answered, taking the breath of Coyote's listening chivalry.

"You're a regular woman-hater, I guess," pursued snowwhite, rose-red.

"Ain't that the truth!" said he.
"What would you do," she persevered, "if a woman should fall in love with you?"

Rab Dominick had begun to refill his pipe.

"The women that have loved me," he replied, "have just had to weep and fade away—poor things!" And he looked up from his pipe and smiled at Janey and the room, a slow, incredibly contagious smile, which betrayed his white and even teeth and the full gray mirthful brilliance of his eyes.

Jane's roses were carnations as she turned away, the room laughing around her; and at the instant she began to flirt with Kidder. She did this the more conspicuously because she fancied, though, no doubt, it was only the vain imagining of a woman, that it had an infinitesimal effect upon the expression of Rab's mouth-corners. If her flirting with Slim could make Rab look sardonic, she would flirt. Besides-it was fun to tease Ma Sam. But all that was before the gun-packing incident. Now, Jane felt thoroughly alarmed at the situation between herself and Kidder. It was difficult enough to handle in itself. Was he really Mrs. Winters's "man"? she wondered anxiously; if sohadn't she better go back to poor old ma at home?

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sboulder?" Jane asked Rab Dominick, and somebody told her, "Slim Kidder."

But pa was so much better, happier, cleaner. She just couldn't leave him to get dirty again. And he was so fond of her now, fonder than ma had ever been. And ma had Dick and Mag dalena, Irva and Rue, older ones of course, but some of them still unmarried and real kind to ma. No, she would just have to stay with pa. He needed her. She'd be a coward to leave him. Was she a measly little ground-squirrel, to be frightened by a big woman on a tall horse

So Jane talked herself back to courage. But that night she decided to pack a gun herself. She had brought Dick's gift, an automatic, with her—in case of rattlers. This she now concealed in a pocket of her gingham dress or bungalow apron. It pulled down on her shoulder and bumped her leg, but it was

comforting. Later she found it useful.

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Slim Kidder was a left-handed man. He rolled cigarets, served drinks, shot a gun and dealt cards with his left hand. It was partly to this peculiarity that he owed his success as a sharper, for he could do things with the hand suspicious people were less apt to be watching. And he made left-handed love, too, with considerable skill. Ma never guessed how often he tied a borrowed pony to Joe Carey's front fence. And he was more than a match for Janey when it came to flirting. He managed a spirited and sensitive young woman particularly managed a spirited and sensitive young woman particularly well by a method of alternate bullying and pleading. He made himself now pathetic and now formidable, always entertaining and often too exciting for comfort. Jane felt gloriously scared,

was glad of pa, sitting inside while her black-eyed lover, "Ma's ' crowded her on the low porch step.

Through all his talk, lively, sly, silky and dangerous, there ran a persistent thread of evil insinuation against Rab Dominickan anecdote here, a hint there, today a repeated rumor, tomorrow a fraternal warning. It was like one of these puzzle portraits where a face is hidden. The face of Rab, thus pieced together, began to show a hideous outline to Jane's unwillingly fascinated

"They say Dominick's father turned him out for quittin' girl. I don't believe it myself—he's too tough a proposition. More likely he beat up some poor little woman who spoke pleasant to him. But he must 'a' been in some trouble, I reckon. You kin see he was raised good. He speaks right nice. There's a Dominick over in Cottonwood County, a real lady, who has a first-rate property and a good standin'. They say she had a scalawag son. But there! it's a caution the way folks talk. Only, you be careful, little woman; he might be a plum' grizzly

if you got in his way."
"I'm not getting in his way," said Jane impatiently, and changed the subject—to Ma Sam. About Ma, Slim was gentle,

cryptic and evasive.

Being a gambler, there came at last a moment when, in the careful game he was playing with an old and jealous woman and a young and mischievous girl, Slim Kidder took a chance. Boldly, on a Saturday night, he asked (Continued on page 122)

Log Cabin Days

NE of the several thousand regrets which cherish is that when I was helping my father his book about Newton County, Indiana, some fifteen years ago, I did not sit down with him day after day and ask questions in the presence of a good shorthand man. He carried in the back of his head a treasury of rare recollections concerning our section of Indiana when it was still a frontier-when the folks lived in log houses which stood lonesomely apart, when the men believed in whiskers and the women sang oldfashioned hymns in high, piping tremolo.

It was the Indiana told about by Eggleston in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." is still found in some of the hill pockets down toward the Ohio River, where the genuine Anglo-Saxons who drifted over from the mountains of North Carolina and Kentucky have escaped the transforming influences of sportwear clothes, photoplays, motorcars, radio and Prohibition enforcement

My father and mother came out to the fur-trading station at Morocco in 1853, so that my mother spent fiftyfour years in this same home neighborhood before leaving us and my father rounded out

a full sixty-one years. They witnessed and helped to manage a very gorgeous transformation.

[John Studebaker and John Ade,

Champion Horseshoe Pitchers.

In the book called "Newton County" my father listed some of the startling changes. The book was a neat-looking volume of 320 pages and it would have had quite a sale except for the fact that father went around to his old friends and neighbors and gave away the entire edition before anyone had a chance to buy a copy. He was that way all his life. If he had anything he gave it away.



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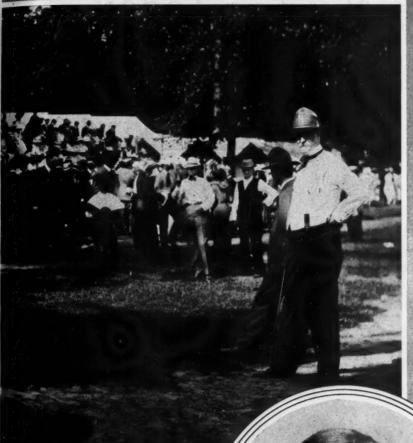
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He especially favored the sect known as the Christian Church, founded by Alexan der Campbell. When he was squandering as high as \$200 a month, about \$150 went to the church. Whenever he loaned money he had an unerring instinct for handing his income over to those who could never repay. All of the interest came in the

I heard him say many times that he would be perfectly happy if he could be worth \$100,000. He said that was enough money for any one man. After he had served faithfully with the Discount and Deposit Bank over at our county-seat and retired he was worth practically nothing. I suspect that if he had acquired the \$100,000 that he talked about he would have given half of it to the church and the other half to all persons within range who seemed to be hopelessly hard My job for years was to act as buyer for him and send home a job lot of Christmas presents for all of the poor children

in the township. He was a giver instead of a taker. He made friends and did not court the personal enmity of those with whom he most heartily disagreed. He and my mother were just a couple of human service-stations for all of the needy and discouraged.

As far back as I can remember and up to the time I left home with a college degree and a frightened wish to be a journalist, it seems to me that hardly a week passed without the door-bell jingling late at night, and then there would be a mumble of low



of Chicago. J. M. Studebaker pitch-Governor Durbin and John Ade right; Mr. Fairbanks farthest right.

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voices at the front door. Meaning that another little stranger was due to arrive and mother had been asked to head the reception committee.

Her willingness to serve and help and comfort was so unbounded and her goodness was so efficiently directed by unruffled common sense and an entire lack of theatrical emotionalism that sometimes I marvel at the fact that, from no merit of my own, I was privileged to have such a remarkable mother. Of course, she was the best of housekeepers and when it came to preparing food, all of the chefs in New York City could have learned wisdom from her.

Getting back to the book! My father told something about the county as he discovered it in 1853. He said the raw prairie in summer-time was beautiful beyond description—a waving mass of blue and yellow bloom carried on stalks so high that a traveler winding along one of the new roads had to stand up on the wagon seat in order to see above the great expanse of moving color.

The sluggish streams and the swamps were bordered with the burrows of such fur-bearing animals as the otter, mink and beaver. Father came to the door of his store one morning and found a deer standing a few feet away looking at him in an inquiring manner. The becalmed waters were crowded with buffalo-fish three or four feet long.

All of the houses were made of logs. Early settlers chopped down trees without reference to property rights and land was

By George Ade

\$1.25 an acre. My father might have bought up half the county, but whenever he had any money he was lending it to some one with a tale of woe.

All this within one hundred miles of Chicago and only about seventy-five years ago, Chicago was a mud-spattered, sprawling huddle of houses with a population of 25,000.

The book tells something of living conditions in the early The usual log house had a single room with a home-made fireplace at one end. Most of the illumination came from the When additional burning logs. light was needed a saucer was partly filled with lard or some other kind of grease; then a

strip of rag was inserted in the grease and lighted. Along in the fifties some of the settlers began to make "dipped" can-dles. It was in 1857 that

the whole region became excited over the news that La-Rue and Brother over at Rensselaer had a coal-oil lamp on exhibition. consumed a very crude kind of kerosene which sold for \$1.50 a gallon. Only a few people bought the coal-oil lamps. They were said to be explosive.

The most aristocratic vehicle was the Chicago-made wagon. It was not until after the Civil War that carriages and buggies made their appearance out our way. In the seventies our family had a twoseated carriage and we were supposed to be showing off.

The churches were crude affairs

with puncheon floors and the preacher traveled on circuit. The natives living out in the hazel-brush would walk to church in their bare feet, sit on the stumps outside and put on their shoes, go in and attend services while thus decently and conventionally shod, come out, take off their shoes and walk home barefooted, refreshed in spirit and renewed in the faith.

All the clothes were home-made. Some of the pioneers kept a few sheep. Once a year the wool would (Continued on page 148)



George Ade at the time his father sent bim to Purdue University in 1883.

DA Novel of Today Adlocked Adlocked

The Story So Far:

HEN Henry Gilbert, a rich man and a Reformer with a capital R, drove his wife to suicide by his unjust and nagging accusations, his daughter Edith determined to leave home forever and make her own way in New York. Edith had an excellent voice; through a chance friend, the slangy but warmhearted Pearl Gates, she soon secured a position singing in Downing's cabaret, and a little later at the WKL broadcasting station, where she was announced as"The Lark."

Soon afterwards she met Jesse Hermann, rich banker and patron of the opera, who was notorious for his escapades with women. Her innocence and charm stirred him unusually, and he made her his protégée, giving her singing lessons under the great Lorelli and grooming her for grand opera, though she would accept from him no direct financial aid.

Hermann's motives
were open to question,
though Edith innocently
took him at his face
value. She even accepted, against Pearl Gates' protests,

an invitation from him to go on a yachting trip with a number of his friends—including a Mrs. Alcott, whom he used conveniently as a chaperon, though she was in reality a cast-off favorite.

On the yachting trip, Hermann acted with circumspection until jealousy intervened. Golfing alone at Comfort Harbor, Edith chanced on young Norman Van Pelt. Van Pelt's mother was Natalie Dubose, an extraordinary woman and a former wife of Hermann; Norman himself was a broker and man-about-town, whom Edith had met once before and had had to snub. Now, however, they struck up a very warm friendship, and Edith learned to her surprise that Van Pelt was quixotically in love with the radio personality of the unknown Lark. She did not reveal that the Lark was herself, or that she was yachting with Hermann. The latter, however, learning of the friendship, invited Van Pelt aboard and deliberately made Edith appear in an equivocal position. Van Pelt departed bitterly disillusioned about his new pal, and Edith too left the yacht in high anger.

Meanwhile Henry Gilbert had married Belle Galloway, a scheming spinster who was also a shining light of Reform. When Pearl Gates took it on herself to write and beg him to save Edith from the inevitable consequences of her own innocent acts, Gilbert and Belle came to New York and tried to take Edith home; she refused stormily, and they thereupon "planted" a superficial case against her and had her arrested as an inmate of a questionable house. Edith, suddenly jailed, was shocked beyond words; she was ashamed to appeal to any of her friends, and when her father prevailed upon the judge to sentence her to Bedford Reformatory, her bitterness practically became acute melancholia. It reached its climax when she discovered, in these harsh surroundings, that her singing voice had left her.

Henry Gilbert meanwhile went back home unctuously satisfied.

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Henry Gilbert meanwhile went back home unctuously satisfied, and at once began to experience the effects of his wife's scheming propensities. He was "visited" by her mother, sister and



By Rex Beach

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

"It's plain, now, why the girl appealed to you so strongly. No wonder you were confused, but this explains it. What an unfortunate situation! Are you sure this friend of hers hasn't made out a better case for her than she deserves? It's so easy to permit our sympathies to influence-

"No, no!"

"Jesse Hermann can be an extremely fascinating man when he tries."

"If you knew her as I do, you wouldn't have any doubts. I was a fool. A suspicious idiot."

The mother smiled "You had your faintly. doubts, Norman. However, if they have been satisfied, why, that's that. Remember, though, an infatuated lover isn't a reliable character witness. Even assuming that she did-make a mistake with Jesse Hermann, it's of small consequence as com-pared with the injustice

that has been done her. Many nice girls have made mistakes. You wouldn't allow that to in-

Van Pelt stirred. "There are some things a fel-low can't swallow. I've never had anything but the best; I don't want damaged goods. But what's the use of supposing? She's a good girl. Don't I know?'

"The frightful part is that she was convictedand sent to a penal institution! That's a brand that doesn't wear off. Not many people know about it, but-it's an impossible thing to conceal. When I fully realized that fact I went off my head. I broke things-behaved rather badly, I guess. All the way out here I've been trying to figure some way—" The speaker sighed, shook his head.

Mrs. Dubose spoke dryly: "Her future is a painful problem,

but I dare say the girl is less concerned by it than by her present situation. Do you seriously propose to help her face the world?"

"You mean-"Are you thinking about marrying her?"

Norman was in no good mood for discussion; thus far he had acted upon impulse; he could not answer his mother's query. He rose, fumbled for a cigaret and lighted the cork end.

I don't know what I'm thinking about," he confessed. "Things have always come so easy to me that I'm not used to weighing consequences. I've always been terribly particular about women. Oh, Nat, I'm in a tempest! I'm two men. One of me is wild, hungry, utterly reckless. That's the one who smashed all your pretty things. The other—well, he stood back and looked on at the exhibition and tried to make himself heard. He's the one who tells me it-can't be done." Agitatedly the young man roved about the room, then flung himself back into his chair. "One me is a regular fellow and the other is a coward. Yes. I'll marry her! We'll manage somehow to cover it up. I've been thinking—she could change her name. You could take her abroad to study. We could be married over there. If she made a success of her singing-



I "Mrs. Alcott! Dear!" Edith cried. "Go away!" the woman sobbed. "I'm not fit for you to touch. I'm wicked—wicked!"

brother, an impossible crew who began the process of making his daily life a torment.

When Pearl Gates discovered what had happened to Edith she was wild with indignation and appealed to Mrs. Alcott for help. She informed Fermann, who at once formed a plan to have Edith paroled in Mrs. Alcott's care. In the meantime Pearl, unaware of this, had gone to Norman Van Pelt for help.

When that young man learned the true story of the yachting trip and Edith's subsequent persecution, and found that she was the Lark he loved, he went into a wild, indignant rage such as Pearl had never seen, and seemed bent on smashing everything in the apartment. Then he rushed out to seek Natalie Dubose for her help, and slammed the door behind him with a crash.

TWAS a long hour's drive out to Natalie Dubose's North Shore home, but Van Pelt made it in considerably less time than that. He was calmer when he arrived than when he started; nevertheless, he was in a condition of mind that alarmed his mother. She listened attentively while he told her what he had learned. Then she nodded.

"I thought you said she has lost her voice." Van Pelt looked up blankly. "Don't you think it would come back? For that matter, it might be better if it didn't. Sure! Don't you see?'

"I can't encourage you to build any false hopes, my boy. Facts have to be faced. The point to be settled is this—do you love her or don't you?"
"Certainly! What d'you think ails me? Prickly

heat? But that isn't the question. The question

is, can I marry her?'

"Don't count on keeping her disgrace a complete cret. It will be bound to turn up." The faintest secret. It will be bound to turn up." The faintest shadow of a pitying smile disturbed Natalie's lips, when her son groaned audibly. "Don't be in a hurry to make up your mind, boy. The very best and wisest Man of all time, when He had to fight a battle with Himself, went into the wilderness for forty days. I'm sorry you came to me before you made sure which Norman Van Pelt is the master and which is the slave."

The son broke out resentfully: "Good heavens Nat, I've got to think of something besides myself! I can't forget you. I'll have to continue living

among the people I know."

Natalie spoke sharply: "Don't bring me into this. It's an affair between those two Van Pelt boys. I asked myself a good many times whether I loved your father and when I said yes I would have gone to Bedford, I'd have gone to hell, for him But there's only one of me. Don't you think it's rather selfish of us, by the way, to sit here discussing ourselves rather than Miss Gilbert? The first thing to be accomplished is her release. How to effect that I haven't the faintest idea, but I fancy we can find a way. You can count on me, of course."
"Gee, Nat! You're an ace," the son declared.

ow that the Gilbert girl had passed out of her immediate charge, Doctor Allen, that reformatory physician, saw considerably less of her than at first but still enough to convince her that here was one prisoner whom the institution could in no wise beneat. Her medical examination, quite aside from her later acquaintance with the girl, had impelled her to make a confidential report to the superintendent, as has been said, but her interest did not end there. Having learned what she could about Edith's commitment, she made up her mind that the latter's imprisonment should end as quickly as the law allowed and so she recommended the girl's early discharge. Injustice had been done—injustice, of course, was a weak word; for, however incorrigible, however resentful of family discipline, no penal institution is a safe place for a good girl, as those words are ordinarily accepted.

Observation and acquaintance, as a matter of fact, had not convinced her that the girl was incorrigible or that there was any valid reason for her presence here, and it was with genuine concern, therefore, that she watched the inevitable change creep over her patient, beheld her bitterness become settled, and saw her take on the sullen demeanor of some of the women about her. When she pleaded that Edith's health was breaking down she was reminded of her duty to look after the physical

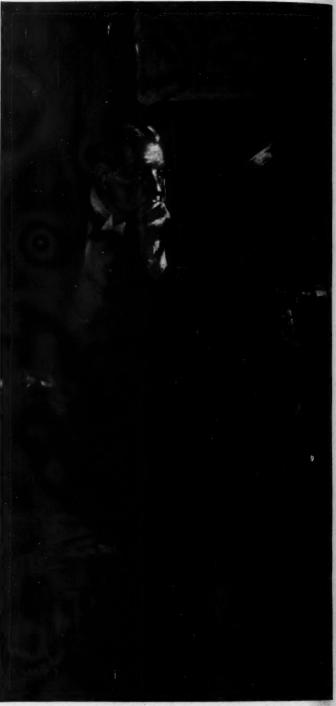
well-being of the inmates.

True enough, Edith was growing hard and sullen

and as bitter as gall. And why not? She had lost faith in the Christian virtues. Their profession, it seemed to her, was an empty, selfish pose. Evil was more powerful than good; injustice tyrannized; old standards had been proven false. Even religion gave her no consolation, for it was religion—her father's religion and the kind she had been taught—which

had put her here.

At first she had been concerned wholly in trying to realize the catastrophe which had befallen her and in attempting to adapt herself to it, but of late she had begun to visualize its effect upon her future. She would not always remain here; some day she would be set free. And then what? It was a prospect from which her imagination recoiled. Where could she go, what could she do, how could she hold up her head? That charge upon which she had been convicted would remain a scarlet badge of shame.

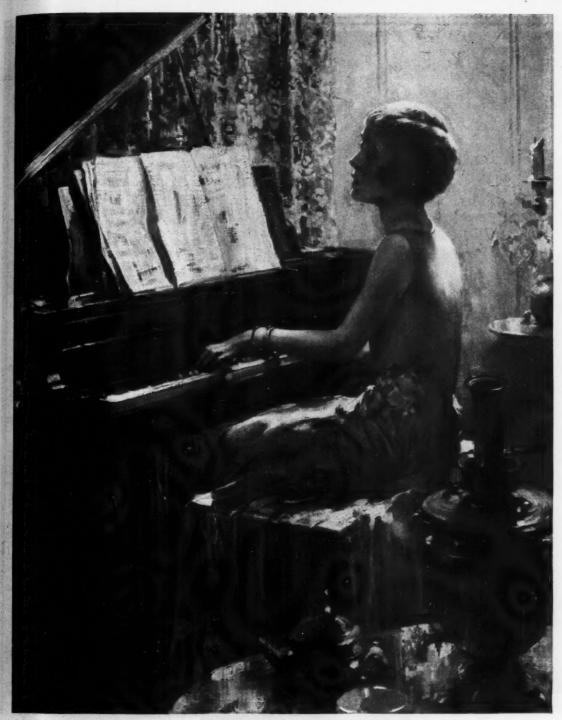


I." 'Ceasing to give, we cease to have.

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It was almost better to stay here than to wear it where it could be

Knowledge of a new sort came to her daily; she was forever learning something from the women with whom she associated. For instance, she was told that life is not good, and is nothing to be glad about. It is a sordid struggle of wits in which every-body cheats. Crime is not "criminal"; its only punishment comes from being caught. One should be smart and pay as little as possible. Vice, in itself, is not reprehensible—it is merely one line of conduct which the reformers have outlawed. She became acquainted with many words, parts of the daily vocabularyhideous words. Within the definition of each was a whole volume of knowledge denied most women and known to but few men. At every turn she touched pitch.



the law of love," Edith sang. When she turned, it was to see Hermann, white-faced, staring at her.

All this would have made a deeper impression, the pitch would have proven stickier, had she been wholly herself. But she was not. Shock had paralyzed certain of her faculties as it had paralyzed her singing voice, and her mind absorbed only a part of what it came in contact with. Subconsciously she refused to believe that this experience was anything more than a nightmare.

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After that one attempt to sing, by the way, she never made another. She was afraid, and moreover she lacked the energy. She was tired all the time now; too tired, often, to sleep. Many nights she lay as rigid as a corpse, her nerves stretched like wire, her eyes open. And of course her work showed the effect.

She was put first to one thing and then to another; they tried to teach her various trades, but in none could she summon

sufficient interest to promise even the slightest mastery. She remained a clumsy automaton. She became a problem; the matrons began to believe she was shirking. Malingery was common.

One of them complained finally, saying: "The girl's utterly impossible! I've pleaded with her and reasoned with her and warned her, but it's no use. She half does her work and most of it has to be done all over again."

"She isn't trying," another agreed. "And the airs of her! You'd think she owned the place. She'll have nothing to do with the other girls, even the nice ones, and the food isn't fit for her to eat. But call her down once! Why, she'll look at you as if you were the dirt under her feet. Who does she think she is?"

After some discussion it was decided (Continued on page 133)

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Books that have Meant Most to Me By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

THERE are many people, as one reads in biography, who owe an irredeemable debt to one particular book which came into their hands when young or at some critical period of their mental development. Some wisdom in it, some presentation of life, came upon them as a revelation. It illumined the dark places of their minds gave a new meaning to life itself, and directed their way of thought.

So it was with John Keats when he first discovered Chapman's

translation of Homer.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken.

More ordinary mortals than Keats have had the same experience with some other book. One man I know—it is John Burns, who was the first Labor man to become a Cabinet Minister in England before the war-told me that the whole outlook of his life was altered when as a working boy he bought and read a threepenny copy of More's "Utopia."

There are books which have not only dominated the mind and life of an individual man or woman but have changed the thought of a nation, or of the civilized world, so that history would not be the same if they had not been written. "The Social Contract" by Jean Jacques Rousseau, dull and uninspiring as it seems to us now—unreadable except by historical students—was like a burning fire in many minds of eighteenth-century France as it was read in miserable garrets by half starved students or in gilded salons by the intellectuals of the Court. It asserted the divine right of the common man to liberty and the needs of life-a tremendous assertion in those days. It was one cause at least of the French Revolution and of all that followed in the name of

A book on "Capital" by Karl Marx, even more tedious now than Rousseau's "Social Contract," and unread even by those who proclaim Marx as the apostle of that new gospel called the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, is a modern work which contained the seeds of that philosophy of Communism which in Russia have been harvested in blood and terror. It is a book which by its influence on minds like that of Lenin has threatened the whole

social structure of the industrial system.

Other books have been sign-posts along the track of human thought, sometimes pointing to darkness rather than light, but not often. Darwin's "Origin of Species" must count as one, though much of it is now discredited. In the Elizabethan period the works of Francis Bacon directed men's minds to experimental science. In the Middle Ages Don Quixote gave the death-blow to an outworn form of chivalry, but created an immortal gentleman. In the nineteenth century dying men prayed for one more week of life so that they might finish "Pickwick" and laugh themselves to death.

Now it is possible that boys just beginning to read for themselves may pick up a book by H. G. Wells, or Joseph Conrad, or Sinclair Lewis, or John Galsworthy, or some book already forgotten as last year's "best seller," and find the excitement, the intellectual joy, the tremendous revelation which comes from a work of genius as an interpretar of life though middle acad fall. work of genius as an interpreter of life, though middle-aged folk gravely doubt whether modern writing holds any such power as

stirred the imagination of their own youth.

Because of the sensibility of the young mind and the sharply etched impressions it receives from its first contacts with life as it is revealed in literature, it is not always the best books that make the most enduring imprint. I have always been a great reader since as a small boy I roamed round my father's library and looked for something "exciting." I read good and bad with equal avidity and I am not conscious of any one book bursting upon me with a flash of illumination.

Nor can I say that the books which had most influence upon my mind and character were the best on the shelves. It would be easy for me to look back over the world's classics and pick out the noblest and most exalted works of genius and say I owe all to them. But it wouldn't be honest. I haven't the slightest doubt that I was influenced just as much by some of the secondclass stuff I read, and even by poor trash, as I was by books of

enduring value.

Ouida's "Under Two Flags" gave me a great thrill, I remember, with its glamour of false romance. Lord Lytton's rather feeble imitations of Fielding and Smollett, like "My Novel" and "What Will He Do with It?" held me entranced. Harrison Ainsworth's historical novels like "The Tower of London" and "Jack Shephistorical novels like "The Tower of London" and "Jack Shep-pard" kept me awake at nights, disobedient to the parental ban against reading in bed. Edna Lyall—does anybody read her novels now?—gave me great delight with "Donovan" and dis-turbed my simple faith. I wallowed in the sickly sentiment of "Bootles' Baby" by John Strange Winter, and at an earlier age devoured "Little Men" and "Little Women" by Louisa Alcott with as much delight as any schedicial. I read the detecwith as much delight as any schoolgirl. I read the detective stories of Eugène Sue and Émile Gaboriau with morbid excitement.

I even descended as low as the Family Herald Supplement and the Bow Bells novelettes, beloved by the nursemaids who ministered to my baby brothers and sisters, and obtained a considerable amount of dramatic emotion out of their romantic narratives in which black-mustached villains of aristocratic type did their best to snare innocent beauty from the path of virtue but were foiled in the last chapter by young noblemen who led the heroines to the altar under an archway of crossed swords. The heroes were nearly always officers of the Guards. The lady villains were nearly always French governesses or adventurous countesses leading lives of naughty luxury which ended in a cup

HAVE to confess that I descended into even lower levels of literary publication, when as a young boy my eyes were devilishly attracted by the lurid covers of popular melodrama in fittle shops down side streets. They were the "Penny Dreadfuls" be-loved by low-class youth, corresponding to the "dime" novels of As far as I can discover they have utterly disappeared, but I still have a pleasant remembrance of these tales of highwaymen, murderers, pirates and dreadful villains. They were thrilling to read between spells of more earnest study, and stimulated one's sense of adventure. Inevitably, of course, I identified myself with the young heroes who after desperate encounters through fire and flood, or at the hands of torturers, received their reward of virtue and courage in the shape of beautiful maidens and enormous treasure.

Must I make other confessions of deplorable taste? Why, yes, now that I am blurting it all out I may as well refer to two weekly journals which were smuggled surreptitiously into the household by the younger members and read with secret joy, or unholy excitement. One was "Ally Sloper's Half Holiday," the vulgarest sheet produced in England, yet enormously comic as a satire on middle-class life because of the real genius of the artist who created drunken old Ally Sloper and his boon companions with Mrs. Sloper and the Twins, the Honorable Bob and Tootsie the fast young woman in tights. Poor old Ally Sloper is now dead, but the weekly history of his disreputable life was the most popular chronicle of Queen Victoria's England, and vastly entertaining in its abominable vulgarities.

The other weekly paper which sometimes found its way into my innocent hands was "The Police Gazette," entirely devoted to the more brutal forms of crime, illustrated (Continued on page 146)

A Slightly Scarlet



VENING frocks were something that Cinda, in packing for her stay at Standish, had felt sure she would have no need of, but she had been feminine enough just the same to bring one with her. Nor was it any little old last year's rag. It bore a Paris label sewed in under one of the shoulder-straps that performed so important an office-and the authenticity of that label was established by the frock itself. As she let it slip down over the brushed and burnished bob that revealed her ears—ears being fashionable this year and Cinda's exquisite—she experienced the subtlest of feminine intoxications.

Ears are not all that the prevailing mode reveals and Cinda accordingly received a little shock, electric and breath-taking but not really unpleasant, as she pirouetted to get a better view of herself. The back of her frock mostly wasn't; what was was mostly Cinda.

By Royal

In amu

"But it's a perfectly good back—one that any man might be glad to have turned upon him," she argued, her lovely mouth half mocking, half amused at herself. And even in Standish one should dress as the Parisians do!

From a little jewel case of ivory, inlaid with ebony, she produced a pair of earrings. They had belonged to her grandmother. She fastened them to her ears, long pendants of gold, turned her head this way and that and was pleased.

"They make me look like a bold, bad adventuress," she ad-

mitted, "but perhaps that's all the better.

On the heels of that came another inspiration. if it wouldn't be a good idea for me to pose as a widow. Or better still-a divorcée!" She decided that she simply must be a divorcée.

Anthony," she informed herself, "will not notice any of these small details, sartorial or social. But they'll affect his masculine aura just the same. And if Mrs. Anthony's feminine aura doesn't suffer I'll—eat this dress!" She gave herself a final glance of appraisal. "Two mouthfuls," she commented and, picking up an evening cape, snapped off the light.

B ELOW, outside the inn, the Standish equivalent of a taxi waited to take her to her destination. This was the country club which, at Standish, is not permitted to degenerate into a sort of sublimated road-house, but is preserved as a social holy of holies. Outsiders are expected to stay outside.

Cinda was an outsider.

She was frankly twenty-eight and as frankly a business woman.

"I have decided," she had informed her astonished family, after graduating from Vassar, "to become one of those abandoned females who sell life insurance!"

"You'll hate it!" they had solemnly encouraged her.

"Tve already been assured that it is no bed of roses," she had retorted serenely. "But think of the commissions. If I am successful I can buy my roses!" Meaning, of course, such things as gowns with a Paris label now and then and a month's stay

at Standish, at fifteen dollars a day for room and bath.

She had selected Standish at random chiefly because it was on Cape Cod. To her family's protests when they discovered she would play no part in their plans for a month in the Adirondacks,

she had retorted:
"I want to go off somewhere where I don't know a soul and where I shan't have to speak to a soul. I have reached the point where I can't see a man without wondering how best to approach him." To which, dimpling charmingly, she had appended: "I think if a man should ask me to marry him I'd say, One minute-any young man considering marriage should be well Let me outline a policy

This had been her mood when she had come to Standish. Standish is very charming. The broad village street is flanked by mighty elms, through which one catches swift vistas of breathtaking blue. Once it was the home port of deep-sea sailors who built for themselves stanch mansions. These, with their lovely austerity of line, have become luxurious summer homes

Standish, as Cinda discovered, is not smart, as is Bar Harbor, nor gay like Southampton. Its ancient aloofness has been preserved by people who scorn such modernities.

Even the inn at Standish caters only to the overflow from the house-parties; casuals in search of a place to spend a vacation

"It's very dull here unless you know the right people," the proprietor assured Cinda persistently. "I am sure that you'll find it so." Undocumented people pained his professional pride.

A Story of a Woman

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In spite of his dismalities, Cinda found herself both allured and amused. The physical attributes of Standish were all she had hoped for: she adored the village, the sand-dunes and the windswept links of the country club.

To the family, domiciled in the Adirondacks, she wrote:

Nature almost always smiles here, the summer colony almost never. At least not at me. They look right through me, as if I did not exist. I feel positively diaphanous at times.

In her second letter, written three days later, was this:

Ask Tom [referring to her architect brother, who had studied in Paris] if Professor Dodge was lecturing at the Sorbonne while he was there. I met him—Professor Dodge, that is—on the golf-links yesterday. He is a peach, absolutely adorable. Married, of course—worse luck. I have yet to meet his wife—and probably never will if she has her way, for she's the recognized social leader and so scorns strays—but she is already my pet aversion—

To which Tom himself found time to reply:

Don't try any of your cute little tricks on Anthony Dodge, sis. He's too big game for you. A wiz! They had some big men in Paris before the war but even then he was ranked high. They would have kept him indefinitely if they could, but he had a yen on to get back to some little jerk-water university out West. Is he still there?

Anthony Dodge still was, as Cinda could inform her brother and presently did. The professor had spoken of his college in introducing himself.

"I doubt if you ever heard of it," he had remarked. And added a shade dryly, "My wife occasionally assures me that it is no use to mention it because no one ever has."

They had found their balls, both in the rough off the sixth,

a few seconds later.

"I have devoted most of my life to a study of physics," he had remarked, as he ruefully eyed his, "yet the ways of a golf-ball baffle all knowledge—contravening, one might say at times, all laws of science.

They had both been playing alone, Cinda because she knew no one and Anthony Dodge because he persisted in analyzing golf as if it were a problem in physics. At almost any stage he was

apt to stop playing to discuss some new phenomenon.
"Now theoretically," he would begin, and ten or twenty minutes might pass before he was finished.

MAGINE the effect of such a discourse, including consideration of such matters as atmospheric pressure, on a fighting foursome which took its golf seriously and straight. Cinda did not take her golf that way. To her the course was a charming spot, where one might spend a peaceful afternoon, more interested in the charming vistas it presented than the peculiar vagaries of a silly golf-ball. The professor first amused, then charmed her.

Of physics she had only an elementary idea, secured by flunking Physics I at Vassar. Anthony Dodge was a past master of the science; he spoke as an authority. Seldom, if ever, did Cinda have the slightest idea what he was talking about. But she put up a good bluff and he believed her wonderfully intelligent.

All this being so, it was natural that after their first encounter they should find themselves playing daily as a twosome. And that the professor should, one afternoon, pay her what she was later to recognize as a great tribute.
"I hope Doug Chisholm manages to get up before you leave,"

he had remarked abruptly. "You'll find him interesting."

"Who is Doug Chisholm?" she had demanded idly.

"One of my boys—a born physicist," he had explained, his fine blue eyes aglow. "He's gone in for the commercial end—experimenting with the optical projector used in motion-pictures. He is very successful and holds several valuable patents, but he still keeps in touch with me and he has promised to run up."

Cinda hoped that would not be very soon.



Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

The mood that had brought her to Standish was passing; the professor was a peach, and she much preferred him to herself. He never suggested that she meet his wife, and that she did not wonder at. "Why did he ever marry her—or she him, for that matter?" she wondered instead.

As a girl Mrs. Anthony Dodge must have been beautiful. Indeed she still was, for she fought the years unceasingly and at odd moments managed to look no more than a triumphant thirty-five.

The professor, on the other hand, was a candid fifty, with the head of a Greek poet and, as was evident when he appeared in a bathing-suit, the body of a Roman god. The trouble was that he was customarily otherwise garbed and he had a superb disdain for what he wore. "As long," his wife had assured him bitterly, back in the beginning, "as you can manage to look like a tramp."

Once—and once only—she had managed to get him into what she considered a gentleman's attire, as worn on the golf-links. "If I have to wear rompers at my age to play golf in, Grace," he had told her, "I'll quit!" Evening clothes he had accustomed himself to; they were inescapably a part of the professorial uniform. He looked magnificent in them for about twenty minutes, after which they seemed in some subtle way to become discouraged and wilt visibly.

"You are impossible about clothes," his wife had told him. But Cinda saw him otherwise. As an anachronism. "In a toga," she thought, "he'd be absolutely stunning—like the statue of the Emperor Augustus."

She never asked him a direct question about his wife and he never consciously gave her any information. Yet little by little she achieved a domestic background for him.

Anthony Dodge himself never knew, Cinda suspected, how he had happened to marry his wife. Mrs. Anthony had been a widow when he had first met her, one of those restless American women who seem to be drawn irresistibly toward Paris without knowing why or what to expect.

Of their first encounter the professor had retained only a few shadowy impressions. A young widow. Charming and obviously well financed.

It would have amazed him then had he realized how much she had thought about him. He was already distinguished; with a little tactful guidance in the matter of clothes and a little better grooming she felt he could be made a really impressive figure. Even the older men listened to him with deference. Of course

Even the older men listened to him with deference. Of course he probably had very little money but that did not matter. She had married for money the first time, a man much older than herself . . .

Through a gray, rainy Paris twilight she had sat and mused.

She had heard that the social side of college life was delightful. And there was always a dignity to a professorship which could be increased, enhanced.

"Won't you drop in and have tea with me some afternoon soon?" the surprised Anthony had heard himself asked, over the execrable Paris phone.

They had been married, in Paris, just before he had refused the Sorbonne offer.

"I think you might have consulted me," she had protested.

"But, good Lord, Grace—it was a professional matter, not a domestic one," he had

He was wrong, she had felt, but there remained the background of an American college. To her mind a college was a shadowy tradition maintained in a beautiful setting of ivy-clad, old-world architecture and ancient elms. She had yet to see the professor's college, new, stark and crude, wholly without charm. A horrible place, she found it.

He must, she had assured him on the night of their arrival there, move East to one of the more imposing universities. "I am sure it can be managed with your reputation," she had told him and added, to herself, "and my money!"

"I've had many offers," he had confessed, "but I prefer to stay here."

"What?" she had exclaimed, astonished. In the end she had realized it would take time to change him. So she had unpacked the many treasures she had brought back from abroad, taken the best house available, and prepared to patronize the faculty, from the president down to the youngest assistants.

The youngest assistants were the only ones she made much progress with. The rest of the faculty seemed to have the absurd notion that she was on probation. They and their shabby wives irritated her.

Except for the respectful adoration of a blond young giant who was assistant in the department of English and who wrote discreet

sonnets to her she might have left the professor before they had been married a year. The blond giant was the first of her "protégés." In them and her rôle of conscious martyrdom she found subtle compensation.

To her protégés she served tea every afternoon. She had a way of half closing her eyes and looking mysteriously at raw youths in a way that thrilled them, yet held them in check.

Every summer she and the professor came East; that, as she reminded him, being the *least* he could do for her. The house she chose for the summer, her jewels and her wardrobe all testified to her financial resources, and if they might not of themselves have established her social eligibility as well, the attainments of the disdained Anthony could be counted on for that much.

Not tuat she ever referred to him as an asset, social or other-

wise.

"My gifted but impractical husband," was the way she spoke of him now. And with that the professor usually passed into almost total eclipse. For, outside college circles, his wife, versed in that patois that passes for culture, was looked upon as a clever, even brilliant woman, married to a hopeless visionary.

Enough of this Cinda glimpsed to make her detest Mrs. Anthony and at odd moments to make her simmer with sympathy for the professor. Nevertheless, it had not occurred to her that there was anything she might do about it until this afternoon. The afternoon, that is, of the day on which shortly after eight Cinda donned a Paris frock and started for the country club.

During the afternoon Cinda and the professor had played golf. The professor had been at his brilliant best. As they came toward the club house, he had abandoned physics and was telling her an amusing story about Paris. He was walking, as he did when his wit began to flash, almost boyishly.

was telling her an amusing story about Paris. He was waiking, as he did when his wit began to flash, almost boyishly.

Abruptly a voice had cut in on them. "The absent-minded professor appears at last!" it drawled. "And I do believe he has forgotten that I exist—or that he promised to be no later than six!"

They had glanced up.

The professor's wife stood by her limousine, with a patent leather haired young man to whom the remark had been addressed.

The professor's story stopped short; the spring went out of his step. "I'm afraid I forgot," he apologized. "I—"
"The hall-mark of genius—in college circles,"

"The hall-mark of genius—in college circles," commented his wife, smiling brilliantly at her dazzled companion but paying no attention to Cinda.

And Cinda, who had been simmering, began to boil. "Belittling him," she thought hotly, as she went on to the club house. "And to an empty-pated boy young enough to be her son. Some one ought to teach that woman a lesson..."

It had occurred to her at that precise instant that she herself might take up tutoring. And now she was on her way to the country club to give Mrs. Anthony her first lesson.

Anywhere else she might have hesitated. But here she was a stranger in a strange land. No matter what happened—and it was her hope that much would—it would be no powder off her pretty nose. At least so she believed then

"What an idiot I was," she was to wall later when she discovered that her plan could prove a boomerang after all.

This warm, starlit July night, however, she had no premonition of what lay in store. She knew that Mrs. Anthony would be at the country club. She had "protégés" in Standish too; the patent-haired youth was the latest. With him she would dance while Anthony roamed around like a trained bear that trails his leash but has mislaid his trainer.

"When I was small I hated Saturday night because it meant a bath," he had told Cinda whimsically. "Now I hate it because it means a dance."

"Don't you care for dancing?" Cinda had asked him.
"Dancing," he had retorted dryly, "should be a mutual pleasure and I seem to have no luck in finding a partner who shares mine, which therefore becomes nil. I merely go to chaperon my wife, as it were—she seems to believe my presence necessary though I don't know why."



One of the "protégés" of Mrs. Anthony. This remain like it!
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C,"The - the train is coming," announced Cinda. But trains were less than nothing to Doug now.

This was one night, Cinda assured herself, when his wife would remain unchaperoned. The professor was going to dance-and

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At a little after one o'clock she slipped between the sheets well pleased with herself. "The end of a perfect day!" she exulted blissfully. "I missed my vocation—I should have gone on the stage. If I didn't hold the center of it tonight I miss my guess!"

She wondered delightedly in how many homes she was being discussed at the moment. In one, anyway, she was quite sure, and felt a bit sorry for Anthony. "But it's for his own good," she reminded herself virtuously. "We'll teach her to treat him like dirt beneath her chariot wheels."

The professor was staring at his wife, honestly amazed. "But, my dear Grace!" he protested. "I haven't the slightest

idea what you're talking about!" He was perfectly sincere. He was willing to admit that he had danced a lot with Miss Alden-Well, Mrs. Alden then . A divorcée? Apparently, though he had not known that until tonight. He had thought her unmarried. She seemed so young . Young! Every day of thirty-five unquestionably. very strange she never mentioned her divorce before, permitted him to address her as Miss Alden. Unless of course they had

been too busily engaged otherwise . . . "Good Lord, Grace," he exploded. "Are you suggesting that she is—well, a protégée of mine?" "Are you boire deliberately insulting?" demanded Mrs.

"Are you being deliberately insulting?" demanded Mrs. Anthony freezingly.

Then, flaming again, she returned to the onslaught. Cinda had flirted with him outrageously. Everybody was talking. It made

no difference to her if he wanted to make a fool of himself at his age, but why not be more circumspect about it and indulge his infatuation on the golf-links instead of parading it before an interested audience at the country club?

"Infatuation!" he echoed helplessly. "I met her by chance on the golf course. We have spent some very pleasant hours playing together

I don't doubt it!"

He eyed her bewilderedly. "You can't be jealous," he said slowly, thinking it out.
"Hardly!" she retorted contemptuously

In his own quarters, though still baffled, he came eventually to the conclusion that though Grace was absurd, perhaps it would be wise to sheer off from Cinda. He sighed, but considered it settled. But he reckoned without Cinda.

Anthony Dodge was a civilized man, with a natural instinct toward chivalry. Accordingly he was handicapped. He could not say to Cinda: "I am very sorry but I think it best I avoid you.

The best he could do was to shun the golf-links and that did not suffice. On Monday afternoon he came face to face with Cinda in the village.

"Don't you play golf any more?" she demanded gaily.
"Er—I've been busy," he replied, evading her eyes like a small "You mean your wife has been busy!" retorted Cinda—but to

herself. To him she said, "Where are you going?"

I'm on my way to the post-office-"That reminds me-I need stamps," (Continued on page 198)

Pig Ig Iron

HE war—the World War. The news reached Sam Smith while he was on his way to New Orleans by steamer to inspect a blast-furnace at Birmingham he had been thinking of purchasing. He had thought that, after he had finished looking the plant over, he would take that jump out to Los Angeles and pay the long-contemplated visit to Evelyn. The summer had been hot; the hotel where he had been living since the apartment was closed was stuffy and uncomfortable; he was tired and jaded, his digestion troubled him, he felt in general bad

shape. Paula had gone down to Mappahasset as soon as John and Sylvia came home from school, and ever since she had had a houseful of company. He had no desire to join them, knowing well her style of entertainment—dressing, bridge, morning, noon and night—highbrow talk about art and music; Matt was off on a fishing expedition, and without Matt there wouldn't be a soul for him

to talk to.

The wireless brought the news: Germany invades France—Russia invades Germany—England debates supporting her allies. Infuriatingly meager, no way to confirm or amplify, no way to ascertain how the market had reacted or the country had accepted the news, no way to talk things over with Jerry.

At New Orleans he caught the first train for New York, buying newspapers as he went. Every instinct in him was aroused; here was a crisis—a colossal crisis! How long would the war last? How long would the war last? How long would the war last? He wearied of the question. It was on every man's tongue.

Depression like a shawled old woman presided over Wall Street and the business world. The activities of Smith & Haines, like those of every other mercantile house, came abruptly to a standstill. Cancellations of orders poured in; it was as impossible to sell a ton of iron as it was to borrow money at anything less than usury rates. Sam, after a consultation with his partner, shut down all the furnaces he and Jerry controlled or owned, and closed the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh offices.

I Paula always had half a dozen young men in tow now, and a number of simultaneous flirtations.

He made up his mind to go down to Mappahasset, stay there for a time, and think things over. The rumors flying about Wall Street, in the clubs and hotels, and among men, were contravith Jerry.

New York, buying in was aroused; here yould the war last? would the war last? would the war last? would the war last? would the war last? The provided over Wall of Smith & Haines, and the children were alone and they'd love to have him come down. The first week in September, Sam directed Dwiggins to bring the car around to his hotel, and set off on the long three-hour run down the Island to his summer home. It was there the news of the battle of the Marne reached him.

Four years before, he and Paula had bought the Creswell place of seven and a half acres at Mappahasset and had built the winged frame house which Paula christened "Merrywold." It stood on a prominence of rock and sand a quarter of a mile back from the water, and tumbling away from it on every side were ragged ranks of larches, dwarf conifers and brush. To Sam,

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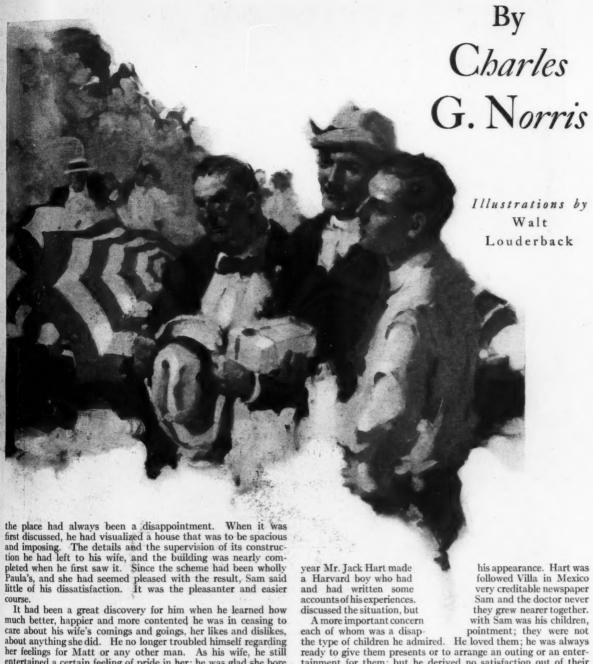
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entertained a certain feeling of pride in her; he was glad she bore his name and that ostensibly she belonged to him, for she was beautiful and carried herself with an air, arraying herself fashionably, often magnificently. Every now and then he bought her jewelry—usually diamonds. The picture she made upon entering a room, sparkling, flashing, superbly gowned in black velvet or gold brocade, never failed to give him pleasure.

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Sam, Ė

A curious result of the affair between Paula and Matt had been the establishment of a close bond of new friendship and understanding between the doctor and himself. Whether or not Paula still cared for Matt in the old heart-burning way, Sam did not know; he had become more or less of a permanent factor in her life just as her husband was. But Matt's feelings with regard to Paula were still the same; he was as much in love with her as ever. But Paula was not a woman whose interests could

long be monopolized by any one man. On a certain day while he was dressing, Sam had been sud-denly electrified to hear again the tinkle of the harp. Within the week he encountered Cecil Craddock, a young Scotsman who would some day be Lord Cairngorm. Matt's chagrin was very real, even tragic. The young scion of Scottish nobility was obliged shortly to return to his native heath, and within the tainment for them; but he derived no satisfaction out of their society, nor did they find enjoyment in his. In the first place, Sam considered, Sylvia should have been the boy and John the

There was practically nothing feminine about Sylvia; she had a voice like a steam-siren, was constantly falling over her own feet, bumping into things, butting her hard head into people's backs and stomachs, or thumping them with sound blows from her hands that were knuckly and blistered. She had a wide slash of a mouth that stretched readily into a frank, likable grin, big, white, even teeth, tumbling black locks, black brows and lashes which made her face far from unattractive; but she was wholly indifferent to her looks or the care of her person, and gave the impression always of being unkempt and hoydenish. She amused her father frequently with her outlandish antics, but she never charmed him.

Paula struggled to do what she could with her daughter; there was a dancing-master to inculcate grace, a music-teacher to impart music, a governess to admonish, direct and subdue. was indifferent to them all. She was wild, uncontrollable.

John, on the other hand, was gentle and soft-spoken. He was undersized-would always be small, with small hands and feet-



¶, Work - percentages—deals—margins—profits—iron and steel—wealth! It was the fulfilment of Sam's life-long dream.

and possessed dreamy eyes and a dreamy voice. He was ever and possessed dreamy eyes and a dreamy voice. He was ever ready to curl up into somebody's lap and be read to. His easy affection appealed to Sam; his father liked his son's soft little warm hand, his curly black head against his shoulder and his sweet young cheek against his own, but the boy unfortunately was shrinking, sensitive, inordinately shy. In the hope of instilling manliness into him, he was sent at an early age to a military boarding-school, and to impart grace and charm to Sylvia, the girl was placed in Miss Avery's Select School for Young-Ladies at Riverdale.

Sam frowned whenever he thought of his children. He would have enjoyed so well a different kind of daughter and son—

children His nie to Mar thusias at Harv return trained stores wealthy

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children, for instance, like Narcissa's Mary and her boy, Sam. His niece was married now, and had followed her Navy lieutenant to Manila the year before, whence she wrote her mother en-thusiastic letters. The boy had just completed his college course at Harvard; he had gone to England for the summer and was to return after his vacation to enter the grocery business and be trained to take charge eventually of his father's great string of stores—a great property now, for Phineas had become a very wealthy man and was rated in Dun's as many times a millionaire.

Sam's thoughts were upon the young man now, as Dwiggins turned the limousine into the sand road that led straight from the highway to Mappahasset. The boy was still in England, from last reports. During the exciting days when war was being declared, he had been in London, and was certain to have some interesting accounts of his experiences. Sam thought he would like to hear them; he decided to write Narcissa without delay

and ask about the lad.

THE car turned in at the entrance of Merrywold. The larches, dwarf conifers and brush, the shifting gray sand beneath them, bedraggled-looking mallow and sea-cabbage that bordered either side of the curving road did not represent his idea of what ought to be the approach to a successful New Yorker's country The house with its colorless gables and its gray clap-

Up the last steep grade the car mounted, the tires skidding in the treacherous fine sand. Sylvia came leaping down the steps as it finally stopped before them, catapulted herself upon Sam, flung her stout young arms about his neck, knocked his derby hat to one side, and gave him a hard, savorless kiss. She looked on with a toothy grin while Dwiggins unloaded her father's luggage.
"Oh, you're going to stay quite a while, daddy?" she cried, with

an inquiring inflection.

"Are you glad?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"Sure!" She jerked at his hand.

He looked affectionately upon her and tried to pat her head, pleased that this should matter to her, but she dodged and began jumping up and down chanting:

"He's going to stay—he's going to stay—he's going to stay." She followed him up the steps continuing her hopping and her

Her father mounted to his room. A maid informed him that Mrs. Smith was down on the shore. His own room looked circumspectly in order with chintz curtaining, chintz-covered cushioned chairs, and a chintz spread on the bed. It struck him as uninviting, a room little used or occupied, cheerless and cold-a guest-room. The day was cold, the whole house cold.

He found John presently in the sun room over the porch. The boy lay upon a wicker couch curled about a book. He looked up, a slow, pleased smile upon his face as his father entered.
"Hello, dad," he said in a surprised, indolent voice. His

arms reached up and went about his father's neck as Sam stooped to kiss him. "I didn't know you were coming down today." Sam looked out of the window across the sand-dunes and the

wind-whipped larches and dwarf conifers to the placid reach of

"Been swimming today?" he inquired. John shook his head.
"Did you go boating or fishing? Tennis?" he persisted at the negative answer in his son's eyes. "What have you been doing?" he demanded, suddenly interested.

The boy squirmed uncomfortably. "Oh, nothing," he said;

"just fooling round."
"Well, what did you do yesterday? How did you occupy yourself?"

John frowned in distress and squirmed more vigorously. "Just nothing; fooling round, that's all," was his unsatisfactory

His father felt a sudden compunction. He ran his fingers through the boy's tight black curls affectionately, and for a what strange fate had bequeathed him moment stood wondering what strange fate had bequeathed him

so odd a son.

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He met Paula sauntering up the narrow board walk that dipped and rose over the sand-dunes between the house and the beach. She carried a parasol over her shoulder—a vivid yellow with saffron ribbons cascading from its handle—and books be-neath her arm. Her broad, floppy straw hat was yellow, and yellow roses garlanded its crown. Over her shoulders and almost covering her white linen gown was draped a plain yellow silk shawl bordered with long, dangling fringes. The effect of her raven-black hair, her dark brows and lashes, her warm-toned banks help a width conventions wellow was startling. Spanish skin amidst so much pervading yellow was startling.

As she came toward him, she reminded him of the days when she used to saunter beside the Kill van Kull to meet him when he came home from the mill . . . She was a changed woman since

She welcomed him with a pleased smile. "You came after all!" she exclaimed. "I was afraid you'd be kept. What's the

news? Not Paris yet, I hope."

He told her what he knew. The board walk did not permit of two persons' walking abreast; he plodded after her as she

"It's such a bore," Paula said, sighing. "How long do you think it will last?

"Kitchener says two years."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"And I think he is underestimating it at that."

"Why-" she began in an exasperated voice, but she did not finish.

They walked on together.

"How long will you be able to stay?" she inquired presently.
"Oh, I don't know," he said vaguely. "Two or three daysperhaps a week. I hope to get in some golf and I want to do some thinking. Why? Are you giving a party? Expecting somebody?"
"Not a soul. Hope you'll stay. It's quite lonely down here without anyone. I shall be glad when we break up."
"When is that?"

"The twentieth. I'll have to give a week to getting the children ready for school."

They continued to talk of plans, and after a little their sauntering pace brought them to the house. On the porch she paused a moment, closing her parasol.
"I'm going over to the Davises' tonight for bridge. I don't

suppose you'd come?"
"Not with that tightwad," he answered, frowning; "I have some work to do.

"Well, I shan't leave until eight and I told Mary I'd have a bite of something in my room-what I eat is so microscopic these days.

"Oh, that's all right," he said hastily. The idea of Paula sitting through dinner with him was almost alarming. He shrank at the thought of the effort it would cost to make talk

with her.

Dwiggins drove him every day for golf to the country cluban hour's ride. Sam played eighteen holes in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon and lunched at midday on rare roast beef, hard Graham toast and unsweetened tea. His game annoyed him. He had a terrific drive but his approach shots were either too long or too short, and invariably he wasted from one to two strokes on every green. He would have abandoned the sport as a pastime, for it irritated and put him in sour temper. but he believed the exercise reduced his weight, which had come to be a source of real mortification. Powerful though he knew himself to be, his girth had increased to such proportions that he passed

BEYOND the exercise, which he really enjoyed, he derived pleasure from meeting other business men on the links, and if he did not happen to know them, he made an excuse to converse. His touch with his own sex was sure. Men invariably liked him; his opinions were sought and quoted; his stories brought laughs, he was introduced to visitors and urged to meet at the bar after his shower and rub-down in the locker room. If a number of acquaintances happened to remain for dinner at the club, he likewise stayed, and there was usually a table of bridge or a game of

In this manner he made the acquaintance of Horace Metcalf of the Metcalf Crane Company, to whom later he sold a large order of low phosphorus, and young Peter Van Hoysan of the Van Hoysan family. The latter was a junior member of the great banking-house of Van Hoysan & Co., and possessed, Sam considered, a fine, shrewd, clear-thinking mind. He had some very interesting and stimulating talks with these two men regarding the European situation—there was no other topic of conversation -and their opinions went far toward helping him crystallize his

Everything he read or heard he instantly weighed in relation to his business: How was this or that going to affect the market? Was iron going up or down? Constantly his thoughts carried him back to this subject.

One night he woke at three o'clock and knew that sleep had deserted him. His thoughts began wheeling, Kipps, his secretary, had come down on an early train from the city the day before with a brief-case crammed with work, (Continued on page 151)



Not altogether unusual, for many promoters are willing to take

But how would Broadway receive him. It was rather a tense moment when Tinney stepped from the wings to the spot-light glare after his year in the wildernesses.

I was there and felt that tautness that would presage welcome or despair. All Broadway was present to see, if not to applaud, its wandering boy.

Tinney, plainly nervous, stepped before the footlights. There was a slight hush and one could almost sense the comedian paling under his burnt cork. Then a deafening roar of shouts and handclaps. Broadway had again taken him to its heart. It was in its usual fashion giving Tinney another chance.

He is not the only star to feel this Broadway spirit of

A Frank Tinney kindliness when his world crashes about him. Some time ago an equally celebrated actor landed in the Tombs on a serious charge. The press of the nation lifted a thunderous voice of disapproval.

But Broadway gave him—as it gave Tinney—another chance and he has stood the test of its faith. Today he commands the respect of his audiences wherever he plays, but without that extending and helping hand of Broadway he would have been irretrievably lost in his own ignominy.

I hesitate to present so purely a personal opinion, for I am of the small town, its people are my people and I love them; but had Tinney returned to the stage of the little opera-house in the place of my birth I doubt very much if a handful of people would have been there to greet him. In this does the small town or small city differ from Broadway.

The small town or city rarely forgets-Broadway does. And it also forgives.

high-hat you. Extend the right hand of fellowship and Broadway grips it firmly. And as one who knows and values friendships and has studied them by easy grada-tions from farmland to crossroad

hamlets and on to middle-sized and large cities I know of no place where friendships are more steadfast and loyal than Broadway-and Broad-

way after all means New York. I cite as a rather illuminating example but not at all unusual

the case of Frank Tinney, the comedian. He had for many years been one of the Broadway play-boys. Time and again he broke into the newspapers with this peccadillo or that. Broadway always forgave him.

Then one day he became involved in heavy scandal with a well-known show-girl that rocked even blasé Broadway. He was h led to court for beating her up. He went to England and the girl departed on a later boat. The first pages hummed with his per idy.

This Tinney, it must be remembered, had a faithful and longsuffering wife and a precocious five-year-old son. He remained away a year and then several months ago he returned, chastened and seeking forgiveness, on a rather obscure vessel.

What would Broadway do? In the first place, it gave him a

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Broadway

is widely known as "The Sunshine Girl." Her mentor is Nellie Revell, beloved of Broadway, who was reclaimed from permanent invalidism to become a useful member of society largely through the help of Broadway's encouraging hand.

Every club in the Broadway district has its quota of "life members" recruited among good fellows who struck snags and were fished out of the turbulent currents to spend the remainder of their lives as the club's guests in peace and comfort. So carefully are these bits of generosity executed the recipients never feel the chill of charity.

A film scenario writer suddenly arrived at a fallow period. His wife became ill and a daughter needed the attention of a surgeon. An agent called upon him in his most desperate hour and asked to see some of his rejected manuscripts. Three days later he received a check for \$2,500. He does not know the truth and is still waiting to see his scenario screened. Fifty friends made up a private purse.

There are countless instances of these Broadway gestures—the successful stopping by the roadside to minister to the stricken. I cite again the case of one of the

most beautiful show-girls the Rialto has ever

known. She also had a pleasvoice. She came

out of the West, and Broadway night life almost consumed her at a gulp. She became involved in a series of escapades that brought her to court several times, but she did not languish behind the bars.

Mysteriously in each instance unknown Broadway friends came to bail her out.

It is said two of them reported they had never met the girl. They were being good fellows in the Broadway manner and were giving

her another chance.

When the police of the town were scouring the nooks and crannies of Broadway for the notorious Nicky Arnstein for his Wall Street plunderings and Nicky was figuratively thumbing his nose at them, Fannie Brice, his wife, was making gay crowds laugh nightly at the old Midnight Frolic. It was difficult to amuse when one had just been branded as the wife of perhaps the most notorious criminal of his time and was also the mother of his children.

Night after night she appeared and never had such tumultuous applause greeted an artist at the Midnight Frolic. Arnstein surrendered and Miss Brice began a frantic effort for bail. She needed a huge amount. After scurrying around futilely all day she moved from table to table that night singing her

CFannie Brice

A man at one table sent a note. "See me after the show.

I have this story from Miss Brice's own lips. I believe her. She met the man, who is a famous gambler and whom she had never seen before. He turned bonds over to her sufficient to bail out her husband.

He did not require even an I. O. U. "You're a square-shootin' kid in hard luck," he said.

That is the Broadway with its hard-boiled gentlemen and flinty ladies we hear so much about.



The truth is, perhaps, that Broadway mirrors the pervasive spirit of its bigness. In its hurry-ing way it has no time for the pout or petty sprevance. When a man or woman sinks in the bog, Broadway lifts him out and hurries on.

Not so long ago a song writer I know had become bruised in the hectic life of the town.

He is a capable fellow with gifts that have won him a certain and deserved prominence. But the pace was too swift and he became a pasty-faced hanger-on around Broadway cafés.

One night late a Broadwayite stumbled across him in a supper club. He looked him over. "This is no place for you," he said in his blunt way. "Broadway is getting you."

And the next day the Broadwayite took him to a haven far from Broadway. He was given a new environment, a new outlook and a new job and he came back to Broadway

Dorothea Antell was a chorus girl playing an out-of-town engagement when a back-stage fall sent her to a hospital with an injury that deprived her of the use of her limbs. For about four

years her world consisted of a patch of ash-heap reflected to her gaze by holding a mirror above her head.

the

This was her solitary view from a tiny apartment where her friends of the stage had taken her when doctors intimated they could do no more. That little patch of mirrored outdoors began to bloom with flowers carefully nurtured by Broadway friends. It was called "Dorothea's Garden" and daily with her mirror she saw the former ash-heap bloom.

Today Miss Antell is supporting herself by selling lingerie to theatrical folk from Dorothea Antell's Bedside Agency. She



HE GREAT WAR dispelled many illusions; amongst them that of the beautiful spy. It is the brutal truth that most of the regular women agents were of no use at all. There were upon our side, and no doubt upon the German side too, devoted women in a position to give real help, who did give it at great risk, and the names of these will never be known. But the women of the restaurants and the Continental resorts, the last word in clothes and sinuous grace, few though they were, did not really pay for their keep. As a rule they talked too much, and could not steel their hearts against the photographer. The most notorious of them was no doubt the half-breed Javanese dancer Matahari. Yet the one startling feature of her career, and her only notable achievement, was the manner of her death.

(Matabari

An
Inside Story

of the
Secret Service

Woman a KISS

Her real name was Marguerite Gertrude Zelle. Born of a Dutch father and a Javanese mother, she had no doubt, in her youth, a kind of exotic beauty which appeals more to the Latin races than to the Anglo-Saxon. Certainly, though she danced in London, she made no success of it. Her triumphs, both on the stage and in her multitudinous affairs of the heart, were won upon the more favorable battle-ground of Paris. There the skin which we call yellow would be more charmingly described as amber. There too.

Paris. There the skin which we call yellow would be more charmingly described as amber. There too, when youth had passed, valuable jewelry, beautiful dresses and chic, plus a reputation for high affairs of love, will keep a star bright with its original luster. Post-war French novelists have got to work upon her, idealizing both her beauty and her character and building up by their prose a sentimental monument to her memory. "La Chèvre aux pieds d'or" makes her out a pretty child with an overwhelming terror of death and poverty. "Les Défaitistes" puts her on the level of the great hetæra of Greece.

But the sentimentalism of the French is a

mere veneer upon the surface of their natures.

When it comes to serious affairs no race is more practical, no race can be harder, and Matahari was treated in the end with the practical justice which she deserved. France gave to her her prestige, both as a dancer and as a demi-mondaine, covered her with jewels, and set her up a little clandestine house in Passy. In return or these favors she used her best efforts to ruin France for cash and did actually ruin one high official of that country, from whom in vain she endeavored to extract information.

Matahari had one particular qualification for the work of a secret agent of Germany. Her profession and the réclame she had acquired in it made journeys to the

neutral capitals of Europe natural, ordinary events. She was thus in a position, if she obtained information or documents of real value in Paris, to pass them on at first hand to chiefs of German espionage abroad. But as a matter of fact her information was futile—and her indiscretions glaring.

It was indeed to her indiscretions that she owed her trial and execution.

Thus: In the summer of 1915 she was dancing in Madrid and at the same time associating far too openly with members of the very important branch of the German Secret Service established there under Commander von Krohn, the German naval attaché, and Colonel von Kalle, the German military attaché. The war had been in progress a year and there is little doubt that at this time the German Secret Service had a fairly direct channel

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By A. E. W. Mason

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of communication with Berlin across a strip of French railway from Port Bou and through Switzerland.

At the close of her engagement at Madrid, Matahari took ship at the close of her engagement at Madrid, Matahari took ship for Holland on her way to Germany. By this time, suspicions entertained for some months had gathered strength. Her ship was brought into Falmouth, and she herself was escorted to London, where she had the amazing assurance to declare to the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department that she was indeed a spy, but a spy in the interest of France.

She cerried however, pathing incrimination, also had not in

She carried, however, nothing incriminating; she had not intended to land in England; and there was no definite evidence against her. It was not reasonable, therefore, to detain her. But it would have been foolish to have helped to forward her on to Berlin; though the probability is that she was aware of the suspicions which she had provoked, was thoroughly shaken, and was running to Germany for a refuge as well as for her reward. A compromise accordingly was reached. She was warned that her activities were known and she was sent back to Spain.

Upon her return to Madrid her position became tragic. was frightened and she had no money. Like so many of her class, especially those who in their youth were poor, she had lived in a whirlpool of extravagance. Nothing was put by for the inevitable rainy day. At Madrid she applied for sufficient money to enable her to live out of France until the end of the war. But the Germans had no money for her either-or at all events none yet. There was one last service to be fulfilled—one last journey to be made, and of all places, to Paris. Pressed for money, harried by fear, with the warning of Scotland Yard still in her ears, this unhappy creature set off by the train for France.

SHE was searched, of course, at the French frontier town of Hendaye, and some papers were found upon her. It is significant that the papers incriminated her fatally—and yet were of no real importance. The German Secret Service had little use for agents who had failed it, and it is incredible that it should have imagined for an instant that Matahari carrying treasonable documents into France could have escaped detection. The unimportance of the papers she carried strengthens the strong suspicion that Matahari was deliberately sacrificed. She was brought to Paris, condemned on July 25th, 1916, and executed on October 15th.

She is not a case for pity or sympathy. I can perfectly understand admiration and sympathy for a woman running grave risks for the sake of her own country. But when a great war is on foot, involving the fortunes of big nations and the lives and welfare of millions of individual people, the neutrals should keep quiet. It is not their affair, and if for the sake of cash they choose to meddle they decorate the fate which the laws of nations assign to meddle, they deserve the fate which the laws of nations assign for such crimes. The career of Matahari would be nothing but a sordid and commonplace incident but for her one bizarre and magnificent moment in the actual hour of her death.

She was driven out to Vincennes in the gray of an October morning. She had dressed herself with great care—a long chinchilla coat, a large black hat, and her best suède shoes and stockings. Upon the journey she betrayed to the officer

who was in the carriage with her no sign of fear. From the spot where the motor-car stopped to the center of the parade-ground where the execution post was fixed was some little distance. The file of soldiers with loaded rifles was already drawn up. The ground was wet and muddy. Matahari picked her way carefully

ground was wet and muddy. Matahan picked her way carefully and daintily over the ground, avoiding the pools.

When she got to the post the officer in charge of the file proposed to tie her up to it, but she refused. The officer, who was impressed by her courage, pleaded with her that it was the wisest thing to do. Tied up to the post it was certain that she would not be hurt, while if she remained quite free she might flinch or fall at the last moment, and her death would not be immediate. She was insistent, however, that she would not move.

The officer then produced a folded handkerchief and proposed The officer then produced a folded handkerchief and proposed to blindfold her eyes, but Matahari again refused. The officer once more argued with her. But she still refused, and since she made a point of the indignity of these precautions the officer, in view of her bravery, did not insist. She stood erect and quiet against the post whilst the officer gave his orders, and as the rifles of the firing-party were presented, she suddenly flung back her chinchilla coat, showed her slender figure stark naked to the tops of her stockings, raised her fingers to her line and blew the tops of her stockings, raised her fingers to her lips and blew a kiss at the soldiers. She fell dead the next instant. It was the death of a poor spy but a great cocotte.

By Ellis Parker Butler, Humorist, Who tells you Seriously

What Your Banker Knows You

HE cartoonist who wants to draw the usual picture of a banker as a bald-headed old magnate with side-whiskers need not come to me, because I am not that kind of a banker.

I never had a whisker in my life—side or chin—and when I start to mow my map in the morning I mow from Maine to California. The only hair on my face that I don't mow is my eyebrows, and I haven't any worth advertising—they were scorched off in a furnace explosion when I was a young man with a pompadour and cotton-lined pants. I am far from looking like a cartoon banker; I look more like a bartender.

As far as I know I am the only author who ever took up banking as an amusement. Authoring is a hard job and takes a lot of brains, and it is a fine thing to be able to turn from serious work at the typewriter and indulge in some light and pleasant pastime such as collecting postage-stamps or banking.

I don't claim to be in the class with the real bankers, the big fellows who don't wear side-whiskers but would if their wives would let them. They are the big international fellows who think in billions and probably use thousand-dollar bills as penwipers, but I am in the other class. Our bank has only three million dollars assets and is in a suburban town.

There is hardly a man on our Board of Directors who has a bilious attack followed by jaundice when making out his income

The generally expressed opinion of me in our town is that as a banker I am a first-class humorist. Outside our town—among the editors who have to read my stuff, for example—the opinion is different. The opinion seems to be that as a humorist I must be a first-class banker. But just the same I have been Vice-President of this bank of ours for over twelve years, and a Director all the while, and a member of the Discount Committee—which makes the loans, or refuses them—and a member of the Finance Committee, which buys the bonds the bank holds as investments. For two years I have been Chairman of the Committee in charge of the bank's annual dinner, and I give you my word that is the hardest job of all. During the war, when our cashier and teller were in the army, I was cashier.

What I learned about the job of a cashier then was such that whenever I see a cashier now I take off my hat and kneel down and utter cries of admiration.

I do not mention these facts to brag. When I brag I am human, like other men, and brag about my children. I mention them only to show that the reports that the only kind of banker I am is a janitor are much exaggerated. I merely want to show that I have crowded far enough into a bank to tell what we bankers know about the rest of you.

I may have been a cynic when I toddled into banking, but the thing that has surprised me most and that continues to surprise me is the deep and insistent desire of all of you to pay in full, "get square," meet your obligations finally. The natural attitude of a bank's discount committee, which makes the loans, is not to lend a cent of money unless there is ample security or unquestionable indorsers.

The greatest part of the money loaned by the bank does not belong to the bank—it is the property of the depositors. If it is lest the bank has to make that money good

lost the bank has to make that money good.

Well, some of the loans do go bad. The proportion in any bank—any bank that has a humorist on the board anyway—is extremely small. But some do go bad.

The amazing thing is that a man, badly in debt, may go into bankruptcy and come out freed of all legal obligation to pay, but he will do his level best to pay. Sometimes he can and sometimes he can't, but even when he has to take a job in a sodafountain at \$25 per week he will never give up hoping he can pay the bank. He will often live on mush in order to try to pay the bank. This sort of thing is so much the rule that we are

amazed when you don't eventually pay. Some of you don't, but you are extremely few and far between.

The banker finds that most men—almost all men—are not only basically "honest" but also basically "square" to the last breath. Even when, in order to relieve himself temporarily of a load he cannot possibly carry, a man goes through bankruptcy, there is something in him that seems to give him no rest until he has squared himself with the world if he can possibly do it. And that is fine.

But a banker knows a good many other things you would not suspect him of knowing. He knows, almost before you know it, when you have bought a new automobile, and he knows whether you can afford it or not. He knows whether your wife is extravagant. He knows whether your children are costing you too much money. He knows whether your "hooch" bill is beyond your means or not. You can hardly have an old shingle pulled out of your roof and a new one stuck in without the banker knowing it before the carpenter climbs down off the roof.

And if you are a married man or woman and stray from the straight and narrow path, you might just as well write out the whole details of your illicit love-affair and file it at the bank, because the banker will know the complete details anyway. Frequently he will know a great deal more about it than you know.

Another thing your banker knows is that perhaps ten percent of you are extremely visionary and dazzled by anything new and glittery. You will put hard-earned money into the wildest and craziest schemes if some one does not head you off. If you belong to that ten percent, almost anyone can take your money away from you in large chunks. It is as if you stood on the sidewalk with all your money in your cupped hands asking the first comer to take it. All you ask is that some one show you a "prospectus" calling attention to Henry Ford.

This is such good sucker bait that I believe every printing shop now keeps on hand an electrotype saying something like "Do you know that if you had invested \$100 in Henry Ford's concern in the beginning you would now be worth \$97,678,982.14?"

THE banker knows you are absolutely fatuous and childish in this matter. Since the beginning of banking there has been no one thing so frequently shouted broadcast and so patiently repeated as "Before you buy, ask your banker!" and yet every day there is brought to the banker one of these weird contracts of a handful of these Alice in Wonderland stocks and bonds, with the query "What can I borrow on these?" The answer is—or should be:

"If you put up these and a gold dollar we will lend you eighty cents, but if you take these monstrosities away and leave the gold dollar we will lend you one hundred cents."

One of the things the banker knows about you is that you will never believe a stove is hot until you put your pretty pink patty-hand flat against the hot surface, and another is that ten percent of you have to try every stove that comes along—and if none come along you go out hunting hot stoves. This means nothing more or less than that the banker learns early in his career that fully ten percent of you have no business instinct whatever, that if you are part of that ten percent you inevitably let yourselves be blinded by the glare of your defective imagination and thatfor your own good—you have to be watched all the time, for bidden loans to throw away on impossible schemes, and treated like financial children.

Among the depositors the one of you most nearly akin to the borrower who has a craze for unwise investments is the considerable number of you who write checks when you know quite well you have no money in the bank, or not enough to meet the checks. I think I may say that in America you who draw "no good" checks are considered by the bankers as pretty close to the lowest

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TEllis Parker Butler, Banker and Author of "Pigs Is Pigs."

form of life. Personally I put you among the invertebrate coward tribe, with the damp bugs that scuttle for cover when the plank is turned over.

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erell Now and then a man overdraws—gives a bad check—in a quite reasonable way. A bank does not greatly mind an occasional instance of this sort. A man may, for example, go on a trip and leave with his wife a number of checks for the house expenses. His salary may be due two weeks after he leaves on a four-week

He tells the cashier of his concern to mail the check to the bank, but the cashier goes out to Shady Hollow the first Saturday alternoon, plays eighteen holes of golf in the rain, gets pneumonia and dies in dire distress the next Friday. Being entirely and completely dead, he does not mail that salary check to the bank. The traveling man's wife puts her checks into circulation and there is no money to meet some of them. The bank forgives that sort of thing. It is, like most things connected with golf, an accident.

The banker knows that a good many of you are entirely unreasonable in your resentments. Here, for instance, is a woman who can never get her check-book to balance; every month she brings her stubs to the bank and the cashier patiently goes over her checks and deposits and straightens it all out for her. "I believe I'll change my account to some other bank" is the reward.

The banker learns soon that your face usually tells more than is told by your lips or your written statement, and this is something that you may very well remember. Your first impression, if it is one of suspicion, is usually correct. I doubt if any experienced teller will ever cash a check for a stranger, no matter how well introduced, if his first glance at the man telegraphs to his brain "Look out! Be careful!" If he does, he usually regrets it.

I believe that when two persons meet for the first time eye telegraphs to eye. For one instant, and perhaps for one instant

only, eye tells eye the truth, the hidden truth, and the absolute truth; then the lying begins, if any. This is, I believe, an animal instinct purely, but always dependable.

What I know about you is that you are all quite apparently what you don't seem inclined to think your bankers are—very evidently human beings. You are not accounts on a ledger sheet, or figures in a book. You are instincts and desires and ambitions and frailties and nobilities, all mixed up and constantly changing for better or worse, subject to accidents and influences.

Out of this comes the banker's rule, needed to cover all human beings because there is no telling when the human beingness is going to breathe out in any man. The banker's rule is that there must be a margin of safety in the bank to cover the margin of unsafety in human beings in general. Men die unexpectedly; a piece might chip off of Mars or the moon and fall and wreck the finest business block in town; the most staid man in the place might have a mental earthquake and begin spending his substance on Jane Doe; some quirk of worry at home might drive a man to disappear utterly for years.

The banker knows, because he has seen such things happen so often, that a sudden success is sometimes more disastrous to a man than a long-drawn-out failure.

The banker knows a lot of things about you that you would not like to see in print, or even have told to your wife. He knows things you would not like your friends to know. But he knows a lot of good things about you, too. He knows that, by and large, you will try to keep your word in spite of everything that is adverse and that, when your banker can and does help you, you never forget it.

And, very often, he could tell your wife some fine things about you that she does not even suspect. So don't get gloomy if you are not appreciated at home; your banker appreciates all your good points. He'll lend you money on them.

in Mrs. Fisher's

A 9 o' Clock Fellow

Illustrations by



(LThe Landlady

ITH a lazy grace, Mlle. Blanchette furled the silken, jade sleeve of her boudoir gown. Her white arm, white and smooth as a statue's arm, reached for the chandelier.
"One cannot,"

Mlle. Blanchette, in that cool, delicious voice of hers, "wed the rutabaga and the lily."

And, chinning herself daintily on the chandelier, she glanced archly down into the dark, brooding face of Signor Constricto.

The Signor was lolling, in rather pronounced lavender pajamas, on a wide, tumbled bed. As Mlle. Blanchette spoke, he lifted one lavender leg. He bent it, alarmingly, upward and backward until the ankle was hooked behind his neck. The other leg followed.

Then he looked up at her and a warm, quick smile lighted the

habitual gloom of his face. "That's one thing I love about you, sugar girl," declared Signor Constricto, with considerable passion. "You're so gosh-darned refined."

Mlle. Blanchette was pleased at this. might have seen that in the arching of her back as she lowered herself prettily from the chandelier.

"You can ad lib. dialog that's just like poetry," went on Signor Constricto. "Only you make one turrible mistake, sweetness, when you claim where this Gilda girl is a lily. I am plenty dumb, in my way, but I know that 'lily' means being innocent and pure and the like. And if this Gilda's a lily, then I'm—well, I'm a geranium!" Saying which, Signor Constricto

balanced his body, still in the embrace of its own legs, on his slender hands. With an incredible hop, like the movement of a clumsy insect, he dropped to the floor.

There he unfolded himself with geometrical precision, for the swarthy Signor was one of the most

skilled of contortionists-or "snakes," as they are known professionally. A big time snake, good for forty weeks solid on any

His black, admiring eyes were on Mlle Blanchette as, in a breathlessly balanced

"Give the girl a break, Jimmy," she said.
"It's a laugh, at that, how they say it takes a dame to pan another dame. But just give a man a chance and right away he's busier with the ax than a Australian woodchopper.

"You know, sugar, that I'm broad-mindeder than most," protested Signor Constricto, doing a back bend until his head touched the lushly flowered carpet. "But this Gilda's too good-looking to play around like she does. No lily can do that and not get her wings scorched."

"Don't be a sap, darling," said Mlle. Blanchette. "You talk like the words and music of one of these wayward girl ballads. Gilda's just a 1926 model, built for speed—but straight as an

Signor Constricto, like a veritable serpent, had coiled himself into a defensive knot. From the tangle of arms and legs his black eyes watched as she unlooped from the bed-post the ends

of a rope draped back from a stout pulley in the ceiling.

Whereupon she took one end of the rope in her lovely mouth. braced herself and hauled on the loose end. Thereby she ascended, a jade georgette angel, to the ceiling. In this wise Mlle. Blanchette, who was a lady strong-jaw performer, fortified herself in her boudoir for her life-work before the public.

"I don't squawk because this Gilda girl is a cabaret cutie," began Signor Constricto, uncoiling.

His Florentine smile was an appreciation of her dilemma. She could not talk back. Her little feet were making suspended, vehement gestures of protest. It was the sort of trick that only a husband would play. After saying which, haste is made to indicate a marriage certificate in a portable frame on the dresser. This revealed also that the Signor's other name was James

Schuster and that Mademoiselle's name was Gertie. "It is no skin off my nose," continued the smiling Signor, "if this Gilda wants to play around with

that swift crowd between performances. Any time before the grapefruit is served is early for Gilda to come trooping in. But what's that to me? I've saw some of them overstuffed bozos which've brung her home in taxicabs and I know they're out for no good. But I'm willing to believe this little mama is right as a church, like you claim. If you say so, sugar, I'll believe her hair's natural blond. Mind you, I ain't saying a word about this Gilda girl.

Her angry feet continued to make a helpless pantomime of fury and

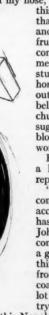
reproach. 'But I certainly take it to heart," continued the handsome Signor, "on account of the way this boy, Johnny, has fell in love with her. You can call Johnny a rutabaga or any other low-comedy vegetable you like. But he's a grand young lad all the same. You think it's a laugh because he come from some little town on the day-coach time. But don't forget that a lot of important blokes get their first tryout on the kerosene circuit. Look

at this Napoleon or Abraham Lincoln or Buster Keaton.

"Suppose Johnny Benson does wear a washable tie and suppose he don't crack wise? What if he ain't a snappy dresser like these big-town pool-hustlers and moll-buzzers? A right guy can succeed in spite of a celluloid collar and a imita-

tion ruby ring."
Mlle. Blanchette's face was very red, a color that did not become her or the jade robe.

"Of course," the Signor added thoughtfully, "he's got to be awfully right. Anyway, I claim it's a crow turn," he resumed



The Juggler

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his theme, "for this Gilda to give Johnny any kind of come-on play unless she means it—which she don't. She's doing it for laughs, while he's as serious as next week's rent. With a lad like him, a kiss means wedding-bells and a cottage covered with ivy and a mortgage. To her a kiss is just another way of shaking hands. Gilda knows he's that way. And she lets him think he's got a chance to cop in that gang of speed maniacs—"

Mlle. Blanchette was lowering herself from the ceiling. She was not pleased. The Signor saw it and grabbed hastily for

a scarlet and purple bath-robe.
"Thanking you one and all," he said, bowing from the doorway, "for your kind attention and prolonged applause, I exit r. u. e. with a dirty laugh."

He scooted down the hall. Mlle. Blanchette reached the floor, spat out the rope-end and scooted after him.

In the hall, she collided with a man who was juggling four cigar-

boxes the while he whistled "Coming through the Rye."
The cigar-boxes clattered to the floor. Two temperamental podles began to yap in shrill crescendo. From below came the excited, male barking of seals. Somewhere a piano jangled into discord and a woman's voice clutched despairingly for high C. Over the tumult sounded a sonorous bass declamation:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not and yet I see thee still——"

Signor Constricto had achieved the sanctuary of the hall bathroom and had latched the door.

Thus the beginning of a pleasant spring morning in the boarding-house—strictly for the profession—of Mrs. Emily Fisher, who had once ridden a big white horse around a circus ring. A member of the famous De Novello family of bareback riders and

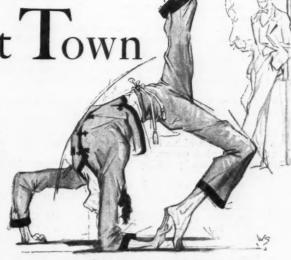
daring equestrian gymnasts—that's what Mrs. Fisher had been before she established herself as the keeper of a theatrical boarding-house.

It was Mrs. Fisher's boast that her lodgers lived together like one big family. If her boast has not already seemed warranted, perhaps it may a little later.

Now, with Signor Constricto safe in the bathroom, the other lodgers, whose heads had popped from their doors in casual curiosity, returned to their several rooms. They too made sacrifice to their art. The seals, in their basement tank, ceased The singer made another cold-blooded assault on the high note. An acrobat cried "Alley oop!" The cigar-box juggler was again whistling the traditional tune. The sonorous bass voice orated:

"You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus. I said an elder soldier, not a better; Did I say better?"

Strange lodgers these, in the genteel establishment of Mrs. Fisher. Very strange lodgers. But with something, if you please, stranger than trained seals in the basement, a ventriloquist for a table mate and a rehearsing buck-and-wing duo on the floor above.



LSignor Constricto, the human snake

It is the fashion to say such as Mrs. Fisher's lodgers live in a little world all their own. And this is a fact. It is a very warm little world of charity and tolerance and fellowship. A little world of quick emotions and impulsive open-heartedness. More sincere, too, than one might fancy in a world whose very breath is the artificiality of the stage.

It is this paradox that is, please you, the strangest thing about such as Mrs. Fisher's lodgers. Stranger even than trained seals or a lightning calculator or the Brothers Zeno, singing, talking and dancing.

Because of it, every one of Mrs. Fisher's lodgers was heartily concerned with the perplexing affair of Gilda and the boy

"It ain't my fault," said Mrs. Fisher, "that I give the boy a room. Lord only knows where he got my address. But he looked so nice and there was such a look in them blue eyes."

And that's all the explanation she

could ever make of her weakness in allowing an outsider into the strictly professional boarding-house. Not that anyone-not even Grosvenor Billingsworth, the heavy tragedian ever made Johnny feel like an outsider. Everybody sort of adopted the boy from the country.

Everybody, that is, except Gilda. She just laughed at him as she laughed at everything. A great girl for laughing, this Gilda.

"Just another nine-o'clock fellow in an all-night town," she told her greatest confidante, Kitty LaVelle, whose husband was a knife and ax

thrower. "Why, he even blushes!"
"Piano, dearie," said Kitty, who
was as kind-hearted as she was stout. And she was getting too stout to be a missable target for the professional cutlery of M. LaVelle. "Pianissimo, or he'll hear you."

But Gilda just laughed again. She was a sort of spoiled child at Mrs. Fisher's. Everybody liked her. But no one liked to see her act this way with the pink-cheeked, blue-eyed boy from the country. It wasn't

sporting. He was too easy. Gilda knew how they felt. It may have been just to tease the other lodgers that she went with Johnny one Saturday afternoon to



I The Boarder in the Cellar

moving-picture show in the neighborhood. He came home early on Saturday afternoons, and on this Saturday it just happened that she was awake and around Mrs. Fisher's. You see, she didn't go on with her first number until about nine o'clock at the Mock Turtle Cabaret, where she sang and danced.

At any rate, she went to the movies with him.
"Do you want to send a chaperon along," she asked Kitty, "to see that I don't corrupt the boy friend's morals or something?"

She must have been sorry for that remark by the time they returned to Mrs. Fisher's. The youngster's blue eyes were glowing with adoration by then and he couldn't keep them off her.

"He didn't even make a pass at me," she confided to Kitty. "He didn't even try to hold my hand during the show.

"After looking over some of your heavy Johns," said Kitty, who had smarted under that chaperon taunt, "it ought to've been a treat to go out with a lad that didn't try to get a halfnelson and hammer-lock on you."

"The party who named you Kitty," retorted Gilda, "certainly

knew his cats.

That feline remark was one of the reasons why Kitty LaVelle refused to remonstrate with Gilda when Mrs. Fisher asked her to intercede to save Johnny.

'It'd be so much applause to that girl's ears," said Kitty. "And I'm afraid to think what she might do to Johnny by way

of an encore.

Mrs. Fisher carried her perturbation to Grosvenor Billingsworth, the tragic Shakespearian. It had been said of Grosvenor Billingsworth that he would have made a great inter-preter of Shakespeare had he not been so ardent an imbiber of liquor. Which is as handy an alibi as any to have, having failed the pedestal.

Billingsworth had come to play a sergeant of police, plain clothes, in an eighteen-minute drama arranged for the vaudeville

showing of a Hollywood actress.

Billingsworth was suspected of keeping a store of liquor somewhere on the Fisher premises. Yet this suspicion was lulled by the fact that no lodger had ever succeeded in concealing anything from the eyes of Mrs. Fisher's chambermaid.

Billingsworth graciously heard Mrs. Fisher. Already he, with the others, knew of Gilda's heartless, laughing flirtation with young Johnny Benson. It had grown worse since the neighborhood movie.

Billingsworth shook his great head.

"In the words of Falstaff: 'Good hearts, devise something; ay extremity rather than a mischief,'" said Billingsworth. any extremity rather than a mischief," said Billingsworth.
"But women are peculiar, Mrs. Fisher. The situation reminds me quaintly of an anecdote of Sir Henry Irving, whose playing of Joseph Surface, in 'The School for Scandal,' was said to resemble closely my own interpretation of that character. Sir Henry once said to me

Mrs. Fisher sighed and resigned herself to the anecdote and to Grosvenor Billingsworth's uselessness in the affair of Gilda

Finally she prevailed upon the amiability of Eddie Dean, a nifty hoofer—for that is the noun by which the step-dancer is "I'm going to

"Listen, good-looking," said Eddie to Gilda, "I'm goin give you a monolog as one trouper to another."

"Put on your act," invited Gilda. "But make it funny."

"It's about this kid Johnny," said Eddie Dean, "and I don't want you to get up on your ear about it."
"You may be funny," replied Gilda, "but you haven't made

You better go right into your dance.

me laugh yet. Now, to tell a performer to go into his dance may be the lowest of insults-a sinister reflection on his professional ability. It was in this manner that Gilda spoke and it made Eddie Dean, the nifty hoofer, forget himself. "Act like a lady," he said.

"That's a good tip," she replied. "I'll begin by not talking to

You could see from things of this sort what a spoiled girl she was around Mrs. Fisher's. And the very evening that the diplomatic hoofer lost his brief debate, she nailed her flag of defiance to the mast.

Some one was playing the phonograph in the parlor of Mrs. sher's boarding-house. Several of the lodgers were sitting Fisher's boarding-house. around, telling about knocking 'em into the aisle at Indianapolis and expressing their disgust with booking-agents. Johnny was there, politely trying to follow their talk but with his eyes on the

plush and tasseled portières past which Gilda must go on her way to the street and to her work at the Mock Turtle Cabaret. She appeared and it was pitiful the way his eyes worshiped her

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and begged.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," she called out. "And you too, Madam Carbolic." The last was to Kitty LaVelle to remind her, quite unnecessarily, that their little feud flourished.

Johnny was on his feet. He bowed exactly as a boy is taught to bow in a dancing-school. That is, as boys were taught to bow before they learned dancing in the places boys learn to dance

That may have given her the idea. Most likely, though, it was the piece the phonograph was playing. It was one of those blue things, with a good deal of saxophone and the tempo of a delirious pulse.

"How about a little dance?" she asked the boy.

"I'd love to, honest"-he blushed and stammered-"butwell-I'm afraid I don't know how very well."

"I'll teach you," said Gilda, smiling at the rest of the lodgers.
"It reminded me," Signor Constricto told Mlle. Blanchette later, in their room, "of that one-act drama that played the circuit with us last season. Where the vampire with the rose in her kisser says 'Kiss me, my fool,' to the young sap. It was just like

"This Johnny reaches for her, as scared as a third-rate wrastler taking holds with Strangler Lewis. I don't know what he figures to dance-whether it's a quadrille or what. But I suppose even

in them nine-o'clock towns they know about dancing.
"But they don't know about dancing the way this Gilda girl dances. I've saw some dancers strut their stuff, but this Gilda well, even us old-timers down in the parlor was embarrassed

by it.
"I felt my own self blushing the color of that grease-paint they call Juvenile Robust Number Seven. She shakes her stuff And then before the music stops, she wicked, what I mean. And then, before the music stops, she breaks clean and lams for the door.

'That's enough for the first lesson,' she says and then she's

on her way.

"Johnny just stands there, like the dummy in a hypnotic act. But there's a look on that innocent pan of his like I never seen him look before. I think he's cured, Gertie. He's saw through this Gilda girl and the kind of lily she is and he's offen

Mlle. Blanchette yawned. Ever since the morning he had taken advantage of her jaw rehearsal to win an argument, she

had relentlessly taken the part of Gilda.
"The chances are," she said, "that this is the first time he's been that close to a real girl. It may make a man out of him, at that.'

"Aw, you make me sick," said the dark Signor.

"You don't give me no appetite," responded Mlle. Blanchette

Which was the proper answer, because that is an ancient and respected gag in vaudeville and very handy, too, for husbands and wives engaged in the routine of their half-smiling domestic

FTER the evening she danced with him, there was a difference in Johnny Benson. Such a marked difference that Mrs. Fisher's lodgers became worried all over again. For the first time Johnny began to miss the evening meals at Mrs. Fisher's. When he arrived, late, he would go at once to his room.

At the dinner-table, this Gilda girl faced the disapproving

eyes of the rest of the lodgers. It didn't seem to impair her

appetite. Nor did it crush that easy-going smile of hers.
Then Saturday came again. Johnny came home late in the afternoon, carrying a big oblong package.

He went to his room without a word to anyone. He did not

appear for dinner.

But just as the meal was ending, he stalked into the diningroom and a dozen actors tried to act natural. They need not have made the flustered effort.

Johnny went at once to where the Gilda girl sat. He bowed

again in that exact, dancing-school way.
"May I speak with you in the parlor, Miss Gilda?" he asked quietly.

She started to make some light answer and then she looked up at him. She changed her mind and Mrs. Fisher withheld the kick she had started to give her under the table.

There was silence about the boarding-house table as they left the room together. And then a chorus of excited whispers. "He's calling for a show-down," said Signor Constricto.

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"What's more, he's going to get it," said

Eddie Dean. "Poor lad!"

After a while Mrs. Fisher went toward the parlor. Not to eavesdrop, mind you. But there are proprieties, especially about a strictly professional boarding-house. A chaperon should at least be within hailing distance

She approached in time to see the plush, tasseled portières thrown aside. Through them

stumbled the boy, with misery in his blue eyes. He stared at Mrs. Fisher blindly, brushed past her and went up the dark, narrow stairs to his room.

Mrs. Fisher found the Gilda girl standing in the center of the parlor.
"Well?" said Mrs. Fisher and she spoke the

word as only a landlady can speak it.

The girl took no heed of the monosyllabic

indictment. "He asked me to marry him," Gilda said, "and I think he was on the square with it, too. Good Lord!"

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Fisher.

"I'm—I'm afraid I laughed," said Gilda, but there wasn't any laugh in the way she said the

And then she too brushed past Mrs. Fisher. Only she went out of the house, because it was time for her to start for the Mock Turtle Cabaret and a performer must have the unemotional loyalty of a fire-horse.

"Some one go up and look after the poor y," said Mrs. Fisher, when the others crowded into the parlor like a chorus responding to a cue.

Eddie Dean went up to the third floor, where the boy's room was. Eddie, as quietly as if he was doing a soft-shoe turn, went to the closed

Through it he heard Johnny sobbing. Whereupon Eddie Dean soft-shoed away again.

In the dusk of his little room, Johnny arose from the white iron bed and stared at the florid wall-paper The design was palpable even in that light. It was that kind of wall-paper. that light.

"Just a hick," said Johnny bitterly. "Just a nine-o'clock fellow." He stood up and gazed at the big oblong box lying across a chair. "No use; it's no use," he said. "She laughed at me.

He went to the door and listened. He drew it carefully open and tiptoed across the hallway to the room of the tragedian, Billingsworth He was familiar with the heavy actor's room because, when he first came to Mrs. Fisher's, Billingsworth used to trap him there and recite long Shakespearian scenes or tell anecdotes of Sir Henry Irving.

In Billingsworth's medicine cabinet was a huge bottle, labeled "Poison!" and even more melodramatically marked with a scarlet skull

and cross-bones. Johnny took the bottle.
"It's quitting," said Johnny grimly, in the
dusk, "but I can't help it. Perhaps afterward she will be a little sorry—and not laugh."

From this alone, you can see that he was

very young. In his own room he looked again on the skull

and cross-bones "Just a hick," he repeated, like a weary

toast.

He raised the bottle to his lips and gulped greedily. He shuddered violently and collapsed on the bed. But he did not die at once. He wondered.

And after a while he reached for the bottle again.

In the parlor, Mrs. Fisher's lodgers sat about like gossipy mourners at a funeral. When the clock on the mantel chimed a tinkly nine, Eddie Dean permitted himself a whimsical sentiment.

"She always said he was a nine-o'clock fellow," said Eddie and the others frowned upon him

Yes, and it's time for her cue to do her song and dance," put in Signor Constricto, "while he's up in his room with a broken heart." "We all know what it is," sighed Mrs. Fisher,

"to go on with the performance while our heart is somewhere else."
"I remember one night," said Kitty LaVelle,

"when Jack and me have words and I got to go out there on the stage and let him toss knives and axes at me-and me knowing what's on his mind.

"But not this Gilda girl," declared Signor "She's forgot all about Johnny Constricto.

"Oh, shut up, darling!" remarked Mlle. Blanchette.

"You and your gosh-darn' lilies," mumbled

the Signor, but he shut.

It all reminded Grosvenor Billingsworth of a are anecdote of Richard Mansfield. He found himself regaling the silent phonograph and was offended.

"If you will pardon me, good people," he said majestically, "I find I have left my throat lozenges in my room."

He bowed from the portières as if in response to a curtain call. They heard his heavy step on the stairs. They thought it was the actor returning when other heavy steps descended. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! And you too, Madam Carbolic."

In the portièred doorway stood the boy

whose fate they were mourning.
"Where do you get this carbolic gag?" The knife-thrower started indignantly to his feet.
"Hush, dearie," said Kitty LaVelle, re-

ife-thrower such as a said Kitty Lavency "Hush, dearie," said Kitty Lavency "The poor kid don't know straining him. what he's saving."

The parlor stared at the breezy manner of the boy. It stared again at the snappy gray hat cocked over one blue eye and at the new suit-a checked suit similar to the one worn by Eddie Dean, who was notorious as a nifty dresser both on and off. Not until later did the parlor recall the wild look in the blue eyes or how white his face was

"I'm off in a cloud of dust," chirped the transformed boy. "This Gilda mama thinks I'm a nine-o'clock fellow, eh? Gives me the run-around? What? Well, I'll show that sugar where she parks her little sedan. Hot dog! Apple sauce! I'll panic this town with a touch of speed that'll make it dizzy. Don't sit up for me, folks. I may stagger in for breakfast and I may not breeze back until Washington's Birthday. Toodle-oo and all that sort of jolly rot. Hot dog! Alley oop!"

And the next the parlor knew, it could hear him calling to a taxicab driver in the street outside.

"The Mock Turtle Cabaret, my good fel-low," they heard him say, "and don't spare the

Eddie Dean recovered first. "Drunk as a fool!" said the hoofer.

"And don't even know it!" chimed in Signor Constricto.

Up-stairs, in Johnny's room, the face of the agedian was tragic indeed. The very mask tragedian was tragic indeed. of tragedy. In his hand was the bottle marked "Poison!"

He held it in the manner of Hamlet-doing

his monolog over the skull of Yorick.
"My last pint!" said Grosvenor Billingsworth. "And good eight-year-old Bourbon, too. What irony!'

The Mock Turtle Cabaret was at its brazen best and worst. Gilda had finished her second number and was sitting at a table with one of the Mock Turtle patrons. He was one of the overstuffed bozos whom Signor Constricto had seen bringing Gilda home in a taxicab. Decidedly out for no good. And just at present very pleased with himself, what with fifty pairs of eyes envying his easy familiarity with the cabaret girl. He was speaking to her, saying such things as such men find to say in such circumstances.

Gilda wore a professional smile. eyes than those across the table might have noted that this smile was as much a masquer-

ade as her costume. And much more concealing.

She started when the saxophone bleated an special note. That note was a bugle-call in especial note. Turtle. She recognized it as the the Mock signal to the waiters to deal with an unruly customer.

"There's some rowdy in the joint," remarked Gilda.

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"I'll say!" Gilda started again. For the voice came over her shoulder, escorted by a potent fra-grance. Johnny, white and wild-eyed, grinned down at her. Her practised eye did not need the counsel of her experienced nose to see what ailed Johnny.

"Pipe!" said Johnny, standing back to give her a view of the nifty checked suit. me in the big-time regalia. A wow! What? Hot dog!

Gilda saw three waiters standing ready, and three others closing in.
"Who's the hick?" asked the overstuffed

"Hick your own self, you big clown," re-

torted Johnny. "Many things," said the bozo. "But never the hick."

"Sit down," ordered Johnny, "before I slap

you down. "I can be pushed just so far," the bozo

warned him.

"Wair till I've pushed you," said Johnny.
"That's a wise crack. Write it on your cult.
Hotsy-totsy, you bleary-eyed cantaloupe—"
"Cantaloupe?" gasped the bozo.
"Johnny!" cried Gilda.

She spoke his name in such a way that it pierced the dancing fog in his mind. He blinked and stared at her and swayed quite drunkenly.

"You—you mean it? Th-that way?" he stammered.

"I'll take care of him," said the bozo. "Your boy friend needs the air."

A well-meaning young bozo. But he made the mistake of putting his hand on Gilda's bare shoulder. Paternally, you know.
"Hands off! You swine!" muttered Johnny.

"I've heard about you and your kind.

If he hadn't uttered the warning he might have done more damage with the swing he aimed at the bozo's jaw. It was his only chance.

The waiters closed in, like a team of Zouaves at drill.

They closed in on Johnny. And Gilda closed in on the waiters. It was a notable battle royal—but it moved relentlessly toward the alley entrance, and exit, of the Mock Turtle.

The nifty new suit was split down the back

and one knee was torn when the efficient sex tet of waiters deposited the Gilda girl and Johnny in the alley. Gilda put Johnny in a taxicab and waited for Al, the chief bouncer, to return with her street clothes. He also brought the management's message that her services were no longer required at the Meck Turtle.

"I could have told him that myself," said Gilda.

"No hard feelings, kid?" Al asked her anxiously.

"All for laughs," smiled Gilda. "So long,

"But say," insisted Al, "I never knew you had a steady boy friend."
"You and me both," said Gilda, but she

wasn't smiling.
She ordered the taxicab to drive to the park

and keep on driving. For she knew how Johnny must feel—which was very ill indeed Not until much later did she decide to risk bringing him back to the scrutiny of Mrs. Fisher's lodgers.

"But before we go back," she said to Johnny, you must promise me never to take another

"Ugh!" said Johnny.

"What's that, sweetheart boy?" Johnny's face was ghastly white against her shoulder. There had come a villainous wrench at his stomach.

"N-never again," said Johnny weakly It was not until long, long afterward that told her all the truth about that night Which was pretty smart, at that, for a ni o'clock fellow.

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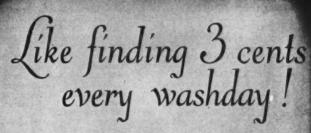
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Would you pick up pennies if they lay at your feet? Would you?

Every time you use Fels-Naptha Soap in your washing machine you can "pick up pennies" just about as easily. And more-you get the extra help of plenty of dirt-loosening naptha and splendid soap combined-

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR OF LOCAL

The Merchant of Venus by H. C. Witwer (Continued from page 35)

first time that my fair companion held a dainty fragment of lace to her face. She

anticipated my question.
"I suppose I look silly holding my cheek," she remarked, and, of course, she looked anything but silly. "But I had a tooth pulled this

"Didn't you have novocaine?" I inquired.

"No—I had a toothache!" she laughed and

my diffidence vanished.
"My name is Arthur Justin," I resumed, feeling as inane as this announcement.

"Just in what?"
"Just in case you are curious," I smiled. "What made you sure we would become

"I suppose the same thing that made you give me that soulful look when you got up here!" she promptly retorted. "My—by the nerer' sne promptly retorted. "My—by the time you turned away I felt I'd been hugged and kissed! I bet you have a mean line and stall a cruel auto, but I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you. I'm not a fell lady and if you think I am you're crazy, so don't make any plans. You were in a jam and as you don't look like a lounge lizard or a garter-snake I helped you out. Life being what it is, I am helped you out. Life being wha like that, as Michael Arlen says."

"You admire Arlen?"
"I think he's the cat's and I don't mean perhaps!" she confessed animatedly. wild about his stuff. Don't say you haven't noticed my green hat—pour le sport!"

Thus we chattered on—though mostly I

Thus we chattered on—though mostly I listened, entranced. As attractive as sin, my wholly delightful vis-à-vis seemed greatly amused at my valiant efforts to match her pungent colloquialisms, though she expressed a desire to break herself of using slang. "It isn't ladylike!" she said. "Take Marie Antoinette, for instance. You know, when

they told her the starving peasants had no bread to eat, she wise-cracked 'Let 'em eat cake, then!' Well, that nifty cost Marie her bread to eat, she wise-cracked 'Let 'em eat cake, then!' Well, that nifty cost Marie her head!"

"And your nifties have long since cost me mine!" I returned.

"Be your age!" she warned me, but I thought

she seemed pleased.

Her conversation was spiced with retorts such as that and Arlenesque expressions. She did things "bravely" and sighed for the society of lords and ladies, for stationery monogrammed "Berkeley Square."

"Why, that Armenian's positively ruined me, of fooling!" she exclaimed. "I've even called no fooling!" she exclaimed.

my beauty parlor Mayfair!"

Up to this point, the spell of the lady had caused me to forget my paternal problem, but her mention of a beauty parlor brought me back to earth with the conventional dull thud. It instantly recalled my incorrigible father and his ghastly threat to have his face "lifted." shuddered and found my companion regarding me curiously.

me curiously.

"What's the matter—don't you like beauty
parlors?" she demanded sharply.

"I think them admirable—for women," I
hastened to assure her. "So you are a merchant

"A which?" She puzzled for an instant and then burst into laughter. "I love that-a merchant of Venus! I get you. Yes, I'm a beauty specialist and—why, I haven't even told you

specialist and—why, I haven't even told you my name!"
"But I've guessed it," I rejoined gallantly.
"You are Helen of Troy!"
"No—Helene of Broadway!" she corrected.
"Helene Howe, Eighty-eighth and Broadway—you'll see the sign 'Mayfair' and it's just as catsy as it sounds. Speaking of pomegranates, you better come up and let one of my operators give you a scale treatment. To my professional you better come up and let one of my operators give you a scalp treatment. To my professional eye, your hair appears to be thinning a bit. Perhaps you have galloping dandruff."

"Thanks for your diagnosis," I said, thinking it unnecessary to explain that what I was actually suffering from was an Erie County hair-cut. "I intend calling upon you as often

as you'll let me, but to me, the idea of a man visiting a beauty parlor as a patron is—is distasteful, to say the least."

"Really?" her eyebrows arched with displeasure. "Well, I have a flock of male customers. So have all beauty shops. Whouldn't men have that schoolboy complexion? If I mentioned some of the big mo-"Really?" sses men from New Orleans who phone for

appointments, you'd be surprised!"
"That depends on who the big men are," I remarked. "But I think I see a light. It is on remarked. "But I think I see a light. It is on account of the men patrons that beauty shops advertise male heir-dressers, isn't it?"

"Be yourself!" she smiled. "I think you're

giving me a run-around. A male hair-dresser is as necessary to a beauty parlor as a license, because few women will have anyone else dress their hair."

"Oh, I see!" I said, though I didn't at all, and I went on with a slight sneer, "Personally, I think hair-dressing is purely a woman's occu-

pation. It is certainly not a profession that would appeal to many men."
"My brother Aubrey is the hair-dresser at my shop," she announced coldly.
"A thousand apologies!" I hastily exclaimed, adding weakly, "Eh—I didn't know you had

a brother.'

"I have two brothers," she told me. other one, Jack, is a handsome devil and a two-handed spender. Honest to Yonkers, he simply assassinates the girls! Jack makes more money than anyone in our happy family."
"What is Jack's calling?" I asked timidly.

"Oh, he's a vermin exterminator!" she responded enthusiastically, not noticing my gasp. "It's a great racket. You see, Jack has never "It's a great racket. You see, Jack has never cared for work so he buys a dollar's worth of insect-powder in a drug-store, puts it in a salt shaker and then bounds around the apartment houses flicking it in all the corners. He exterminates a brutal roach and gets fifty to a hundred dollars a job on contract, not counting tips. Isn't he cute?"
"A genius!" I pronounced, following a violent

"A genius!" I pronounced, ionowing a violent coughing spell.
Fearful of further disclosures as to other members of Helene's remarkable family, I confided in her my worry about my father. Strangely enough, Helene recalled him at once

Strangely enough, Helene recalled him at once as a steady patron of her shop.

"So that's your father?" she said. "Well, I'll state he's a nice old man and he'd be even nicer if he'd cease talking Florida day and night. We handled the job on his mole. I've been specializing in moles, you know. Save the surface and you save all! What part of Florida does your father come from?"

"Kissimmee," I answered.
"How do you get that wav?" she flared.

"Kissimmee," I answered.
"How do you get that way?" she flared.
"Tm not the kissing kind. If you're going to bat out of turn you can sign off right now!"
"I wasn't trying to be fresh." I protested.
"That is the name of the town—Kissimmee, Oscoola County. Father originally settled there, but later he went to Miami. Look here, you've met my father and you know what an ass he's making of himself in New York. Would it be too much presumption to ask you to help me save him from the clutches of the people he's fallen in with here? The type that reaps the whirlwind-

your old man-right?" she "And sows y laughed impishly.

However, I did win Helene's promise of assistance in taming my irresponsible parent and in turn she exacted a promise from me. Im-pulsively confessing she shared my opinion of male hair-dressers, she sought my aid in inducing her brother Aubrey to give up his brilliant career in her beauty shop for some more masculine calling. I pledged my best efforts, suddenly observing that the bus was at a stand-still. The conductor's head appeared at the

still. The conductor's nead appeared at the top of the steps.

"Ain't yous promoted yet?" he demanded, eying me with incredulous disdain. "This here's the end of the line!"

"Eh-where are we?" I asked sheepishly. Helene blushed and ostentatiously arranged

What does it look like—Moscow?" growled the conductor. "We're in the Bronnix! And if yous people craves another piece of this tour you gotta dime me again."

I can still recall the contemptuous look he

vouchsafed me when Helene laughingly paid

my fare for the second time.

In line with his announced intention to "go places, see people and do things," father kept on stepping high, wide and handsome along Broadway. He entertained questionable char-Broadway. He entertained questionable characters in his magnificent suite at the Fitz-Charlton by day and haunted the cabarets by night. Father did not spend money, he liternight. Father did not spend money, he literally hurled it away. He still remained a one-man ballyhoo for the Everglade State and distributed tons of illustrated pamphlets regarding it. One evening his enthusiasm caused a contretemps in a fashionable night club that threatened for a time to assume serious pro-portions. For no reason whatsoever, father buttonholed a somewhat inebriated gentleman at an adjoining table and began loudly extolling the beauties of Florida into his ear. My parent's victim happened to be a real estate operator from California. Greek had met Greek and in an instant the panic was on!

The manager of the rendezvous, whose battle-scarred, broken-nosed face reared in-congruously above an immaculate shirt-front and dinner coat, swiftly settled the argument.

and dinner coat, swirtly settled the argument. He knew father's spending dementia and paid it the obeisance of promptly hustling the belowing Californian into the great outdoors.

Becoming a frequent, and in time an unembarrassed, visitor to Helene Howe's gorgeously appointed Mayfair Beauty Shoppe, I learned about women from her. I subscribed for a course of scale treatments at her fair for a course of scalp treatments at her fair hands and was surprised at finding many other booths occupied by men. The operators were very restful to the eyes. Some of the bejeweled, exotically perfumed ladies seeking the elixir of exotically perfumed ladies seeking the clixir of youth struck me as tragic, some humorous. Helene kept me entranced with running comment on the tricks of her trade, the money in it, her customers, the lavish tips of the male patrons and the beautiful girls hired as "samples" to show prospective customers what her shop was capable of turning out. Of these like of the field takes to the property of the second pr lilies of the field, Helene told me:

They have that schoolgirl complexion, the skin you love to touch and you just know they wear 'em, but they're all Dumb Doras. They don't know what it's all about! See that stunning big mock-blond with the come-hither look in her eyes strutting her stuff over there? That's Flose De Vitt nature? with the first That's Eloise De Vitt, nature's gift to the first row of the Follies. Her off-stage name's Ella Devitt. She thought her doctor was trying to flirt with her when he told her she had acute indigestion!

I met Helene's brother Aubrey, the hairdresser, and Jack, the handsome vermin ex-terminator. Equally as good-looking as his brother, Aubrey's manner was subdued and he spoke the purest English, in striking contrast to the breeziness and vernacularism of Helene and Jack. The latter, who dressed in the height of an exaggerated fashion, was a big, wholesome fellow, full of sophisticated witti-cisms and cynical retorts. He had a seemingly inexhaustible fund of humorous stories. Bei badly smitten with his sister, I listened with the patience of an animal trainer and laughed terously at them all.

Helene described Jack, aptly, I thought, as "the wise guy of the family," and apologized for both her own and her brother's slang, explaining that their education had stopped at grammar-school, where they had learned everything but grammar.

"Meet the brother—don't laugh!" was the way Jack introduced me to Aubrey. "He's just a big rough-and-ready bruiser. Aubrey the manly hair-dresser's the high-brow of our

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GOLD slippers above the asphalt pavement ... the flash of jewels under the softness of furs ... low purring of motor cars, crowding to the curb ... a debutante dance at the Colony Club, the smartest club in New York.

Within the carefully guarded portals of the Colony Club one sees New York society at its best—gay, gracious, suave, with a little of the grand manner, of old traditions, lingering beneath its brightly glittering surface.

And the women, distinguished and elegant, who make up the membership of the Club—there are none in the world more fastidious than these.

How do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexions to?

Of nearly 400 members whom we asked this question, more than half answered, "Woodbury's!"

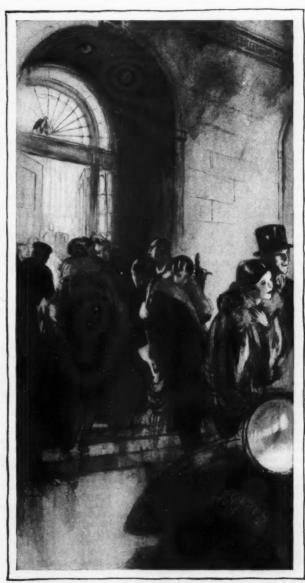
"Woodbury's always," they commented. "It leaves my skin smooth and velvety"—"Leaves my skin feeling so clean and refreshed"—"I have a very tender skin, and this is the only soap that soothes it"—"It's been my favorite for years."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, etc.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming these common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



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NOW-THE NEW, LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

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For the enclosed 10c please send me the new largesize trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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tribe. He's got all the dimples in the family, too. You heard of Miss America? Well, Aubrey's Mister America. They tell me he was bribed to keep his sylph-like form away from Atlantic City durin' that beauty tourney!"

Both boys seemed to accept me on approval as their lovely sister's friend, though I realized I was under a constant and rigid inspection. They were absurdly proud of her charms, Jack proudest of the fact that Helene had won a cup in a Charleston contest. These two were of the same delightful mold—poor Aubrey was alien to them.

"Jack has a contract to exterminate all the ants in a big Harlem hotel-isn't that fine?'

asked Helene

"Oh, it's a good enough job," deprecated Jack, the jaded ant-eradicator. "I made them babies put two hundred bucks on the line before I'd turn a wheel. But I like to work farther You don't get the ant in Harlem which you do in the Bronx, what I mean!"
During subsequent visits to Helene's temple

of beauty, I learned that Aubrey had a very good singing voice and no little dancing talent. Likewise, he confided in me that next to hairdressing he regarded the stage as his métier This set me thinking and shortly thereafter I was able to keep my promise to Helene. Through a theatrical producer who was endeavoring to persuade father to back a musical comedy for him, I arranged an interview for Aubrey with an engagement in view. was to turn out, this was as serious a mistake as a typographical error in a dictionary! But the news so delighted Helene that she declared she would immediately keep her part of our compact by setting out to cure my father of Broadwavitis

"I've just had a rush of ideas to the head and I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "We'll haul off and throw a big party, invite your father and have him robbed! Jack knows a lot of-eh-I mean, Jack will have some friends of his pretend to be stick-ups, get me? Then we'll tell your old—your father that we'll get back his money and jewelry if he promises to leave Broadway flat on its spine and shove off to Florida. What do you say?"

I thought her scheme was just about bizarre enough to be successful and I said so.

Though I occupied a modest room and bath adjoining father's majestic suite at the Fitz-Charlton, it was almost an impossibility for me to obtain a private interview with him in those He usually returned to his base about five in the morning and slept until noon. From that time until he sallied gaily forth again in the evening, his rooms were cluttered up with a weird assortment of camp-followers bootleggers, Broadway characters and what Helene scornfully dubbed "yes-men." They Helene scornfully dubbed "yes-men." smoked his imported cigars, drank his expensive and fairly authentic Scotch and frequently ordered Gargantuan meals sent up from the grill. They "borrowed" whatever amounts they thought safe to ask for and father never I had the hotel detectives bar a halfrefused. dozen of them who hungrily desired poker and crap tournaments, the excessively tipped bell-boys eliminated others and I personally chased those master minds who wanted father to invest in night clubs, oil stocks, motion-picture companies, vaudeville acts and what-not. What entertainment these birds of prey furnished father in return for his bounty I could not see for the life of me, but he was a lavish host to them, and, as Helene put it, his ability to take punishment was amazing.

At last the night of Helene's party arrived, an event which both father and I had been looking forward to with great zest, though with different expectations. As usual, father was bedecked with jewelry from head to foot and carried something like ten thousand dollars in cash on his person. I had talked myself hoarse on previous occasions, warning father that he risked his life every time he stepped on the streets of New York thus attired, but this time I encouraged him. I wanted him to be "robbed" at Helene's dinner-party of a sum

sufficient to effect a cure.

We taxied to Helene's apartment on Riverside Drive and found a merry gathering awaiting us. Besides Helene's brothers, Aubrey and Jack, there were about a dozen others—a noted book-maker, a newspaper man, a prominent lawyer, a stocking manufacturer, an actor, a moving-picture director and a well-known short story writer.

Their ladies were charming and an infectious atmosphere of camaraderie prevailed, all for-mality stopping at dress. Helene, a ravishing vision of loveliness in some filmy creation, tripped about from group to group, a delightful hostess. Her significant glances and little at-tentions to me so thrilled me that the cocktails were anticlimax. Aubrey held forth to a circle of interested if amused ladies on the art of the permanent wave. Catching my inquiring eye, Jack called me aside.

"Everything's hotsy-totsy!" he whispered.
"At the bewitchin' hour of midnight, my
wreckin' crew will go through this mob like
Red Grange goes through the other team. They'll take your old man for everything but his yen for Florida and fake it with the rest of us, see? As soon as poppa's promised to quit clownin', we'll get his stuff back. Whatever you do, don't bust out with the giggles or you'll see the stuff back. ruin matters. Act like you was scared stiff!"

I didn't have to act:
Within a few moments after our entrance, father was easily the center of attraction. He Broadway patois flowed as fluently from his lips as though he were a life-long habitué of Times Square instead of a retired farmer. At dinner he convulsed the table when Helene asked him if he liked the meat balls.

"Can't say whether I like meat balls or not,"

replied father, with a fatuous grin. "Tve never attended any, my dear!" In the ensuing laughter that greeted this sally, the young and pretty girl next to him

slyly pinched his arm.

"Grandpa, you'll murder me!" she gurgled.
eying him admiringly. "That Florida place
will have you bawling for a rattle to play with
next I'd sure like to view Miami!"

Helene frowned. "No building up, Rhoda!" she warned. "Just relax tonight!" "Here puss, puss, puss!" exclaimed Rhoda, stooping down and snapping her fingers to what I am sure was an imaginary cat.

The dinner was a tremendous success and afterwards the ubiquitous radio furnished music for dancing by an excellent orchestra five hundred miles away. All of the Howes were splendid dancers and Helene made droll is at me over father's shoulder as he clumsily hopped about with her. Fortunately, I had sufficient knowledge of the current steps win the approval of those ladies with whom I danced and the fairylike Helene would have made the veriest lout feel at home on the floor of a ballroom. I managed at last to steer her through the dancers to a sort of anteroom. There we stopped.

You haven't told me how I look or-or

anything!" pouted Helene.

"I think you are the most enchanting person
I have ever met in my life!" I said truthfully. "Why, that's very sweet of you—Arthur," she said softly. "I—I think you're awfully nice, too. You're different from the other boys-they take too much for granted, if you

get me."
"I understand perfectly," I assured her.
"Why does that venerable entrepreneur of ladies' silk stockings glare at me?"
"Who, Abe Latsky?" she smiled. "Oh, don't mind Abe, he's just a flat tire! He's got twenty cents more than Rockefeller and thinks he's critikel to all the new privilers the rich add men entitled to all the privileges the rich old men have in novels! Don't let him worry you. I told him not long ago—I'm not in a book!" A sudden shrill cry from the next room interrupted my answer and Helene started, then

gripped my arm reassuringly.
"It's the hold-ups!" she whispered excitedly. "Come on—and remember, pretend you think it's a genuine robbery!"

As we turned, her brother Jack bumped into

us, disheveled and panting. "Vamp!" he gasped. "This is a honest-to-Kansas knock-"Vamp!" he off! These babies ain't the ones I sent for, they're a real mob! Aubrey let 'em in, thinkin' it was my pals, and they beaned him! We-

"Git in here and reach for your ears guy, you're up against it!" snarled a gruff voice. We swung around to confront a thick-set fellow, masked and pointing an ugly automatic at us in a disconcerting manner

In a moment we were lined up with the panic-stricken guests and while one fellow panic-stricken guests and while one fellow covered us with a gun, three others began despoiling us of our valuables with businesslike thoroughness. Father raged impotently, the pale Aubrey gingerly rubbed a swelling on the side of his head, while in silence Helene watched the proceedings with furious eyes. In a daze, I submitted to being relieved of watch, cuff links, studs and about a hundred dollars in cash. I made no move as they stripped father cash. I made no move as they strapped father of his belongings and roughly tore an imitation pearl necklace from Helene's creamy neck. Then one of the thieves began going through my wallet. With impudent assurance he opened memoranda and finally unfolded a bill of sale relating to my Guernseys. He scanned

the paper and grinned evilly.
"You come a long ways to get took, hick!"

Hick! That hated word stung me out of my trance in a twinkling. Robbed in this callous, patronizing metropolis, baffled in my efforts to reform my father, made to stand by like a poltroon while these ruffians searched Helene! Then contemptuously designated a hick! With a wild yell, I ran amuck. I dashed from the line and with one desperate, furious

sweep of my arm I knocked the gun from the hand of the dumfounded thug covering us. It slithered across the waxed dancing floor and while the hold-ups swore and dived for me and various yells filled the room, it was Aubrey who snatched the weapon up and fired point-blank at the robbers. Jack floored one with a well-driven blow of his fist, while I grappled with another, just as father dashed wildly out the door. The rest was a confused blur of shouts, curses, feminine screams and blows, until father ran back into the room with two exceedingly efficient policemen.
All our valuables were recovered and when

the gratified newspaper man got through with the phone, Helene called a physician to attend two of the ladies who had swooned. The others crowded around me rather hysterically shouting my praises and I insisted upon Jack and Aubrey sharing the congratulations. Thoroughly subdued and looking wan and tired, father announced his intention of returning to Florida at once. A promise he kept.

"What do you suppose happened to your friends who were to stage the make-believe robbery?" I asked Jack.

"Them saps just had me on the phone," he snorted disgustedly. "They got the number balled up and walked into a joint up the block. Ain't that a pay-off? They say forty coppers chased 'em and they're over in Brooklyn, afraid to come back!"

Helene hung on my arm. "I sure love the

Helene hung on my arm. "I sure love the way you untracked yourself, Big Boy!" she smiled up at me admiringly. "By the way, you've never told me your business—isn't that funny? What do you do, Arthur?" "I—I have a little farm up in Eric County," I said, wondering why I should feel embarrassed. "I handle dairy products."
"Ye gods!" squealed Helene. "I've got a Big Butter and Egg Man at last!"
"And that isn't all!" Aubrey chimed in. "No longer will you sneer at me for being a hair-"I sure love the Helene hung on my arm.

longer will you sneer at me for being a hairdresser, fair sister. Arthur's friend gave me a-job in 'Well, Well, Wilhelmina'!"
"Marvelous!" cried Helene. "What part

are you playing, Aubrey?"
"I'm in the chorus!" answered the ex-hairdresser proudly and with a strangled exclama-tion Helene swayed back in my arms.

As I bent my head over her glorious hair, I observed Aubrey staring petulantly at Jack, who was doubled up with raucous laughter.

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I. That gay young crowd voted home-made hot waffles for supper the best party of the year

VERYBODY said it was the year's best party.
And you've never seen food disappear as fast as those golden-brown crispy waffles, hot from the griddle, with real maple syrup. She had to mix the batter three times before the men finally cried "enough."

Yet it was the easiest party in the world to give. Just a few minutes to stir the batter together and the waffles baked right at the table.

And the waffles couldn't help but be good—deliciously meltingly tender—because they were made by the Royal recipe with Royal Baking Powder.

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two cents worth for a fine large layer cake—a small price certainly for sure success.

See how easily you can make delicious home-made cakes, waffles, and cinnamon buns; and biscuits that arouse real enthusiasm when you serve them piping hot for Sunday supper. Send for the Royal Cook Book—nearly 350 simple, easy recipes for luscious foods. It's free. Mail the coupon.

ROYAL WAFFLES. For tender, crispy waffles, baked to a delicate golden-brown, follow the Royal way: Sift into a bowl 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Separate whites and yolks of 2 eggs, putting whites in small bowl and dropping yolks in with dry ingredients. Add slowly 1½ cups milk, stirring well until all lumps are out. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter which has been cooled. Beat thoroughly and mix in well the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in hot waffle iron until brown on one side; turn and brown other side. Serve immediately with plenty of butter and good maple syrup. Makes 4 waffles (4 sections each). If ordinary waffle iron is used, grease well before baking each waffle. If aluminum iron is used waffles can be baked on table and iron should not be greased. For convenience and especially when baking waffles on the table put batter into a pitcher.





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The Other Woman's Trunk (Continued from page 61)

items—Pauline couldn't find the least sign of anything which even looked like a name and address until she came to a small green morocco book which contained a number of scribbled initials and telephone numbers.

"Funny!" she thought. "You'd think she'd

26

"Funny!" she thought. have her own name in the front of the book." Next she came to a brass-backed clothesbrush—a distinctive thing, evidently Oriental in design, its pattern floridly engraved and the

ines filled with colors. At one end was a medallion and on this had been engraved the monogram "B. deB."

"That's getting nearer to it," nodded Pauline. "B—Beatrice—Belle—no; it wouldn't

There was a sewing kit, too, and a leather-framed photograph of a distinguished-looking man with dark mustache and imperial who t have been a foreigner, and at the bottom of this same drawer Pauline came to something which gave her a most decided thrill—a lady's long kid glove containing a small automatic revolver—a blue-black, businesslike-looking affair for all its miniature size.

"No name, though—absolutely no name," thought Pauline. "And for all the good it's done me to have the trunk opened, I'm in just as bad a fix as I was before."

But was she? Beginning to feel shivery again now that the excitement was over, she turned on the hot water for a bath, coming ck then to make sure that the door was apple-blossom dressing-gown could be seen and the lavender brocade still looked as alluring as

Pauline was very thoughtful as she took off her rain-soaked shoes.

It was a quarter past eight when she took the next step. Her bath had warmed her, and she put on the apple-blossom kimono.

"And if she wants to wear my purple silk till that the state of the state of the she wants to wear my purple silk till that the state of the she wants to wear my purple silk till that the state of the she wants to wear my purple silk till that the state of the she wants to wear my purple silk till that the she wants to wear my purple silk till that the she wants to wear my purple silk till the she wants the she wants to wear my purple silk till the she wants the she wants to wear my purple silk till the she wants the

she gets this one back, she's welcome to it, she told herself.

And truth to tell, she told herself this with just the least touch of peevishness, first because she was beginning to feel so hungry, and secondly because she was beginning to wonder

if she would ever get her own trunk back.
"Trunks do get lost sometimes," she had
told herself. "Lost for good, I mean. And that would practically mean the end of my vacation, because I couldn't go wearing that old blue serge forever."

Which presently became lost in a thought which has probably made as much history as any other thought of which the human race is

capable—"Oh, but I'm hungry!"
She could, she knew, have her dinner in her room; but how was she to receive the waiter? In that soggy old blue serge from which the water was still dripping as it hung in the closet? "I guess not!" Pauline told herself, and that

was when, half defiantly, she turned to the trunk again. "Might as well try her slippers,"

The slippers she found in the bottom of the red-striped trunk fitted her—which called for stockings first, of course. And by that time Pauline was comfortable externally—the slippers being a shade too large if anything. She turned then and the lavender broade looked at her called anything. anything. She turned then and the lavender brocade looked at her, oh, so appealingly!
"I wonder if you'd fit," mused Pauline.
"You look a bit short to me."

The dress was hung over its own slip and, again half defiant, she tried it on. No; it wasn't short; it was a beautiful fit, its color bringing out more brightly than ever the blue of Pauline's eyes and the pink opalescence of her cheeks.

"Doesn't that orchestra sound good!" she breathed, listening to the subdued strains which kept floating up from the dining-room below. "And wouldn't it be great to sit listening to it while I had my dinner and looking out at the sea!"

And after all, why shouldn't she! Hadn't

she been hoping to have adventures on her vacation ever since she and Ruth had planned it months before? It had already been an adventure of sorts when at the last minute Ruth had been unable to come and Pauline had decided to come alone; and now, here was another unexpected opportunity, just brim-ming over with thrills and-well-she could she could either take it or leave it alone.

"Yes, sir; and I'm going to take it!" she suddenly told herself, hunger gnawing more deeply, "and I only hope she's here and sees it, so I can ask her where my trunk is, too!"

And indeed it wasn't much more than a minute later when Pauline stepped out of her room-as breathless and flowerful a figure in her lavender velvet as you would have found along Atlantic's shores that night; and al-though she didn't know it, she had hardly turned the corridor when a man stepped out of a room which was nearly opposite hers and started after her—a stout man with a short upper lip and rather large feet. Unnoticed by Pauline, he went down the crowded elevator with her and then sauntered across the Palm Court not many steps behind her. So with one thing and another he wasn't far away when an eager-faced young man suddenly sprang from a chair near the dining-room entrance and spoke to the girl in the lavender dress.
"Hello," he said. "I'm Perry Wilson. I

began to think you were never coming down And in a lower voice yet—one of those slightly tremulous murmurs, for which a girl never exactly hates a man—"Mr. Leffler's told me a lot about you, of course, but I'd no idea that that—that you were such a queen.

It struck Pauline, in a flash of divination, that he had recognized her—or had thought that he had recognized her—by her dress, this partly from the manner in which his eyes had quickly roved over it just before he had sprung to his feet, and partly from his last re-mark, which showed that he had never met her before but had only been told a lot about her by this Mr. Leffler, whoever he might be

"How did you know me?" she asked, holding back but finding it hard not to answer the

"By your dress," he answered at once.
"Then he can tell me who owns it," she thought with a sigh of relief.

In this, however, she had reckoned without the young man by her side, who, apparently sure that she would accompany him, had stepped across the threshold into the dining-

room and had signaled the head waiter.

"All right," he said, turning then to Pauline.
"I have a table reserved."

The head waiter was already leading the way to it, and the people behind Pauline were crowding her forward, anxious to get over the threshold of the dining-room and signal a waiter themselves. Of course she could have hung back; she could even have said to the and goack, she could even have said to the eager young man: "No, wait, I'm not coming. I'm not the one you think I am. I'm wearing her dress, I know—and I guess I've got her trunk—but I'm not the girl you think I am at all."

Ves, she could have said that-or something like it-and she might conceivably have so delivered herself if he had been a crabbed old thing, or even if she hadn't begun to like him a little, too. But he looked so nice with his keen chin and his pink cheeks—looked like such good company. But above all, perhaps, he looked friendly—looked as though he could listen to an explanation sympathetically-and later tell his friend—whoever she was, the lucky girl—"You know, I don't blame her for opening the trunk; I'll tell you how it happened

So Pauline, though slowly, stepped over the threshold into the dining-room; and the head waiter was presently settling her at a wonderful table for two—a table looking over the Board-walk and the dimly seen breakers beyond. But as soon as the waiter had left with the order,

she drew a deep breath and started to get things straightened out. "You know," she said, "I really shouldn't

"You know," she said, "I really shouldn't have come in with you."
"Oh, that's all right!" he assured her, though something like a cloud passed over his smile. "Leffler said we were going to work together. I suppose he told you I was new to everything?" he added, when she didn't speak everything?" he added, when she used everything?" he added, when she used everything?" he added, when she used though, I

Pauline had only hesitated, though, because

Pauline had only hesitated, though, because she hardly knew what to say next.

"Listen," she said, suddenly leaning over the table. "Who do you think I am?"

"Why, you're Madge Evans; aren't you?" he asked, beginning to stare a little.

"No, I'm not," she said—and said it regretfully, too—"but I'm pretty sure I have her trunk."

She told him the story of the trunk then—a

She told him the story of the trunk thenstory which, after its summary, lasted all the way through the oysters and well on into the

"You don't blame me an awful lot; do you?"

she earnestly asked.
"Heavens, no!" he exclaimed. "I was only wondering what had happened, and whether it might get you in trouble."

You mean with Miss Evans?" asked Pauline.

He didn't answer that directly. "And after all," he said, more to himself than to her, "you

can always prove who you are."
"Why, of course I can!" she innocently answered.

The fish came then, but as soon as the waiter went away, Pauline was ready with her next remark. "This Miss Evans," she said—"is she staying here?"

Perry's answer was a cautious one. "She was to have been here"—he hesitated—"but it begins to look as though she isn't." 'Couldn't you tell by the register?"

"You can't tell much by registers," he said, and quickly added, "Those loose leaves, you know; you never know when you've seen them all. No," he went on, "I'm pretty sure she isn't her or she'd have got in touch with me. She knew I was going to be here, you see, and I've been waiting around all afternoon.

For some strange reason, this secretly leased Pauline. "I don't think he knows because else," she thought. "And if Miss pleased Pauline. "I don't thin anyone else," she thought. "A Evans doesn't come—why then—

Indeed, there was only one shadow to that.
"If I only had my trunk," she said in a plaintive little voice. "Do you think you could find out where Miss Evans is?"

Again Perry's reply was a cautious one.
"I'll try to get in touch with her friends in
New York," he said. "They may be able to tell us."

The orchestra called for attention then, starting a popular fox-trot, "Breaking Hearts, and a couple from the next table arose and started for the dancing floor. Pauline looked after them, and then her eyes chanced to meet Perry's.
"Will you?" he asked.

"I'd love to," she said.

As they made their way between the tables, Pauline caught her first dim glimpse of the adventure which was befalling her—and lucky that the glimpse was a dim one, or she wouldn't have felt so much like smiling.

Perry danced beautifully, and when they returned to their table, she found he could talk of the nicest things, too. He had been in Mexico, and he had been overseas, and he had written a musical comedy which was too good for Broadway, and he showed her how to make Roquefort dressing right there at the table, and how to make the bishop's miter with a napkin. This, of course, wasn't all done at napkin. This, of course, wasn't all done at once. They had two dances and a fox-trot in between and by the time the waiter came with the finger-bowls, it was nearly nine.

"What do you say to a roll along the Board-walk?" asked Perry, when they arose at last.

"I'd love it." Pauline demurely answered, and then she remembered and checked herself. "Oh, but I can't!" she said. "I have no wrap."

"Isn't there one in the trunk?" he asked.
"Y-e-s," she said. "I believe there is." Not wanting him to think, you see, that she had pried too much.

"Then why not wear it?" he asked.

"You don't think Miss Evans would mind?" hesitated Pauline.

"I'm sure she wouldn't," he said. "That is," he continued, somewhat awkwardly and some-what huskily, too, "if you don't mind."
"Oh, I don't mind!" said Pauline. "Or at

least I don't mind much. It seems a crime, somehow, to stay inside on a night like this."

And indeed it was a night of well-nigh per-fect beauty. The rain had washed the skies as well as the land, and the moon hung low as though to see what effect it was having—on poets, say—or lovers. You couldn't see much of the stars because of the Boardwalk lights, but the ocean was there all right, turning over its foamy furrows and having a great old time.

And then there were the crowds and the strings of lights which seemed to extend into eternity; and the endless chairs silently following their courses and the miles of shops; and brooding over everything with their myriad lighted eyes, the towering monarchs of steel and stone whose crowns seemed lost in the clouds.

"Isn't it great!" said Perry, his eagerness returning as he watched the happy little figure by his side.

'I love it!" she said.

They walked until they were tired, and then Perry chartered a chair and they had the nicest cruise together.

He told her about a year which he had spent in Italy when he was a boy, and she told him about the Italian children in the community

house where she worked in New York.

He told her (by request) of his musical comedy again, and even hummed two of the tenor lyrics

He told her how the candlestick makers in He told her how the candlestick makers in Jerusalem teach the trade to their children, so that the young ones are finished craftsmen by the time they are twelve years old; and she told him about the Jewish children in the community house. By that time, at the chairman's suggestion, they had pushed out on a pier where there was dancing, and a few minutes later Pauline had the thrill of knowing that the ocean was rolling underneath where she was gracefully keeping time to "All Alone."

The next morning Pauline went to the station to look for her trunk, but it wasn't there. Perry went with her and they hunted together. making quite an adventure of what would otherwise have been but a dusty and despondent search.

"Do you think I ought to tell them to come and get the other trunk?" Pauline asked him when she was sure that her own wasn't there.
"The trouble is," he thoughtfully reminded her, "you'll have nothing yourself then."

"That's what the porter at the hotel told me," she nodded with a touch of wistful eager-ness in her voice. "But all the same it seems

terrible to be using some one else's things-and your friend, Miss Evans—"
"Oh, she won't care!" said Perry hastily. "But how do you know she won't, when you hardly know her?"

Perry didn't make a particularly good aswer. "I know her well enough for that,"

"I don't see how," said Pauline doubtfully, "when you'd never even seen her.

Perry didn't know what to say. "Do you know her address?" continued

"I know her New York address," he answered, after a moment's pause. "But-well-she seems to be traveling."

"But they'd forward letters to her." "Well-yes-they might do that." He hesitated again.

"Then suppose you write her," said Pauline eagerly, "and tell her where her trunk is, and

ask her if she has mine. And tell her, please, how I was caught in the rain and soaked right through—and opened her trunk to see if I could find her name in it—and then, well, I guess you'll have to tell her too that I'm using some of her things, and am awfully sorry, but will take good care of everything and will send the trunk right on to her the minute she tells us where to forward it."

"All right," said Perry in a heartier voice.
"I'll do that."

"And you're sure she won't mind?"
"Oh, she won't mind!" said Perry, and then
his heartiness left him, and he spoke more in huskiness—the same troubled voice which he had used the night before when much the same question had been raised. "If you don't wind," said he "I guess it's all right."

Said the "I guess it's all right."

So for the time they left it at that, and started for the Boardwalk. Pauline had sent her blue serge to the tailor's shop at the hotel that morning to have it pressed, and she was wearing a natty little sports suit which she had found in the red-striped trunk

And whether it was the sense of the growing adventure, or because Perry was with her, or the clothes themselves, she certainly was a picture worth seeing when she reached the Boardwalk that morning with the keen-faced young man by her side. Perry was inclined to be thoughtful at first—his eagerness of the night before touched with a shade of uneasi-ness-but that didn't last long, and soon he and Pauline were stepping along the Board-

walk as happy as you please.

Perry told her of a trip he had once taken to Greece, and how there was such a storm at Phaleron Bay that they couldn't land for three

days.
"You seem to have traveled an awful lot," she said—perhaps because there were no Greek children at the community house.

"Yes," he said. "Dad loved it. I some-

times think if I had stayed home and gone to school more, it might have been better for me There was a shade of bitterness in this which

didn't escape Pauline. "Didn't your mother want you to stay

home?" she asked.

He watched a sea-gull go sweeping past before he answered.

"Mother died when I was born," he said then, "and dad was awfully restless—you know—till he went too. This may sound queer, but I often felt that he never quite forgave me.

It was gently said-almost without intonation-but Pauline caught such depths of drama

in it that it made her nose smart.
"Isn't it funny?" he said, still in his low voice. "I never told anyone that before." Instinct guiding her, she patted the brown hand which rested on the rail beside her. "Come on," she said. "Let's walk again."

That night she woke up and presently started crying. It was the longest time before she could go to sleep.

Day followed day in the immemorial manner and it wasn't long before Pauline and Perry just naturally met each other at breakfast and were seldom ou of each other's sight till the last "Good night" was spoken. And every morning as soon as they met in the lobby and

morning as soon as they met in the body and started for the dining-room, Pauline said, "Have you heard from Miss Evans yet?"
But Perry had never heard.
"Well, I don't know," said Pauline, one morning along in the second week. "I'm morning along in the second week. "I'm wearing all her clothes out—"
"Oh, she won't mind," he assured her, and

added, as ever, that curious, that awkward provision, "if you don't."

"Why do you always say that, Perry?" she

But he wouldn't tell her.

"You know," she said, as they started for the Boardwalk that morning, "I have the

queerest feeling___"
"Of what?" he asked.
"Of being watched," she said. "There's a man on my floor-across the hall from meand I don't believe that I ever go out or come in without his knowing it. At first I thought it was an accident. And then I thought it might be some one connected with the hotel because I'm alone, you know. And this morning when I came out, I noticed his transom was open, and I'm sure I caught something moving up there."

Perry grew very quiet and Pauline saw that he was frowning to himself.

he was frowning to himself.

"You aren't mad at me, Perry—for anything?" she asked.

"Mad at you?" he asked, choking a little.

"When I get mad at you—" He stopped there, obviously because of the limitations of language; but he made a gesture with hands and arms—a gesture at once Homeric and helpless—which seemed to satisfy Pauline.

They found a pleace on the seed where the

They found a place on the sand where they could watch the breakers, and after Perry had watched a few of these as though he didn't like them, he turned on his side and said to Pauline—apparently trying to speak casually but not having much success—"If I were you,

I'd lose that trunk."
"Lose it? Why?" asked Pauline, aghast—startled at the prospect of being reduced at

startled at the prospect of being reduced assimply to the serge.

"Because I think that's what the man's watching." Perry told her.

"But I'm sure he needn't watch it," protested Pauline. "I'm not hiding anything. We both know who owns it and we're trying to get in touch with her and everything. more can we do?"

more can we do?"

"That's not it," said Perry, his somber glance on the breakers again. "The girl who really owns that trunk—she—well, J guess I've got to tell you—she's quite a crook."

"But, Perry," breathed Pauline (Pauline, who had thought for one dreadful moment that he was going to say. "She—well I guess I've

who had thought for one dreadful moment that he was going to say, "She—well, I guess I've got to tell you—she's my wife . . ."). "But, Perry," breathed Pauline, "if she is—you know—like that, I don't see how you ever came to get mixed up with her."
"Well," he began, "I—oh, I'll tell you some day!" he suddenly broke off.
"No, tell me now."

He only started out over the breakers though.

He only stared out over the breakers, though. "Please, Perry," she said in her gentle voice; and then with a deeper touch of tenderness, "You know you can tell me."

"Well," he began again, "it really begins with the car—one of the last things that dad with the car—one of the last things that dad bought. It was a sport model—a Penguin Twelve that could do ninety—and it wasn't long before I was trying to sell it, because when dad's debts were paid, I found it was about the only thing that was left."

"That's all right," nodded Pauline breathlessly. "Anybody would have done that."

"Yes, but being a sporty car, I had to try to sell it to a sporty crowd, and that's how I met Leffler."

Again Pauline breathlessly nodded. "He's the one you mentioned—isn't he?—when you first met me."

He's really quite wonderful-I don't think I ever met a man who could talk better, or one with more fascinating manners. He looks like a count—or what you'd think a count might look like—dark and distinguished and with a Continental imperial on his chin. and with a Continental imperial on his chin. Oh, I quite fell for Leffler, and one night I agreed to take a few friends of his out to a place in New Jersey named Davenport—and bring them back to New York again. Well, I did it—did it like a fool—and found out nex morning that the bank in Davenport had been robbed, and one of the town officers was not robbed, and one of the town officers was not expected to recover from a broken head. They had a pretty good description of my car, too not enough to trace it—but enough to identify it if they saw it again."
"But, Perry, you couldn't help that," breathed Pauline.

"Not if I'd gone to the police and told the whole story. But instead of that, I first let Leffler have my car repainted for me, and after that I sold it to him, and pretty soon we were traveling together a lot . . I liked inside porta way a "N

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This charming daughter of Mr. Johnston Livingston of New York and Long Island is a descendant of one of the distinguished old families which helped settle Manhattan three centuries ago.

MISS CAMILLA LIVINGSTON

of the smart younger set tells how a girl should study her looks

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THESE words reflect the sincerity of their winsome speaker. A slip of a girl with large, soft amber eyes; chestnut hair turning goldinthesun; skin fair and clear with the freshness of exquisite grooming; a svelte little figure lending itself to the mode of ultra simplicity in dress—here you have Camilla Livingston. Drop into one of the smart Park Avenue restaurants at noon during the New York season and mark the cachet of her close little hat and smart tailleur as she lunches with a vivacious group of other "debs."

Her summers are as gay and varied as a printed silk. To Paris and the Lido at Venice; to Newport to visit a chum; at her father's country estate at Huntington, on the famous North Shore of Long Island.

But no matter how busy she is with these gay good times, she manages to give her youthful skin the care it needs, rejoicing that so little time is required with Pond's Two Creams, which she daily uses as follows:—

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THE Two CREAMS the younger set is using City_

ishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, apply more cream at night and leave it on until morning.

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Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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"Never change it," cautions satisfied pipe-smoker

Apparently, Mr. Kirkland is unfamiliar with certain rules of the Edgeworth Club.

One by-law adopted unanimously years ago-and never amended-is as follows: The quality and flavor of Edgeworth tobacco shall never be changed.

However, we feel certain that after reading Mr. Kirkland's interesting letter the Club will elect him promptly to membership, as he requests.

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Gentlemen:

Gentlemen:
A cheap watch will lie to us continually about the very stuff life is made of, and poor tobacco will steal what is left of it.
It requires more time to upset our ideas about things than it does to adopt the idea in the first place. This is especially true in regard to smoking tobacco.
It is, however, a reasonable argument that one will never get more out of a pipe than is put into it. I settled that argument long ago by adopting Edgeworth. Edgeworth is exactly right, so I caution you by the great cornpipe, never attempt to change it in any sense, for I believe I would detect it. I have a certain regard for my pipe, which I do not care to above.

Very sincerely yours.

Very sincerely yours

A. H. Kirkland.

P. S.-Will you take my name into the next Edgeworth meeting?



Writeyourname and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4P S. 21st Street, Richmond. Va.

We'll be grateful for the name

and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

to listen to him . . . He calls himself a modern Don Quixote, taking wealth from the rich and redistributing it to the worthy. Of course that's all rot when you're away from him, but somehow he makes it sound good. Anyhow, I soon lost the Penguin money, trying to start an agency to sell trucks, and then Leffler lent me five hundred more; and week before last he told me to come down here and wait for Madge Evans, and he'd give me a chance to make enough money to pay him back and give the truck business another try."

At that, his somber glance went over the breakers again, and the sigh of an advancing

"At first," he continued, Pauline's hand gently resting on his arm, "I wouldn't come, because I knew it meant something crooked; but when he asked me how I'd like to go to jail instead, for the Davenport business well, I didn't like that, either. And though at times it has puzzled me, why I acted like such a weak sister and let Leffler scare me, I can see now it was always meant that I should come here-so I could meet you . .

Perhaps Pauline thought she caught some faint glimpse of this, too—some dim conscious-ness of the Weavers of Olympus working their intricate designs upon the tapestry. rate she couldn't speak just then—could only look at Perry with eyes that were beginning to

brood a little as well. "As it happened, I'd never seen Madge Evans," he went on, "but Leffler said she'd be alone, and she'd wear a lavender velvet dress with a cut-out design and black lace on it. So when you came down to the dining-room that night——"

More clearly than before then, Pauline thought she glimpsed them—the Weavers bending over their looms—the wondrous patterns, the myriad threads, the shadowy

mystery of the workrooms. 'So that's what I meant when I told you to lose the trunk," said Perry, without looking at her. "Madge probably found it was being followed and had the tags changed. I wrote lonower and nad the tags changed. I wrote Leffler the day after you came, telling him about it, but he hasn't answered. So he may be away, or he may be trying to get in touch with the Evans girl to find what it's all about. Anyhow I'm going to New York this after-noon to see him. I've got to see him."
"You mean about the trunk?"

"No; I'm going to get through with him," id Perry simply. "He's got enough on me said Perry simply. "He's got enough on me to put me in jail, but I can see now that I've got to take a chance on that. I guess I can raise five hundred dollars somewhere to pay him-if I try hard enough. The only thing I'm really afraid of is—I know too much—and he may figure it out to himself——" Again he stopped with one of his sudden gestures, and Again he wouldn't finish the possibilities of Leffler's

"And that's that," he finally concluded, trying to speak more cheerfully, "and now you know why I hated to tell you. And if you want to get up and say 'Good-by' and be done with me. I'm never going to blame you the want to get up and say 'Good-by' and be done with me, I'm never going to blame you the least bit in the world. In fact it's just exactly what you ought to do."

She didn't even bother to answer that. "What time does your train go?" she asked. "At one o'clock."

"Oh, well," she said, "we have two hours."

and we'll just see how nice we can make them.' She arose, smiling a little, and held down her ands to help him up. They had an early hands to help him up. luncheon together and she went to the station to see him off.

'You'll be back tomorrow?" she asked in a low voice as the train made ready for departure. "Yes," he said. "As soon as I've seen Leffler."

"Good-by, dear."
"Good-by." And love you."
They kissed. And then for the first time, "I

When the train had gone, Pauline returned to her hotel, stopping on the way to make a number of purchases; and as soon as she

reached her room, she took off the smart little sports dress she was wearing and she filled the bath with water as hot as she could stand it, and she washed herself, and scrubbed herself and then she put on her own blue serge and felt-oh, so much better!

Hea

"I'll have the trunk taken down-stairs, too,"

she told herself, frowning at it.

While she was packing it, she came to the picture of the distinguished-looking man who picture of the distinguished-looking man who might have been a foreigner—the one with the dark mustache and imperial; and remembering Perry's description, it didn't take Pauline long to guess that this was Leffler's photograph. "Cruel—clever and cruel," she told herself, looking at the picture; and probably because of the imperial and the way the hair grew down to a point on the forehead, "Like the pictures of Satan you sometimes see."

From Leffler she began thinking of Madge Evans.

"Funny she never tried to get her trunk back," she mused to herself. "Since Perry told me, I've wondered if there's something in

it that she's afraid to own. Of course most of the things are new, but some of them——" There was Leffler's picture, for instance, and the brass-backed brush with its quaint mono-gram, and there was the miniature bluebarreled automatic hidden in the glove.

"I don't know that I will send the trunk down-stairs," she told herself, frowning a little "At least I think I'll keep it till Perry's seen what's in it. There might be something that would help him—if—if he tried to make

He, you understand, being the distinguished-looking one who seemed to be intently watching her from his leather frame. So leaving the trunk where it was, she went down to the crowded lobby below—and oh, but she was a lonely girl without Perry! And the Boardwalk, also, seemed deserted as she made her way through the crowds. And the dining-room, too, that night with its chair-backs almost touching

it seemed so empty she could hardly eat. "Your friend isn't here tonight?" said t waiter when he brought her the bill of fare.

"No," said Pauline, trying to smile.
was called to New York."

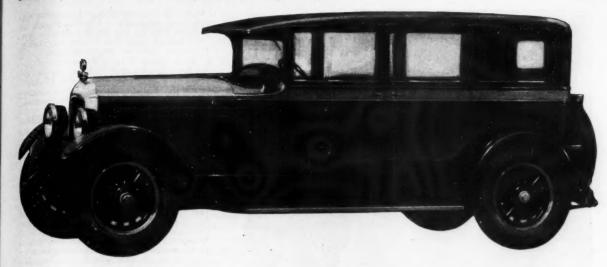
"He'll be back soon?
"I—I hope so."

"I hope so too, miss. A very fine young gentleman, I'd call him."

Pauline endured the empty chair opposite to her as long as she could; and then she bought a book at the news-stand and went up-stairs-but not before she had given the waiter a dollar because of what he had said about Perry. She tried to read for a while and then she went for a walk—feeling, as she nearly always did, when she opened the door of her room that somehow she was being watched from the opposite transom.

Pauline was up early the next morning, hoping against hope that Perry might be waiting for her in the lobby—blue-eyed and eager as ever—when she stepped out of the elevator. But he wasn't. She had her breakfast by herself, and then feeling her nose beginning to smart, she went up-stairs to her room, wor ing whether she could hold her tears back long enough to bury her face in the pillows of her But when she turned the spring-lock of her door, she soon forgot her smarting nose, for there on the other side of the door—his hat on his head, a stick hung gracefully over his arm—was most unmistakably the distinguished-looking gentleman of the photograph evidently surprised—indeed, ostentatiously surprised—at Pauline's appearance, but full of his manners for all that, removing his hat and bowing, before he spoke.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said. "A most unfortunate trick of absent-mindedness. I have been spending the summers in this hotel for years—and always in this room. My summer home, in fact, you might say. But this mer home, in fact, you might say. But this year I found the room occupied, and yet so strong is habit that when I turned the corridor this morning-thinking of something else, you



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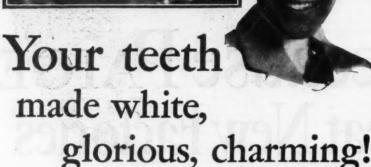
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FREE 10-Day Tube Mail Coupon



- your gums like coral to contrast them

Both come quickly when that dingy film is removed this way. Please accept a 10day tube to try.

HERE are beautiful teeth for the asking. Those dazzling clear teeth that add so immeasurably to one's personality and charm.

Millions have found them in this new way. Dental authorities urge it. In a few days you can work a transforma-tion in your mouth. Dull teeth thus are made to glisten. Gums are firmed and given a healthy, coral color.

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Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

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Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known. Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then f.rms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

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Address Only one tube to a family know—the chambermaid had evidently left the room unlocked and I walked straight in without thinking; and was just about to turn and walk out again when I heard you entering in time to receive my deepest apologies."

As he started to talk, Pauline watched him at first with breathless attention, and then alart list with breatness attention, and then armost involuntarily she glanced over his shoulder at the wardrobe trunk in the corner. It had, she saw, been moved—been moved and opened, for its leaves were not quite closed.

"He's got it," she thought, more breathless than before. "Whatever it is, he's got it, and he's going to make trouble for Perry

For as long as it might have taken her heart to beat twice she stood there, drawing a full, deep breath—a full, deep breath which she deep breath—a full, deep breath which she knew she was going to need—and the next moment, as He of the Deepest Apologies was about to walk past her, she suddenly flung her arms around him, and screamed and screamed as though she would wake the dead. Of what happened next she was never quite clear. She dimly remembered being thrown aside at last through side by the certainty and side at last dimly remembered being thrown aside at last—thrown aside but certainly not silenced—and when the door opened, there was another struggle in the corridor. And then, still more dimly, she remembered two shots in the hallway—nothing formidably loud—about like a double clap of a pair of hands. And her last recollection was of a crumpled figure on the carpet of the corridor—a crumpled thread, it might be said, which had been rejected by the Weavers and would not be used again. Weavers and would not be used again.

Perry returned that evening preceded by a telegram from New York. It was half past nine when he reached the hotel, and you can imagine how long it took him to telephone to Pauline's room, and how long it took Pauline to meet him in the lobby down-stairs. They went for a walk and she started in by telling him her adventures of the morning.

him her adventures of the morning.

"The afternoon papers are full of it—of Leffler being dead, I mean," he said when she was through. "It was a brass-bound brush and his own picture that he was after. One of the papers said that the brush had Mrs. deBerry's monogram on it."

"B. deB." nodded Pauline, her eyes rounding a little. "But why should he have come for that, I wonder."

"He needed it," said Perry grimly. "Week before last, Mrs. deBerry was shot in her home on Park Avenue and all her jewelry was stolen. I guess Madge Evans worked there a few days as a maid to find where things were kept—and she probably took the brush before it happened. she probably took the brush before it happened. So, you see, if anybody found it and Leffler's

So, you see, if anybody found it and Leffler's picture together..."
"Well, anyhow," said Pauline shuddering a little, "he'll never worry you again, Perry."
"No," said Perry. "He never will, dear."
And then in a lower voice, "Thanks to you."
As of its own accord, Pauline's hand arose and rested on his arm, and although for a while they walked along solemnly enough, it wasn't long before she made a queer little sound which might have been taken for almost anything might have been taken for almost anything from laughter to a sob.
"What's the matter?" he asked.

For answer, she guided him through the crowd till they came to a shop-window which she had seen by the side of the promenade a shop-window where a rich variety of baggage was on display. The place of honor was held by a folding trunk. One side of this was filled with a woman's dresses and the other with a man's suits; and down in the lower compartment among the footwear were a number of babies' shoes. Pauline hadn't seen these latter items when she guided Perry to the window; but he wouldn't be pulled away. "We'll have one like that soon," he said.

She stopped pulling and looked instead then, and gradually grew more thoughtful—as one might at catching another of those dim visions of the Weavers working inscrutably over their

"I wasn't thinking of that," she breathed,
"but isn't it funny—the things that can happen
—just out of a wardrobe trunk . . ."

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The Glorious Art of Being Well

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How thousands conquered their ills found again the energy of youth with one fresh food

Not A "CURE-ALL," not a medicine in any sense-Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin-banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a timethey will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-39, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



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"MY SKIN BROKE OUT in ugly blotches. Eating ir-regularly caused stomach trouble. Then I became con-stipated. One day a friend advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I started to eat it that day. In a month's time I was a new person. Every blemish had vanished from my skin. My eyes sparkled. My appetite was excellent. All as the result of Fleischmann's Yeast."

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And I enthusiase. fer from acidity of the stomach . . . And I enthusias-tically recommend Yeast to the men who come to me to be kept fit."

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entire system-aids digestion-clears the skin-banishes constipation. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—with a little salt or just plain, nibbled from the cake. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

A Man's Woman (Continued from page 81)



Quick—bulkyfull of MOISTURE! Williams lather softens the beard

JSE cold or hot water—Williams lather always bulks big.

First it lifts the waterproof oil film from the beard.

Then its tremendous moisture saturates the beard, softening all of every hair for smooth, easy cutting.

This pure white cream is absolutely free from coloring matter. It is the result of three generations of specializing in shaving soaps.

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AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph And scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle free. Write Dept. 94.



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Janey to dance with him. It didn't look like such a risky move, after all, for it was nearly midnight and Ma Slim had not appeared Jane had enjoyed the undivided popularity of Eve that night. It was a wonder that there was anything left of her, Coyote County having invented for itself the custom of "cutting in," but when Slim, moistening his lips and sliding his eyes watchfully towards the door of entrance, took her from her partner, she looked as freshly rose-red, snow-white as usual, and the muslin with its new cherry-colored ribbon was not even mussed. Jane was talking to her partner at the moment when she was captured by Slim, and for a second did not know who held her. Then she laughed.

At last? If I'd seen who you were I guess I'd have turned you down. Three months I've been in Coyote and this is our first

"But you ain't goin' to turn me down—now or ever, are you, Jane?" He tightened his arm, putting a few first creases in the muslin.

"I-don't-know," murmured Jane soul-fully, seeing over Slim's shoulder that Dominick was watching. He looked amused and that made her head swim. Curious, how the nonchalance of this one miserable bachelor could enrage her.

On the stroke of midnight, like an exacting fairy godmother in search of Cinderella, the door of the dance-hall opened stormily and Ma Sam appeared. In a hush of delight and scared anticipation, the dancers paused to disclose Janey and Slim embraced and circling in the middle of the floor. Now Slim had undoubtedly made the first motion to escape, but his small partner, painfully pinching his arm, had muttered through her teeth, "If you dast quit me till this dance is out, I'll kill you, Slim," and she kept her eyes fixed upon his wan and shrinking face. From a distance that steady upward look had the air of adoration, but it was in fact a blazing cold command. Slim was adroit, but in sheer will-power he was no match for Jane.

was no match for Jane.

Ma wasted no time in contemplation of the really charming scene. Dressed like the cohorts of the Assyrian in purple and gold—she had been kept late by finishing the costume—she made the three paces of a Lady of Shalott, plucked Kidder to herself and setting one great hand on Jane's chest sent her flying, spinning back into the arms, indignant, outrayed, tender, of a dozen or so indignant, outraged, tender, of a dozen or so of the observers.

For an instant there was silence, then a muttering subterranean thunder of rebuke. A figure tossed itself up above the angry -Rab Dominick, grim and lean and

"If she wants to dance with Kidder, boys," he cried, "let's make her dance." His gun spat bullets at Slim's heel. The band played, fast and furious. Ma scarlet, Kidder white, they danced, beaded with sweat, lined with exhaustion and with fear. While Rab reloaded, Ross Jones took his place upon the table. It was turn and turn about for two long hours and a half, the dancing floor peppered with small black holes, Rab grim, lean and smiling, the others chanting monotonously in the re-lentless rhythms of that Merry Widow Waltz:

> "Let her dance With Mister Kidder . . . Let-her-dance!

At half past one Ma burst into hysterical crying and collapsed into a chair.

"Let that ugly devil kill me if he likes," she wailed, "him and his Jane!" She glared about, a withered idol in saturated purple silk, the orange feather trailing down her neck.

But Jane had long ago gone home. She rode, possessed by a vision of Rab's face. He could be very angry then and dangerous, this silent, scoffing gentleman. Yes, very dangerous indeed. How queerly his eyes had glinted like scoured steel—and his teeth,

just a gleam across the stretched underlin. He was a wizard with his gun—so close to He was a wizard with his gun—so close to Kidder's heels, so close, printing a zigzag pattern hot on his leaping and convulsive trail. There was wild blood in this cool Dominick, dangerous, hot blood. But if a man can scorn and hate, that man can also love. He was different from the others keener, finer. Far down in the slave heart of a captive Jane, some ancient voice went wailing softly, "I am not good enough for him" Safely at home, she fell weeping into Joe's astounded arms.

Hea

Her eyes were hardly cooled from these tears by a few hours of profound young slumber when they were pained by a discovery.

At noon, as she urged Weenie past Rab's gate, she saw a sign nailed there, vast and defiant: "This Ranch for Sale."

Jane pulled up her mule and rubbed her res. The sign was still there when she looked again. Without further experiment or delay, she slid from Weenie's back, tied him to a

she slid from Weene's back, tied him to a rail and, swiftly crossing the irrigation-ditch, mounted to Rab's door and knocked. Rab said "Come in," and, entering, she found him on his knees before an open trunk. "Are you aimin' to quit the country?" asked Jane in the voice of an exhausted runner.

He stood up, looking grim. "Yes, ma'am."
"What for?" She spoke like an indignant
and injured child, the butterfly wings spread wide, fringing her deeply reproachful look.

The composure of Rab's face broke up like thin crushed ice. He was all at once frantic.

"I can't stand having a woman always about," he cried with an incredible bitterness,

"always running in and out."
"This is the first time I ever—" gasped

"You're singing by the brook washing clothes all morning long under my windows. I can hear you all over—everywhere. You're hunting eggs in my alfalfa field, you're chasing that blasted mule round and round my house that blasted mule round and round my house, you're gathering up your dish-towels from of my clover. There's not a minute of the day when I don't hear you, see you. I can't stand being—possessed—by a woman. First 'twas my mother. She was hard. I kept her from marrying with a rascal and she couldn't forgive me that. She spoiled my life. And there was another woman who nearly drove me out of my mind. She was older, married; I was a fool kid. She taught me all a man need ever know about Hell. ever know about Hell.

"I came here to a man's land to be rid of women. And now-under my windows, at my door-yes"-he ground his teeth-"you stand there, shining like a sort of dusky star—that's how I see you—all night." He came two steps closer, stood near and made a helpless gesture, almost an appeal with both his hands. "What would you think of a grown man who started crying for the evening star?" He laughed, strode past her. "I will not be—possessed by any woman," he said and went out of his own door, shutting her into his

Jane stood there, shining indeed in a lonely splendor.

"Oh, you strange young man!" she said aloud to his table and his trunk. "Don't you know now that you are going to marry me?"

But the next day, without seeing her again, the strange young man had gone. Then indeed the poor black butterflies were drowned. Jane had known little of grief, and its first sturdy onslaught overmastered her. Only for pa's sake she managed a wan sort of smiling and an occasional spasmodic song. The suitors of Coyote County came and went like shadows. Slim's love-making had no more power to move her even to little delicious thrills of fear. Seeing her so still, so grave a statue to his dubious wooing. Slim's acquisi-tive instincts became acute. He did not He did not like to coo or snarl at a little alabaster ma with level lips and absent-minded eyes.

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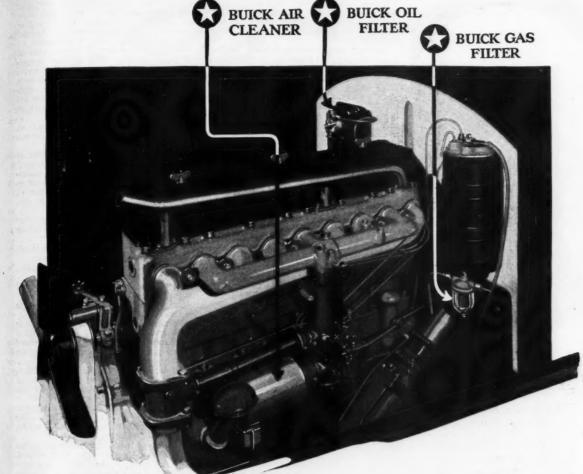
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will come back tomorrow. He'll find he can't live without me and he will come back," she would be thinking, while Slim blew, now soft, now loud, on the brazen trumpet of

Her hope gave to her small face a piercing sweetness; to her lips a softness, almost smiling, that made them impossible to look at without craving for possession, instant, masterful. But Joe Carey sat within and Janey would not allow herself to be kissed. It was no "petting party," this courtship on the Carey porch, but a game of repression and suggestion rather more subtle than anything practised in

rather more subtle than anything practised in more civilized—and primitive—communities. And at last, at last, Jane's hope did justify itself, but only by the path of alarm and tragedy. Jane, going to bed on a sad and rainy night, found a wet paper on her windowsill. The hasty scrawl, rain-blotted, read: "Tm in bad trouble—and hurt. Bring some food and bandaging to my cabin for God's sake. Now. On the quiet. I'm trusting you, little neighbor Jane. Rab Dominick."

The give heart ran a race with her brain.

The girl's heart ran a race with her brain. If he was in trouble, hurt, why would he write a note and leave it on her window-sill? Why wouldn't he trust her enough to come himself? He might know that neither pa nor pa's daughter would betray a wounded neighbor, no matter what his guilt. But all the while her heart kept her at a hasty gathering together of bread and meat, a tearing of clean muslin, a packing together of scissors, cotton, safety-pins, adhesive plaster; and, still mutely wrestling, heart and brain were carried out

wresting, heart and brain were carried out into the night like two children at fisticuffs by that stern little swift mother-thing called Jane. The night was black as the bottom of a well and sleek with rain. She found her way by memory and instinct to Rab's dark cabin. "Oh, Rab," she whispered, close to his door, "Rab—are you there?"

"Rab-are you there?"

A murmur answered her. She opened the door and groped her way into the denser, warmer blackness of his room. And as that warmer blackness of his room. And as that door closed on the trustful bearer of help, some great monster of the jungle sprang upon her, forced her back against his lean hard strength, and prying up her little chin, set upon her mouth a smothering pair of lips.

Jane, without a cry, accepted horror, a danger without words. She hardly felt the torturing kiss or the terrible pressure of an iron arm, so instantly was she possessed by a blessed certainty. Standing, tender and re-signed, she let fall her bundle and slipped the free and disregarded hand into her pinafore pocket. She lifted the automatic as high as her head, turned it back and a little to one side and fired. Powder stung her cheek and her ear went deaf.

The hot mouth leaped up from its kiss, the wires about her body turned to silk, the monster behind her slackened and slithered to the floor where, after a second's fretful motion, he lay still. He had not made a cry. Jane stood in the blackness and heard the

terrible steady drumming of the rain. She had killed Rab, killed Rab—a treacherous beast

Suddenly she was ridden by nightmare. She ran out of that hole, fled with her hands across her eyes. All night she lay numb and cold, shaking in her bed. At dawn, coming out of her nightmare to a terrible awareness of reality the worth to be roused him and

of reality, she went to Joe, roused him and, told him how she had killed a man—and why.

Joe got up, stiff and gray, pulled on his trousers, took Rab's note, thrust it into his pocket, and just as the sun rose, went over to his neighbor's house. It was empty. There was blood on its floor and on its door-step, but the jungle beast had fled.

Joe mounted his mule and flogging him into forgetfulness of the bad habit of a lifetime, cantered down to Kidder's store to sound the old man-hunting cry of a lawless and law-abiding wilderness

It was a Saturday morning, and by the time Joe reached his destination there were already a dozen men in Kidder's store and Slim was serving drinks. Many of the boys, after their lonely nights and days of ranch and range, rode all the Friday night for the enjoyment of those few hours of talk and smoke, whisky and cards, the sight and sound of other men

Slim himself looked as if he had ridden all the night—perhaps with witches, though, no doubt, his witches wore the faces of red queens and black. But, after the twelve hours of gambling, he served his customers right-handedly with less than his usual ease and At Joe's dramatic entrance, he started

and looked up quickly.

Joe advanced up the middle of the room, smote the counter with a shaking fist and croaked his tale.

In the shocked, rage-gathering silence of its reception, Slim asked, "Let's see that note." its reception, Sim asked, "Let's see that note."
He read the lines and, as though in absentmindedness, he tore the paper and thrust its
fragments into his stove, closing the door on
their quick blaze. "Dirty hound!" he said,
dusting his polluted fingers.

Joe looked vaguely startled and went over
to the stove. He might have wanted to keep

that note-for evidence

But the other men felt no need of evidence; they were busy already passing sentence. "What's to be done to a lyin', treacherous,

filthy-hearted wolf like that there?"
"Hunt him down and whip him out of

"Hunt him down and whip him out of Coyote."

Slim, swallowing raw whisky, repeated the judgment like a lesson from a copy-book.

There was no more thought of leisure or of holiday. There was a catching up of ponies, a saddling and mounting. Augmented by new and more excitable arrivals, the hunters went out to hunt.

They searched all day, on saddle and afoot, more and more thirsty for Rab's blood, but in all the trails and canyons, the brush, the timber and the swamp holes they found no trace of a wounded fugitive. Somewhere in the afternoon Ma Sam joined them. hunted as a housewife hunts for a needle, minutely and in silence.

At dusk, the mountains faintly red against an ice-green west, they came back, parched, baffled and hungry to their quarry's lair and-found him standing quietly on his door-step gazing at a resplendent evening star.

At that startling sight, Kidder gave forth a strangled cry, spurred his black horse, Thunder, straight up to the very step and, whipping out his gun in a clumsy right hand, fired it pointblank into Dominick's left shoulder. The victim reeled, clutched at his wound, bent forward, backward and plunged into his house, bolting the door. An instant later his voice came out to them.

"The first fool that sets his foot on my ep gets lead. Meanwhile I'm listening for step gets lead. explanations."

They came in a chorus of threat and expletive beyond which a dry legal voice carried on with the desired intelligence.

'And we aims to whip you to a ghost for

"And we aims to whip you to a ghost for attempted treacherous assault on the person of Jane Carey, who you lured to your cabin last night with a lying appeal for help."

Rab was again on his porch, glaring at them with a face of chalk and a twitching mouth. "Who tells that?" he gasped, staring about him, while the bloodhounds settled down at their ease—for this madman had no gun. "Jane Carey tells it."

Dominick flung up his chin. "Fetch her here. Let her tell that to my face."

Ma Sam spoke suddenly. "It'll be your chance to dance in a few minutes, Mr. Dominate to dance in a few minutes, Mr. Dominate control of the second o

Ma Sam spoke suddenly. "It'll be your chance to dance in a few minutes, Mr. Dominick—to the music of a quirt, my friend."
"Ladies," the high legal voice announced, "ain't allowed to be present at executions."
Ma's face fell and she bit her lips.

Kidder had moved at once to fulfil Rab

Dominick's request.

He rode slowly over to the Careys' cabin in search of Jane. She stood in the doorway, her hands on her two ears.

Kidder's lids fell. "Miss Jane," he said

gently, almost weakly even, sliding down from

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his saddle and moving doubtfully towards her, "vou are wanted at the trial."

She tried to come forward bravely, but she could not see the step and would have fallen if she had not staggered violently against the messenger, who, as she struck his shoulder, gripped her in his right arm with a sudden

spasmodic fierceness and gave a gasping cry.

And, in that grip, held there against him, the black instant of her recent nightmare became illumined to Jane's memory as though it had happened in the light of a summer noon.

She said nothing, drew herself away from his relaxing arm and walked beside him with a quick rich color in her face.

Jane went straight up through the dividing crowd to Dominick, who, as she neared him, made a dry, inarticulate sound and put a hand to his throat. Blood soaked his left sleeve and ran down his fingers.

"Who shot you in that shoulder?" Jane

"Who shot you in that shoulder?" Jahe asked and somebody, not Dominick, told her "Slim Kidder," as though proud to know him. Jane looked at Rab and looked away.
"Where's the note I found fastened to my

window-sill?"

"I kerried it down to town with me this mornin"," said Joe, "and I showed it to Slim Kidder by his own request. He tored it up and put it into his stove." More than one "But," Joe went on deliberately, "I took and kep' one small piece that got shut into the stove door. Lucky, 'twas the signature—Rab Dominick."

As Jane took that scrap of paper, Sina Kidder moved closer to his horse.
"T'm going to pass this round," Jane said,
"to everyone but Mr. Kidder, who has already seen it. And I want any of you boys that have seen Dominick's writing to tell me if you think that this is his signature."

The paper was handed about, heads shaking our it. "That ain't Rab's fist," announced the dry and legal voice.

"And now I want to ask Slim Kidder," cried Jane, "why he tried to destroy that piece of evidence—why, though he's a left-handed man, he's using only his right hand today, why he tried to put a bullet into Rab's left shoulder, and why—he's got one in his own?" Slim Kidder was in his saddle. He stood

up a little in the stirrups and spoke.

"Two ladies and many gents," said he, "I'm agoin' back to my wife in Colorado. She runs a good little hotel and she'll be glad to see me a good little hotel and sne ii be giad to so ii back. For what I owes you, Mrs. Sam, put back. And to conclude—I'd it down to experience. And to conclude—I'd kerry a bullet in my shoulder any day, Miss Jane, for one such sweet taste of your lips-

Thunder wheeled, ran, leaped the bars and was off in the golden dust of a wizard's vanishing.

Ma Sam spoke first. Ma Sam spoke nrst.
"My Lord of Mercy," she said, "men are fierce! You can't trust nary one of 'em round the fu'st corner." She drew a mighty breath and crossing open spaces, put her arms round Jane. "Us wimmin," she said, "hev got to stand together."

Jane permitted the embrace. magnanimity, perhaps, than that her attention

was diverted.

She was binding Rab's shoulder with muslin strips torn from her petticoat and she was looking into his eyes, which were clearly the eyes of a man no longer too proud to be possessed by a woman or to go begging for a dusky little human star.

Priscilla in Spite of Herself

(Continued from page 77)

do about it? Only Mrs. Worthington, crocheting in her wing-chair by the window, wondered and worried and realized that, somehow, things were different with the child she loved.

Larry Mowbray's mouth was a little more reckless than usual in those days, yet he kept himself well in hand. Fate had played him another scurvy trick. He was in love—in love with a starry-eyed child, masquerading as a with a starry-eyed child, masquerading as a worldly wise young person—and it hurt, it hurt confoundedly. This was different from the other love-affairs. She was so sweet, so adorably sweet. Youth called to him, from her eyes, from her lips, from the whole springtime loveliness of her. At forty, one yearns toward youth. Those other women—a shiver of disgust shook him. Disgust with them, with himself. What a rotter he had been! And what a What a rotter he had been! And what a price he had paid for it—was paying for it! But at least there was today. The devil might take yesterday and tomorrow.

There came a time when he no longer kept himself in hand, when he let himself go and told the girl how he loved her, swept her off her feet with the love-making of his lips, his eyes, his arms. Jean walked transfigured through those days, happiness cloaking her like a garment, her secret fairly shouting itself from her face. But there was a waiting look in her

Love was enough, and yet—and yet she would be glad when everything was settled, when he had asked her to marry him and she had said "yes" and the family had been told and she could fling her happiness to the air, like a banner for all the world to see.

She was thinking of that one morning, curled up on the sofa in her own room, when Di Castle was announced, and she hated to be interrupted in her dreaming; but she liked Di and she had not seen her in weeks—not since she had known Larry. They could talk about him. Not about that "hectic past"—he could tell her about that after they were married, if he cared to. She didn't want to hear it from anyone else. Most men had Yes; she'd see Di.

And, after they had gurgled the usual greetings, the conversation did drift around to Larry Mowbray.

"He's a Pet Lamb Child," said Di enthusias-cally, and Jean winced. "Pet Lamb Child" tically, and Jean winced. "Pet Lamb Child" had been an expression of her own; but it

didn't fit Larry.

"They tell me you've been leading that bold, bad man around by a blue ribbon and feeding him out of hand," Di rambled on. "It will do him good; but watch your step, honey. That wife of his in Paris won't die or divorce Too ornery. And she won't give him a chance to divorce her. She just spends his a chance to divorce her. She just spends as money and tells everyone how cruel he is. Cruel! My Bob! Why, she doesn't care tuppence for him—never did, if you ask me. She was just a vamp who had to be vamping. and he was her husband's best friend, so he was about the house a lot and she made a dead set at him. The husband got some sort of a hunch and went into the bathroom and shot himself-tidy soul! There was a terrific row and scandal

"It all happened the year I came out and we girls were dreadfully excited about it, because we all knew Larry and were crazy about him. He married the widow. I suppose there wasn't anything else to do. He never talked to anyone about the affair, never put up any defense; but the two didn't live together. She went to Paris and he went to Africa. Old Mr. Mowbray had cut up awfully rough—regular old-style melodrama—cursed his only child and told him never to show his face at home again and all that sort of stuff; but in the end he left Larry the money. Now I suppose that human leech in Paris is glad she held on."

She was talking without looking at the girl on the couch. Perhaps things weren't as bad as she had feared; but Larry had such a way with him and Jean was such a kid and then, after all, the two had met in her studio.

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I had an old lather brush. It was worn and weary. Its bristles were down to less than an inch. It was an antique, and had that kind of odor. But I could work it. That's because I use the product I sell-Mennen Shaving Cream.

A new brush seemed indicated. I bought one. I bought some more. Home-make and import. From \$2.50 up-way up. My ambition was not to make a collection, but I succeeded, yes sir, as if with grim determination. None of 'em would do.

Then we developed the Mennen Lather Brush. Oh, man! It's the real thing. Soft and silky. Won't prick the skin. Works up the lather quickly, richly and plenty. I never knew there was so much lather in the world. Spreads smoothly over the cheek area and snuggles into the corners, too. Easily the equal of any \$4-priced brush—if not better. I buried the old brush, with tears in my eyes, and buried it deep.

We first put the new brush in our Mennen for Men Gift Box last Christmas, It went like hot coffee in camp. So I got Mr. Mennen to let me sell 100,000 at the special price of \$1.25. They'll sell like Mennen Shaving Cream.

Send me a section of a Mennen Shaving Cream carton showing the trade-mark and \$1.25 and I'll mail you yours. Your money back if you don't think it's a bargain. The 100,000 won't last long in our factory, but they'll last a whale of a while in 100,000 bathrooms.

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THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

SHAUING CREAM wrong one man could do another—can you see how ghastly it was for me?

"I suppose he'll be going out to Africa again," she went on. "He said he'd go back and I guess it's just as well. You see, he's queered here and he likes the life out there. I met an Englishman from Nairobi the other night. He said Larry was a wizard at managing the natives and that the British officials had him running all over the place with them, wherever there was trouble. And he said Larry was

developing a big plantation out there."

She turned suddenly to Jean. "Is he going soon?" she asked.

Yes," said the white-faced, great-eyed girl on the couch, "I think he will go soon."

He came that afternoon; but Jean did not

see him. He telephoned but she did not go to the telephone. He wrote. She did not read the letters

"Jean had better see a doctor," Mr. A said to his wife. "She looks run down.

But Jean wouldn't see a doctor. Nor would she take calomel, as her mother urged, nor eat the invalid food an anxious and affectionate old cook prepared for her. She did not go out of the house. Once in a while she wandered into her grandmother's room, dropped down on the floor beside the wing-chair and sat there silent, while the old lady crocheted, stopping now and then to stroke the brown head but asking no questions, though her heart yearned

over the girl.

And then one day the parlor-maid brought a note to Jean's room.

"I am waiting in the library," it said. "I won't go without a scene. You must see me. I have a right to that."

She went down to see him and stood, straight and stiff and wide-eyed, before him, with no welcome of voice or look.

He made a step toward her and stopped.
"Oh, little thing, little thing! What have you done to yourself?" he asked, in a voice

that broke like a sob. You wanted to see me?" she said.

"Wanted to see you? I had to see you!

Don't you understand? I can't live without seeing you, child. You're my whole world, the very breath of life to me. And you turn me off without a word, without a chance to tell my side of whatever damnable story you've heard. Some one has dug up the old you've neard. Some one has dug up the old scandal, with all the vicious gossip it caused. I meant to tell you myself, before you could hear it from anyone else; but we were so happy and I knew it would hurt you, and so I waited. d give my right hand now if I hadn't."
"It's all true, isn't it?" She spoke quietly,

almost indifferently.
"True? How do I know what you have heard? Come; sit down. You mustn't stand. I won't go near you."

She sat down on the davenport by the fire

and he leaned against the mantelpiece.

"It's true that I got into a nasty scandal five years ago," he said. "It's true that my five years ago," he said. "It's true that my best friend killed himself because he believed that I was his wife's lover. But it isn't true that I was her lover. She didn't love her husband, she made a fool of herself about men, she made a fool of herself about me. But he was my friend, I tell you—my best friend. You don't know what that means to a man. No woman living could have made me untrue to him. But one day he saw a scene I couldn't prevent; and he misunderstood. So he wrote a note to me and a note to her and blew his brains out.

"I couldn't tell all this to people, could I? Couldn't pose as a Joseph to her Potiphar's wife? Nobody would have believed me if I had. They'd have thought I was just a miserable rotter, trying to clear myself at a woman's expense; but, before God, it's true, child. I wasn't responsible. I wasn't in love with her. I was true to my friend. I only made the mistake of not staying away from the house; and, if I had done that, after nearly living there, it would have hurt Dick. I couldn't have explained to him. And then, when he killed himself, thinking I had done him the worst "I've wished, many a time, that I had followed his lead and put a bullet through my head. But there was the woman. Scandal to stand by her. In that last note of Dick's he had asked me to be good to her. I thought was only one thing I could do for her and that was to marry her. So I did just that, and then I settled what money I had on her. but my mother had left me something. was enough to take the woman to Paris and keep her there. I went to Africa. "She won't divorce me and she says she's Hears

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willing to live with me at any time, so I can't divorce her. As a matter of fact, I think she has, always, counted on my father's relenting and leaving me his millions. Her lawyers came to me last week. I'm a rich man now and she means to have her share.

"I didn't care particularly about being free, All I wanted was to get away from her, away from the whole frightful business; but I always hoped my father would want to see me and send for me. He didn't. Then he died, and the lawyers sent for me, and I came back—and met you."

He was standing nearer her now, and across the ice of her face, little gleams of pain and pity and love were stealing. Suddenly the

ice melted into tears.
"Oh, Larry! Larry!" she sobbed, and he gathered her into his arms.

"You shall never regret it, sweetheart," he said that night, before he went away. "I can make you so happy that you won't miss anything, want anything. There will be no one to blame or sit in judgment. I'm the law and the gospel out there, and you will be my wife. You will be my wife, darling. Silly, where You wall be my whe, daring. Sally, man-made laws can't prevent it. You aren't afraid? You won't let the old, hidebound, throttling traditions bully your intelligence when I'm not with you, will you?"

"No," she said, "I'm going to Africa with you."

She said it to herself, after the door had closed behind him. "I'm going with him." What did she care about the scandal? What what did she care about the scandar what did she care about that other woman who had wrecked Larry's life and taken refuge behind laws that society called good? Larry's life had been wrecked. She would mend it. Her had been wrecked. She would mend it. Her father and mother would be hurt—more shocked than hurt. They had never kept very close to her, never tried very hard to understand her. Granny—she choked a bit over Granny, wished that the old lady need not know. Granny would forgive her but she would grieve, grieve miserably. Still, Granny had had her life. Youth had its rights. Larry needed her more than the others did. She was going with him. She was going with him.

She packed her dressing-case and a bag the next morning, packed them carefully, methodically with what she would need, until Larry could buy her more, in London. Then she went out to meet her lover. Things seemed so simple, so right, so inevitable when she was with him. He was too wise to leave her much alone that last day. Arrangements had all been made. The steamer would sail at four in the morning. Passengers must positively

be abcard by three-thirty.

"We will dine together at the old place?" They were walking down through the Park, in the afterglow, as they had walked that first evening, when the world began. Again the buildings blackened against the light in the west; again the jeweled clusters of lights twinkled in the dark, huddling masses and sprang with shafts of shadow into the sky; again a night wind blew keen against Jean's face and set her cheeks tingling; but this time there was no tingling in her heart—only a throbbing fullness that was as much pain as joy. "Yes; we'll dine at the old place," the man

said gently. He had been very gentle with her that day and she, who had always scoffed at gentleness, had been grateful.

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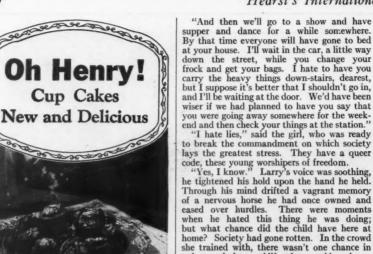
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Oh Henry! Cup Cakes

1/2 cup shortening cup molasses
cup molasses
cup molasses
cup for ind /2 orange
teusp flour
4 teaspoon salt
teaspoon grour
ginger

add

1 teaspoon grous

½ teaspoon ground cloves 1 teaspoon ground ginger

Cream the shortening and sugar, add he well beaten egg, molasses and grated orange rind, then the flour, salt, soda and spices thoroughly sifted together. Pour the boiling water over the ginger and add last. Beat well and bake in well grassed cup cake pans in a moderate oven — 350-375 degrees F.—about twenty minutes. Shortly before removing from the oven put two thin slices of Oh Henry! on each cake and return to the oven for a moment to melt as a frosting.



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"And then we'll go to a show and have supper and dance for a while somewhere. By that time everyone will have gone to bed at your house. I'll wait in the car, a little way down the street, while you change your frock and get your bags. I hate to have you carry the heavy things down-stairs, dearest, but I suppose it's better that I shouldn't go in, and I'll be waiting at the door. We'd have been

lays the greatest stress. They have a queer

he tightened his hold upon the hand he held. Through his mind drifted a vagrant memory of a nervous horse he had once owned and eased over hurdles. There were moments he was doing; but what chance did the child have here at home? Society had gone rotten. In the crowd she trained with, there wasn't one chance in a thousand of normal life, of any real happiness. He could give her love and the clean, free, decent life of the big, primitive, unspoiled places. What was she giving up? Jazz and sensation-mad friends and a home that seemed to be more of a luxurious lodging-house for her than a real home.

The old people would take it hard; but youth had a right to its own life. Old people hadn't made such a success of running the world, with their laws and traditions. He world, with their laws and traditions. The could make Jean happy, teach her the meaning of life. The devil could take any laws that stood between. Those laws were broken every day, right there among the folk her family called nice people, and their social world winked. It was a decenter thing to take one's happiness openly.

happiness openly.

He tightened his grip on her hand, painfully, but she liked it. Some way or other, most of the world seemed to be loosening its hold upon She was glad to have something hold fast.

Chimes, somewhere, were sounding half ast two as Jean slipped her latch-key into her front door. A memory of the battle she had had with her mother and father over that latch-key when she had first demanded it came to her mind. There were hosts of mem-ories afloat that night.

She stole up the stairs to her room. shaded light was burning on the bedside table, the bedcovers were turned down, a vacuum jug of hot cocoa stood beside the night-light. Her mother had been sending it up lately, since the unruly daughter had been looking fagged but wouldn't see a doctor.

The unruly daughter stood in the middle of the room and looked about her. Such a pretty room! She had never before realized how pretty and comfortable it was.

She could reach the low book-shelves without getting up. Not that she had much time for reading. The things one had to read if one didn't want to be a back number weren't very amusing—stuff like Freud and D. H. Lawrence and free verse. She hadn't understood much of the high-brow patter and hadn't liked much of the fiction or poetry. Of course it was old-fashioned, but she liked poetry that sang itself in her ears—poetry about dusk and amethyst mists and summer rain and wind and love and pain. There was a shabby volume of Tennyson on the lowest shelf; but she'd have died rather than admit it to any of the crowd.

She shook her shoulders as though shaking off a hand, and went over to her dressingtable. There were the painted ivory boxes dad had bought her in Paris. Horribly extravagant, but he had been such a duck about surprising her with them. She handled them a moment, and laid them down. Her bags were full and reminders would be heavy excess weight on the road she was taking; but she would take the picture of Granny, in the old silver frame. It had been a birthday present. Granny'd be hurt if she left it. Granny'd be hurt! Oh, yes; Granny was going to be hadly

The picture might as well be left. A little more or a little less wouldn't mean much, in the hurt Granny was going to have. She pulled her dressing-case and bag from the closet, opened them, put in some toilet articles, a trinket or two. The clock on the mantel said a quarter to three. She must hurry

Quarter to three. She must nurry.

She stripped off her evening frock and hung
it in the closet. How good that closet smelled
It had always smelled like that—all the hanges and covers sprayed with lavender-water of a week. Horribly old-fashioned. The all made fun of her; but there was something so clean and fresh about just the merest which of lavender. Granny had taught her the when she was a little girl. Granny's thing always smelled of lavender.

Hurriedly she shut the closet door, got into Five minutes of three! Larry had said it would take a half-hour to drive to the boat and the gang-plank would go up at half past three. She turned out the rose-shaded light and drew the window-curtains aside. There far away against the sky, was the Metropolita tower. How often she had looked at it as she opened her windows for the night. She needn't

leave the windows open tonight.

The big, bare maple-tree, in the little yard across the street, was etching queer shadom on the moonlit ground. She had always like those shadows. One could see almost anything those shadows. One could see almost anything in them. She wondered what the trees in Africa would be like. Queer, tropical thins, probably. No maples. No; not any maples. She was sure of that. And, suddenly, she felt that she needed maples in her life, that she couldn't go on living without the familia, comforting shade and shadows of maple-tree. Three o'clock rang the relentless chimes. The girl turned from the window. The moonlight was flooding into the room, silvering all the familiar little things that had been a part of the old life, blanching the sheets of the waiting bed, throwing high lights on the

of the waiting bed, throwing high lights on the jug of cocoa, gleaming on the frame of Granny's picture-Granny's picture!

There was no time to think, to regret the must go. She picked up the bag and dressing case. They were heavy, unbelievably heavy, or was it that she was very tired? Without a backward look, she went out through the door, closed it gently behind her and stood is the shadowy hall, looking down at the night-light burning beside the front door. The brass lock of the door shone brilliantly.

Jean thought of the night-key, in her pune, he night-key for which she had fought so riously. She should have left it in her furiously. She should have left it in her room—still, it didn't matter. All of the family room—still, it didn't matter. All of the had night-keys except Granny. Grandidn't need one: Funny that one could or to a time when one wouldn't want a night only sit and remember of the could when one could only sit and rem All the more reason why one should live while one could—and yet, to have to live with oneself, when the time came-Granny had her children and grandchildren children and grandchildren!

Outside a car honked cautiously. With a stifled cry, the girl dropped her buy and fled down the dark hall to where a dim light showed through a transom. She opened the door, slipped through it, ran across the room to the bed, where an old lady lay sleeping. her wrinkled face serene against the pille

The horn sounded again, louder, more insistent this time

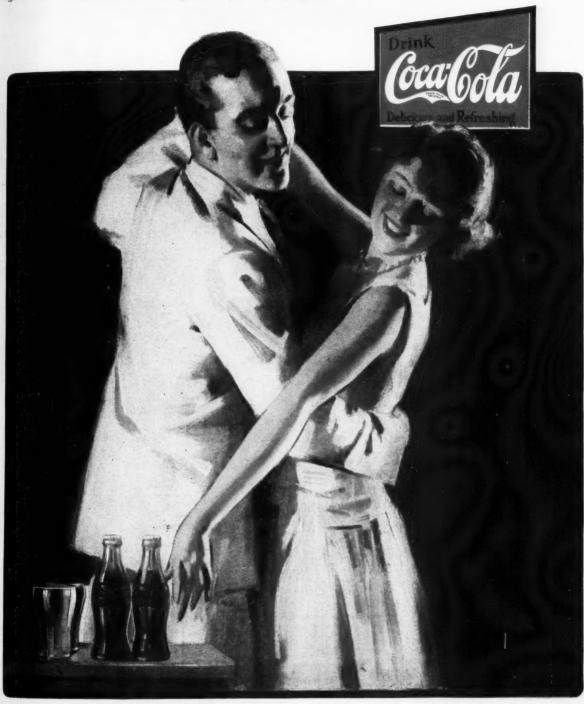
Jean dropped on her knees beside the bed.
"Granny!" she sobbed, "Granny! For God's sake, wake up and show me how to pray!"

Dawn was stealing in at the windows when Jean moved from Granny's arms, where she had lain, close held, unquestioned, sobbing her heart out. She managed a twisted, tremulous smile as she looked with her swollen eyes into the old, wise, loving eyes of the woman who had crossed all of her own Rubicons save one.
"Well, old Ezra was too much for me," said

Granny's granddaughter.

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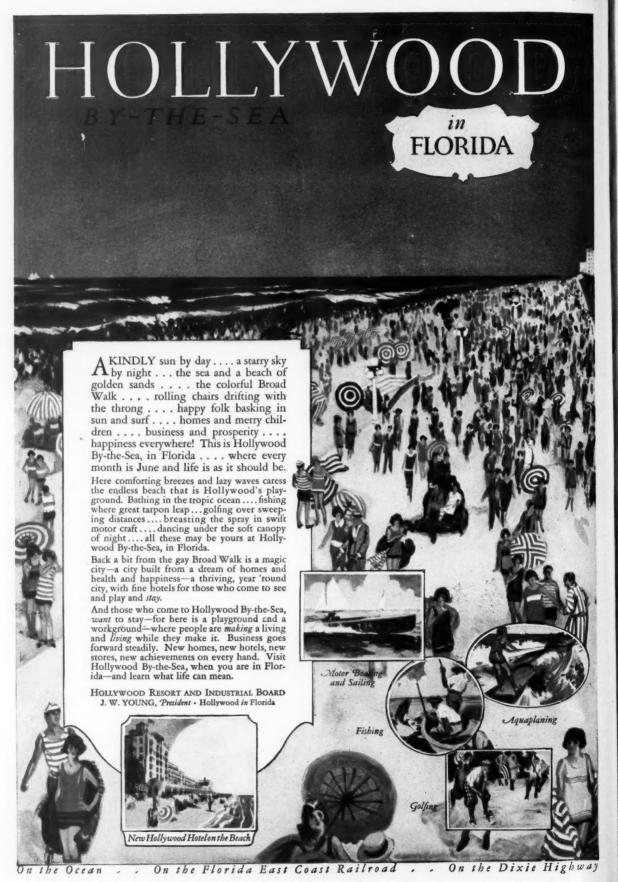


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ow act

Padlocked by Rex Beach (Continued from page 87)

to take the high and mighty airs out of the upstart and to cure her of shirking. They gave her a job in the laundry. The work here was heavy and it was performed mainly by women who knew nothing better, or by those who had revolted at discipline. There was much lifting and carrying, there were machines serve, the air was hot and steamy and rankly odorous, the hours were long. The place reeked of filth rather than of cleanliness. To Edith Gilbert it was hell.

She did the best she could as long as possible, then Doctor Allen was called in a hurry. She was told over the phone that the Gilbert girl had fainted at one of the mangles and could

026

not be revived.

Several days later the cheerful doctor bustled into Edith's room at the hospital and inquired, mto Edith's room at the hospital and inquired,
"How are you feeling this morning, my dear?"
"All right, thank you." The girl tried to
smile but it was a feeble attempt.
Doctor Allen eyed her shrewdly before asking,
"Are you feeling enough better to stand the
shock of some good news?"
"What good news could come to make the

"What good news could come to me? mean—I won't have to go back to the laundry? You're very kind but it really makes no difference to me where I'm put."

"You should never have been put there. You should never have been sent here at all, Edith, and I've been trying to arrange your discharge, but I didn't tell you because I was afraid of arousing false hopes. However, I've learned that you have friends who are more powerful than I."
"Friends? I have friends?"

The doctor nodded. "They came the day you collapsed. They're coming back today. Do you feel strong enough to—travel?"

The girl uttered a thin cry. She sat up.
"Father! He's coming! I knew——" Her face had softened, her eyes had filled; she raised

a bloodless hand to her throat.

"No. A woman. A woman and a man. A Mrs. Alcott. You have been paroled in her custody—everything is arranged, or can be, if you're willing-and you ought to be very

happy."
Edith stared at the speaker blankly; it was a
while before she could be made to understand.
while before she did grash the astonishing

When, finally, she did grasp the astonishing fact she nodded gravely. I'll agree to anything, and I'm well enough to leave this place. That's all I need to make me perfectly well. But—Mrs. Alcott! It doesn't mean I've been cleared?
I'll go out under a cloud?"

To be sure. But that's better than staying e, isn't it? You'll be on probation, but as here, isn't it?

ong as your behavior is good—"
"I suppose I'll always bear a—a criminal record. I'll be a jailbird the rest of my life."
"Don't quarrel with good fortune," the doctor said briskly. "Other girls have lived down worse things and made fine women of them. worse things and made fine women of them-Some of them have married well. Don't let's think of what is past. The impor-tant thing is—you're free! I, for one, am mighty glad, for you've worried me dreadfully. Mrs. Alcott has bound herself to give you a good home and to exercise careful supervision over your moral welfare; you will have to obey her. This should be a happy day for you."

On their way out from the city Lois Alcott and Jesse Hermann said little to each other. Their first trip to Bedford had depressed the woman and Hermann had seemed to share her

Today, as their motor turned in through the gate, he said:

"What a dreary place!"

Lois shuddered and drew her cloak closer.
"I used to think I knew you," she told him, "but—you're a queer man. Haven't you any heart?"

I assure you that my circulation is caused by the same muscular phenomena as your own. I've asked you to perform a disagreeable act but that doesn't argue

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about myself; I was thinking about this girl. I've sworn to-take care of her. If you had seen her as I saw her the other day! Her little pinched face!

Her mind gone—tortured out of her body!"
Hermann spoke sharply. "I did see her. Hermann spoke sharply. I tiptoed in."

"And you still insist on going through? Are you entirely without pity? Are you utterly selfish?"

"You're the one who is 'queer,' Lois. discovery that you have a heart is even more astonishing than my apparent lack of such an organ. It's a sadly misjudged organ, by the way. Pity, fidelity, gratitude, generosity are considered high virtues; in reality they are elementary impulses. They're not even peculiar to human beings. Why, dogs are more faithful than men! The drab little street-walkers in this prison are more generous and have more in them than some of the women you know. I assure you that I possess a full complement of those low-grade emotions and perhaps an unsuspected number of those more -spiritual. But do me the favor to cease analyzing me. I've never fully analyzed myself; I'm as much of a mystery to myself as I

am to you. Now—we have arrived!"

The car stopped as Hermann spoke. When he opened the door for Mrs. Alcott to step out his hand was trembling and he was paler than usual. In a voice suddenly grown harsh he exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, make haste!"

Later that same day another car made the trip from New York to Bedford and return; another visitor called upon the superintendent of the reformatory. Natalie Dubose had acted upon her son's appeal as promptly as she could, but it had taken her some little time to learn how to go about the matter. On her way back to the city she confessed to a feeling of some relief, but she showed no sign of it when she reported to Norman the result of her journey. Briefly she told him what she had learned—namely, that Edith Gilbert had been paroled in the custody of Lois Alcott and had left the institution no later than that very morning.

"Lois Alcott!" the young man exclaimed in dismay. "Why, that means Hermann!"

"Exactly. He drove out with her."
"Nat! I hope you told 'em who and what

"How could I do that? How could I explain anything about her? Or him? Naturally they don't know and it would serve no purpose to show that she isn't a fit person to assume charge of a young girl-even if we had legal proof. It would only result in sending her back. that matter, the Alcott woman can send her back, at a word. You know what that means?" Van Pelt uttered an explosive oath. girl went willingly and we may be sure she won't allow herself to be returned. There doesn't seem to be much that we can do."

"There's something I can do. I can take her away, set her free. And I will."

"Nonsense! You don't think for a minute that Jesse proposes to lock her up? Better make sure first that she wants to be 'taken away.' She probably knows enough about She probably knows enough about cott to— Wait a minute!". Norman Mrs. Alcott tohad risen; into his eyes had come that same destructive glare which Pearl Gates had witnessed when she finished talking to him. 'If you break any more of my things you'll

clean up the mess. You're utterly spoiled!"
"Perhaps, but—you helped to spoil me. I've never learned to do without anything I really wanted.'

"Humph! That's the pay mothers get

Mrs. Dubose stiffened, her face set itself. "T've given you everything I could give, done everything I could do, but here's something I can't and won't do. Ask Jesse Hermann



According to Titus Llvy, who used to say it with epigrams in dear old Padua, experience is the teacher of fools. Titus left this vale of tears nineteen hundred years ago, but the school of experience founded by Eve and her apple addict confederate is still doing business at the same old dict confederate is still doing business at the same old stand.—from "Wil-liam Tells," by H. C. WITWER

NO TIME FOR YALE TOOK COLLEGE HOME SAYS H. C. WITWER

H. C. Witwer, the popular short story writer, has confessed that he acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just

written to a friend in New York.
"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot
Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I
use it constantly for inspiration, reference
and mental calisthenics, you should see the

well-thumbed pages.
"I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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to give up a woman! Indeed! Why, I refused to do that when I was his wife."

So many successful business men are remarkable not for their brilliance or their originality, but rather for their lack of these qualities, that it almost seems as if commercial success is the reward of the commonplace, unimaginative mind. Take Henry Gilbert, for instance. He had made a conspicuous success and yet he seldom had an original thought; he was deeply grooved in his con-victions and those convictions were orthodox; he lived in the comfortable belief that he had never made a mistake. It is an agreeable frame of mind and one conducive to old age; but unfortunately the older such people grow the more infallible they consider themselves. The prosperity that had attended Gilbert's various enterprises was proof sufficient to fortify his implicit belief in himself.

Life, to him, was a devout and meditative pilgrimage from the cradle to the tomb and thence onward without pause to the heights of perpetual beatitude. Those who pressed of perpetual beatitude. Those wno pressed forward, strong in the Lord and with a literal belief in His word, could not fail to arrive. Important events, turning-points, he called "milestones along the way." Marriage parenthood were two such milestones. Marriage and was the first quarrel between husband and wife, the beginning of domestic inharmony. This, by the way, he referred to as "a rift in the lute." In the ideal marriage there was, of course, no inharmony: the happy pair marched, hand in hand, down the smiling avenue of life, bearing a certain number of children en route—each an epoch-marking monument in that particular pilgrimage.

His marriage to Belle Galloway was an epoch, but he was soon advised that there would be no parenthood for them-no child milestones to mark their passage—for she was too old to risk children. She declared, too, that she had seen so little, had been denied so much enjoyment, that she did not propose to make a slave of herself and spoil her figure.

In spite of this pronouncement, a second "turning-point" in their lives was not long in coming. Domestic inharmony, their first coming. Domestic inharmony, their first quarrel, followed so quickly after marriage that those two milestones resembled gateposts

Belle's family occasioned the clash.

Gilbert's home life had always been so free from petty annoyances that he entirely lacked training in patience. Naturally it came hard for him to put up with such trials as followed the arrival of the Galloways. All

three were in every way abhorrent to him.

Sonny Galloway was the first to excite his disapproval; within a week Gilbert had learned to detest that young person venomously. Sonny was fresh and vulgar and he insisted upon keeping Otto in the house. Otto by the way, grew constantly more friendly and boisterous; he loved everybody and especially he loved Henry Gilbert. In view of the latter's frank disfavor there was something almost abnormal about this one-sided friendship. Dogs are usually sensitive, but Otto flung himself at Gilbert's head like a wanton; in his devotion he made up for all the dislike that other dogs held for the man.

It was trying enough to be pawed and licked and dirtied up by a dog which always smelled as if he had been rolling in dead fish, but it was no more trying than to receive attentions equally familiar from a youth whose behavior and whose habits were quite as coarse as the dog's. And Sonny was coarse—coarser than shark skin. He had made himself as thoroughly

at home as Otto. He invariably called Gilbert "pop" and soon began telling him stories of obscure meaning, winking and nudging him the while. stiffness on such occasions amused the fellow enormously and he seemed to believe that the elder man's attitude of high morality was nothing but a pose. It was an amusing pose, inasmuch as it deceived everybody except Sonny, and the latter accepted it as a great joke. He chose to treat his brother-in-law as if they shared a dark secret.

This infuriated Gilbert even more than to be called "pop.

Sonny made free with everything on the premises; he even helped himself to his new relative's handkerchiefs, neckties and underwear, and no doubt he would have appro priated coats and trousers had they fitted him. When Gilbert protested to Belle she laughed tolerantly. Wasn't that just like laughed tolerantly. Wasn't that just lii Sonny? But he didn't mean anything by it.

Gilbert had lost no time in sending the boy down-town to buy a suit with which to replace those shapeless "Oxford bags" in which he had arrived. Sonny went willingly enough; he entered into the project with an inordinate zest, but alas, the result was an appalling failure. He plunged, put on sports clothes; he wore nothing now except plus-fours of dizzy pattern, impressionistic sweaters and golf hose of rattlesnake plaid.

With incredible celerity he made himself known to the people of Hopewell; inside of a fortnight the city understood perfectly that he was Henry Gilbert's brother-in-law. At the Gilbert plant, too, he made himself acquainted. He became the intimate compani of teamsters, yard-men, and the low-salaried office help. At the Gilbert home he started office help. At the Gilbert home he started an affair with the up-stairs girl, a maid who had been in the house for several years, and he pursued it so impetuously that she quit without notice.

Blanche was less trying than her brother, probably because Gilbert saw less of her, but she and Sonny were forever quarreling at table and this got upon Gilbert's nerves dreadfully. It affected him the more because their quarrels were always senseless and led nowhere. Neither participant took them seriously, but they occasioned Mrs. Galloway untold pain and despair and she usually put an end to them by bursting into tears. She wept easily, did the mother; her feelings were tender, and incidentally they were always exposed. Her sensitiveness, she explained, was the result of her ill health; and when she cried it upset her stomach and caused more gas. Gilbert, by the way, had never been able to accustom himself to those eructations of hers and most of his meals ended in nausea. He, too, began to have indigestion.

So much, then, for the petty provocations which led up to his and Belle's first quarel, the first "rift in their lute." A time came when the husband was compelled to inquire as diplomatically as might be how much longer he could count upon enjoying the pleasure of his in-laws' presence. Belle answered indifferently that she hadn't the slightest idea. Henry insisted that they must have voiced some expression as to when their visit would end, and he was surprised when his wife asked him angrily if he was tired of them. "Why, no! Certainly not," he lied. "You

are welcome to have them here as long as you wish. I was merely wondering-"If they were your people, I wouldn't ask you when they were going and try to hurry them off."

'My dear! Nothing could be further from

"You haven't any thought for anybody except yourself."
"Belle! Why—Belle!" he exclaimed in con-

sternation.

"Oh, it's true! I'd ask your people to come and live with us. We're rich—we have lots of room and plenty of servants."

"We won't have any servants if Sonny continues to carry on the way he did with that chambermaid," Gilbert flared up spitefully. Belle gasped; for a moment she was speechless, so he continued: "I've wanted to speak to you about that for some time. It's shocking. I about that for some time. It's shocking. I can't permit anything so disgraceful to recur in my house."

"Your house?" "Sonny, I'm afraid, is a bad boy and—"
"Your house? It's as much mine as yours."
"Of course, but—" "Of course, but1926 in-law an to n the ınderppro-fitted e she t like y it.

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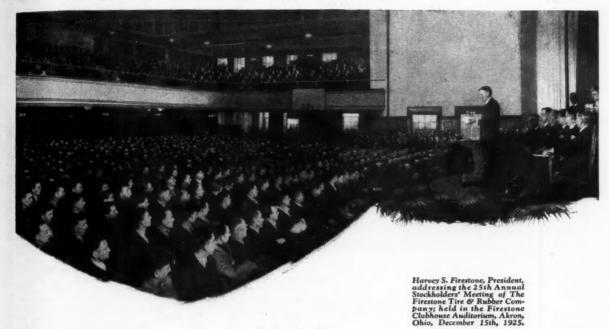
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"And he's my brother, so please don't criticize him. It was time that girl went. She's too good-looking and she had been here too long. Perhaps there's some reason why you hated to see her go?" Gilbert uttered an indignant exclamation. "Oh, don't look

so holy! Why, you're as red as a lobster!"
"This is—abominable! I shan't permit you to harbor such a thought. Your very suspicion calls for an analogy." calls for an apology.

Gilbert had always admired Belle's dark eyes, feeling sure that they indicated deep emotional possibilities; for the first time now they more than justified his expectations. They blazed. The woman herself was aquiver.

Loudly she cried: "Don't dictate to me! I'm not like your first wife. You can't browbeat me.

For heaven's sake, lower your "Hush! voice." Gilbert was in a panic.

a If anything, Belle raised her voice; he felt sure it could be heard throughout the house. It astonished him to discover that she had an

It astonished him to discover that she had an ungovernable, nay, an insane temper.

"You're not going to squelch me," she fairly screamed, "and you're not going to throw my people out in the street!"

"Sh-h! I don't propose——"

"They're as good as you are, for all your airs. And they're as good as your own people. They're hetter! None of my relatives are in They're better! None of my relatives are in

"Belle! They'll hear you! Think of the servants!" The man was in apprehension.

Let them hear; I've got nothing to be ashamed of. Thinking about yourself again! You're too good to have honest folks in your house, but what about your first wife? What house, but what about your first wife? What was she? What became of your daughter?

Gilbert moaned, he lifted his eyes, falteringly he cried, "What have I done to warrant this?"

The inquiry was not directed to Belle; nevertheless she answered it: "I'll tell what you've done, if anybody wants to know. I'll tell what happened to Edith and who put her where she is. And I'll tell what happened to her mother, too. I'll tell everything. Well? I'm not the meek and suffering kind, Henry Gilbert, and you'll never drive me to commit to do what your first wife did. Sonny's a bad boy, is he? If I were you I'd keep still about bad boys and bad girls." The speaker had herself The speaker had herself under better control by this time; nevertheless her voice was still pitched in a key to carry well. "Let's understand each other right now. got as much to say about this house as you have and I'm going to say it or I'm going to get out. If you drive me out I'll have something else to say that will set Hopewell afire.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Now this last admonition was merely an Now this last admonition was merely an excited figure of speech, for Gilbert's tongue had never been defiled by the "filthy weed"; nevertheless, he choked, turned green, became quite as ill as if he had indeed inhaled a lungful of poisonous tobacco smoke.

For some time longer he tried ineffectually to quiet his wife's hysteria. He implored; she continued to rage. Like most domestic squalls this one had arisen suddenly, and when it had blown itself out it had settled nothing. On the contrary, it had left troubled waters in its wake.

As soon as his dignity permitted him to close the disgraceful scene, Gilbert rose and with a heavy sigh exclaimed: "Alas, it is true that the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust."

This was another spark; it ignited Belle's ire anew, but a sound from the hall checked the impending outburst. She listened.

Gilbert, too, became aware of that sound. It was a subdued sobbing with which, alas, he was already too familiar. It came from Momma Galloway. She had been listening!

Momma presented a piteous spectacle of grief when they found her. She had settled in a palpitating mass upon the top step of the stairs; her face was wet and swollen; she turned

imploring eyes up at her son-in-law and shrank from him as if she anticipated a blow.

Hears

"Now see what you've done!" Belle ex-claimed in a key of high tragedy. "You've frightened her to death."

"No, no!" the old lady bleated. "I'm only—hurt. Henry doesn't love us any more.
We've got to go."
"Nonsense!" the man exclaimed. "You

both misunderstood-

Mrs. Galloway uttered a thin, heart-broken wail and rocked herself ponderously to and fro. A moment and she began to cough and to

hiccough in an alarming manner.

To her distracted husband Belle cried passionately: "There, you brute! I hope you're satisfied. You've given her another gas satisfied. attack '

Gilbert fled the premises.

The first quarrel between man and wife is always tragic, putting an end, as it does, to that pleasant fiction that marriage is a har-monious relation; usually it is followed by repentance, passion helps to heal it and in time it is forgotten. Not so in this instance. Gilbert kept asking himself how much his mother-in-law had overheard and, pending enlightenment, he could not bring himself to seek reconciliation with Belle. As for her, it genuinely pleased her to feel wronged. It was a sensation she enjoyed. Years of re-pression had distorted rather than stunted her pression had distorted rather than stunted her emotional nature; that "mother hunger" of which she had spoken so eloquently before marriage manifested itself in a perverted de-sire to nurse a grudge instead of a child. This one she nourished jealously and derived much resentful satisfaction therefrom.

Before long Gilbert began to sense a downright antagonism on Belle's part which en-tered into all their daily relations, and in this her family covertly shared. He became a common enemy and she their champion. They dug in behind her and from cover sniped

at him. "Dug in" pretty well expressed what they had done. There was no end to their visit in sight and he concluded finally that they had come to stay. When, for instance, he apologized to momma for that scene with Belle, the old lady misconstrued his listless protestation of welcome into a hearty invitation to spend her declining years at his board, and she accepted. He could not very well disabuse her mind for fear the mistake was honest. Nor did he dare try, on Belle's account; there was no telling what a woman of her temper might do. He realized now, or thought he did, that she proposed to use her hold over him to win her relatives an easy living. Black-mail it was—nothing less. Naturally such a situation was all but intolerable to a man who had been a despot in his own home.

Nor was the task of supporting four such people a small one. Belle herself was extrava-gant and the others were as wasteful as parrots; she was likewise a careless housekeeper. Household responsibilities irked her and in consequence Gilbert's bills doubled, trebled, discipline vanished, his home became dirty, meals were had at all hours and were badly served by incompetent help.

Blanche's tastes were not much higher than her brother's. She was not such a "born politician" as he and therefore made fewer friends, but those she did make were common. Gilbert's home filled up with young people of whom he disapproved—many of them were his own employees-and it became a sort of bedlam.

He sometimes regretted the placid and or-derly life he had lived with Alice and compared these young folks with Edith's friends. Everything in those days had been, if not quite in accord with his ideas of decorum, at least dignified. Refined, too. Here was coarseness,

ignorance and vulgarity.

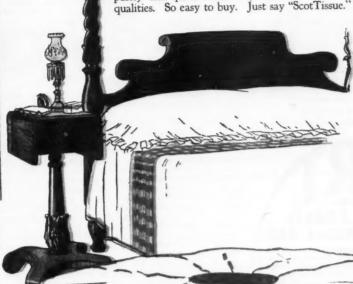
Sonny and Blanche became favorites in their own peculiar clique and after a while they decided to get into the country club set. Why cided to get into the country club set. Why not? Henry was a founder member. To that end they took up golf.

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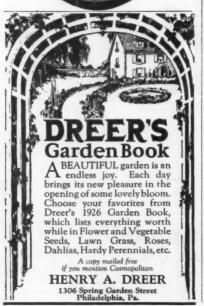
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Gilbert learned that they had taken up golf, as he usually learned what they were doing, when they quarreled one day at luncheon over Edith's clubs. Sonny had found them somewhere and claimed them by right of discovery; Blanche asserted they should be hers because they were women's clubs. Followed the usual acrimonious exchange of compliments.

Why did Blanche want to learn golf, anyhow? Sonny asked this question and answered it. It was because she was stuck on that pro at

the club.

Oh, was that so? Sonny was a smart boy. What was wrong with a golf professional? He worked for a living, didn't he? That was more than some people could say for them-selves. Some people wanted to play golf so they could wear a lot of trick clothes. A pair of skinny legs in plus-fours was Blanche's

idea of nothing to look at.
Oh, was that so? Blanche had her nerve talking about clothes. At least his weren't second-hand. Where did Blanche get hers? Out of that upper hall closet. Ha, ha! Wait till they saw her at the country club wearing Edith Gilbert's stuff.

Oh, was that so? Well, wasn't it better to wear out clothes than to let the moths eat

them up?

Gilbert paled. Edith's dresses! The van-als! The buzzards! That was his shirt The buzzards!

which Sonny had on.

Momma Galloway belched complacently and said that Sonny was right. It wasn't very nice to wear Edie's things. (Not even Gilbert himself had ever called his daughter "Edie.") It was like wearing a dead person's clothes, the speaker declared. Yes, sir, a dead person!

erson! It must be like dying to go to—
"Mother!" Belle spoke sharply.
Mrs. Galloway started, there was an awkward hush, glances were exchanged. Henry Gilbert turned such a glare upon his mother-

in-law that she gasped

"Oh! I'm—sorry. I'm always putting my foot in it." She stared from one face to another; her own assumed an expression of acute

distress; the ready tears flowed.

"Aw, can it, momma!" Sonny exclaimed.

"What's the diff? Ain't we all in the family?" But momma was heart-broken. She had blundered; Henry was angry with her. To have her loved ones angry with her was worse

than death. She practically dissolved. She asked for her medicine and Blanche directed

Sonny shrugged. "What's the matter with you getting it? Are you crippled? Do a little waiting on momma and you won't feel so much like golf."

There began another argument. brother's stubbornness stiffened that of his sister and meanwhile the mother continued to suffer. Belle finally rose and went for the

bottle.

Later, while Gilbert waited for a word in private with his wife, he wondered what sort of tonic it was that so promptly brought Mrs. Galloway out of her faint spells. He felt the need of something like it himself. It must be a harmless stimulant and pleasant to the taste, for she consumed large quantities of it and was always accusing Sonny of helping himself.

When Belle appeared he asked her what the remedy was. 'It isn't a real medicine," she told him.

"It's port wine. Momma loves it and it agrees with her

Gilbert opened his mouth to protest against the use of rum in his house but thought better Belle did not take kindly to strictures upon her people and there was a more impor-tant matter on his mind. Nevertheless, this explained certain peculiarities of Mother Galloway's behavior.

In a tone of stern reproach he said: "You romised never to mention that trouble of Edith's. I'm surprised—"
"Bosh! Half the people in Hopewell suspect

where she is."

"Then somebody in this house must havesaid something.

Belle turned away indifferently. "What of it? You can't keep a thing like that secret."
That was an unhappy afternoon for Henry Gilbert. What a mess he had made of things! His daughter disgraced and that disgrace known to his friends; a loveless marriage; a home life that was a torture; a druker mother-in-law. Those were but a few of the misfortunes that vexed him. And all were so unwarranted! What next?

He

He discovered what next when he returned home that evening to find the house in an up-roar. Momma Galloway was in hysterics, genuine hysterics at last, and the doctor was with her. The cause of her seizure was not made plain until the doctor came down-stairs; he was the doctor who had always attended the family and he announced cheerfully:

"It's nothing but nerves. She'll be all right when she gets over the shock."

"What shock? What happened?"

"Why—it's her room." The speaker avoided Gilbert's eyes. "She had Mrs.—er—the room your first wife occupied-

"Yes. To be sure."
"She didn't know anything about what happened there until today. About the gas,

I mean."
"Who told her?"

assume your-ah--present wife must have let it drop. The old lady was quite unmanageable when I arrived—said she couldn't manageable when I arrived—said she couldn't stay there another hour; she'd go crazy if she did. She had an idea she could smell gas. Silly, of course, but when a person like that gets a notion in her head there's only one thing gets a notion in her head there's only one thing to do. Mrs. Gilbert moved her into your room." The listener jumped. "She'll prob-ably be all right now, but I'll drop in during the evening and make certain."

Mrs. Galloway in his room! Where did Belle expect him to sleep? Belle herself had appropriated what used to be the best guestamber and refused to sleep with him because It was not sanitary and because he snored; Blanche and Sonny occupied the other two rooms. Surely she didn't propose that he would take Alice's room!

But that was precisely what Belle did pre pose; in fact, she had already transferred his belongings. When he uttered an incoherent protest she wanted to know if he expected her put momma in one of the small rooms What if she were merely his mother-in-law? She was an old woman. And certainly he didn't think that she, Belle, would move into the room that had belonged to her predecessor. Humph! And just as certainly neither Blanche nor Sonny would consent to do so.

But why did he object to the exchange? Belle eyed him coldly, sardonically. Surely he wasn't an hysterical old woman. If there was any reason why that room should remain unoccupied, perhaps they had better get a larger, finer house. Was there any reason why he couldn't sleep as well there a where else? No? Then that ended it.

Gilbert was sweating nervously; his palms were wet and cold when he climbed the stairs heavily and turned the knob of that door which he had locked so many months before.

It would be difficult to imagine a more sudden or a more startling change of fortune than that which came to Edith Gilbert upon her release from Bedford Reformatory. awaken one morning a bitter, disheartened patient in a prison hospital; to be lifted in a few hours out of utter wretchedness and into surroundings more luxurious than she had ever known; to go to sleep that very night in her own bed with the comfortable assurance that she was safe and that her troubles were over, was more than any mind could encompass. She kept telling herself that it was merely the caprice of a sick imagination. She would wake sooner or later.

It had been a silent journey on her part, for she was very weak; her mind was in shadow and it was haunted: all the way in she had sat huddled in a corner of Hermann's limousine, speechless, dazed. Now and then she had



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dozed for a moment, only to start into wakefulness and to turn frightened eyes upon her companions. In her pinched, white face those eyes had looked enormous. Occasionally she had reached out a timid hand and touched one or the other of her fellow passengers as if to assure herself that they were real flesh and blood.

The first time she did this Hermann was oddly affected. He had been saying something at the moment but he broke off abruptly and into his face crept an expression so out of place upon that satirical countenance that Mrs. Alcott was startled into attention. He took the girl's hand in his and stroked it; his emotion, whatever it was, twisted the deep lines about his mouth and eyes.

Mrs. Alcott was swept by a wave of anger and of resentment. This girl at her side was so weak, so helpless, such a child! And he was so ruthless! What a powerful thing, she reflected, is this sex attraction, and how mysterious its manifestations. White magic had carried this girl's voice through the air, but something even less comprehensible than those electric impulses had broadcast an appeal from her to him. Whatever that force, it was strong enough to pierce prison walls and rouse his emotional nature, whip it like a tempest.

Hermann continued to hold Edith's hand as he would have held a flower.

The arrival at Mrs. Alcott's place gave Edith an even keener feeling of somnambulism than her release or the journey thither; it was than her release or the journey thither; it was the final chimera. Here was fairyland, the golden dream of Alnaschar come true. And what was it Mr. Hermann was telling her? It was her home—her sanctuary? She was too stunned to cry, and yet—she touched her cheeks and found them wet. It was the beauty of the place that brought those tears; she had been starved so long that she was supersensi-

tive to beauty.

The estate which Hermann had leased was not large, but it was charming. There was a Tudor house, its walls covered with ivy which the first light frosts had deepened into richer shades, and it was old enough to possess an atmosphere. There were smooth lawns bor-dered by rhododendron, laurel and other shrubs, a sunken garden with a pool at the end, and in addition to the native trees there were some really fine plantings of evergreen which formed shady retreats from the summer sun and barriers against the winter winds.

Edith's room deepened her conviction that some benevolent enchantment had been cast upon her. What was the significance of these incantations? she wondered; but she was too weary to search for an answer and contented herself by asking God to bless these two kindhearted people who had delivered her. It was the first appeal to God that she had made since her commitment.

It was several days before her feeling of bewitchment wholly wore off, and meanwhile other magic had been at work. She was gaining strength, she was reviving like a wilted bloom.

Mrs. Alcott, what little Edith saw of her, was kindness itself and exercised an almost professional supervision over her guest's welfare, but she showed no desire to become well acquainted. Hermann came and went at his convenience. Usually he brought gifts at his convenience. Usually he brought gifts and in the main his attitude was fatherly, but at times there was an ardor to his gaze, and his voice took on a quality which troubled

the girl. It also affected the older woman.

Once, as Hermann was leaving, she stopped him to inquire: "Well? As a nurse am I

satisfactory?"
"You are," he told her. "The child is almost

"Oh, the bitterness is there; her soul is scarred. She'll never be what she was." Hermann frowned; there was a pause. "How long must I keep this up? Don't pretend. You know what I mean. She has dropped out—fallen behind the herd. She's helpless. Why don't you get it over with?"
"Ah! Still thinking of me as the wolf, eh?"

"Listen, Jesse!" The speaker could not conceal her agitation. "She thinks we're the only good people in the world and that all kindness and unselfishness is centered in us. She strokes my dress. She kisses my hand It's—unbearable! I suppose you're going to ask me to break the bad news to her—or, if ask me to break the bad news to her-or, if worse comes to worst, to threaten to send her back. Well, I won't do it. I refuse, I'm sorry I let you drive me this far. She'll accept you, no doubt. What else can she do, poor thing? You've got her tied, hand and foot. But—I should think you'd hate yourself." He

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Hermann had reddened slightly. "Have you never hated yourself?

"I hate myself now. I'm thoroughly ashamed."

"Perhaps I-

"Perhaps 1—"
"The wretchedest part of it all is thisshe thinks you're good!" The speaker laughed harshly. "Why, if I told her the truth at this minute—if I told her what I am and what you poor joke, and—pat my hand. Oh, but we're a couple of rotters!"

I never posed as a saint, Lois, and you're

not going to tell her anything."
"No. I daren't. Not for my own sake but for hers. Of course you'll give her everything, but she's not like the rest of us. How she will hate you!"

Hermann spoke angrily: "That's my affair.
Oblige me by doing what you're engaged to do.
I can't abide lectures." He stepped into his car and slammed the door behind him.

Mrs. Alcott had not exaggerated. Edith did indeed cherish some sort of notion that her two friends monopolized most of the virtues, for she was in no condition as yet to form half-likes or dislikes. She knew by now whose efforts had freed her and whose money provided this retreat; it seemed equally fine and generous of Lois to lend herself so liberally to Hermann's charity. Her obligation to the pair was overwhelming and no payment that either could exact would be too great for her to meet. She felt like a slave, for the law had bound her out to Mrs. Alcott, but it was a willing and an affectionate servitude.

How really lovable they both were! Lois,

for instance, was not at all the woman that she pretended to be; she had a passionate, hungry nature and it shamed her to show, or to be shown, sincere affection. Mr. Hermann was a revelation, too. Beneath that armor of suavity, of worldly cynicism, beat the heart of a boy, and his mind was a limitless wonderland which she loved to explore. They were like-like oysters, Edith told herself; they dwelt within stony shells, the outsides of which were rough and unpromising, but when opened they showed pearls of priceless worth.

So ran her mind during the days of her convalescence. Following the law of reaction her spirits rose to abnormal heights, she was effervescent, she romped like a child, she laughed and she played. The servants adored her, she made friends with the horses. Hermann came more and more often; frequently they rode together. Autumn wine was in the air and they were drunk with it.

Edith grew well and strong, but suffering had stamped her with a certain spiritual quality she had never before possessed and physically she was more fragile, more ethereal than formerly. In only one other way was she changed: she no longer showed the slightest interest in music and Hermann realized that not once had he heard her try her voice.

He asked her about this one day, but instantly regretted his inquiry, for into her eyes leaped a look of misery. She told him what had happened that night at Bedford and al-

nad nappened that night at Bedford and al-though she tried to speak casually she failed. He realized that this was the tragedy of al. "Did you never try again?" he queried. "Yes. A few times. It was always the same." "Don't be discouraged. The voice is there and we'll bring it back, better than ever." Edith smiled wanly. "Shock, they say, often makes a voice or destroys it. It was my

Edith smiled wanly. "Shock, they say, often makes a voice or destroys it. It was my

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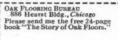
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"How a problem?" "What's going to become of me? What are you going to let me do with myself?"
"What would you like to do with yourself?"

"I haven't much to say, have I? We girls are usually put out at housework. Mrs. Alcott must need a maid. I learned to make beds and do laundry work and-

"Don't joke!" the man exclaimed sharply. "But-I can't remain here indefinitely like I understand the situation; I even know what you pay for this place. Naturally, I can never earn enough to begin to repay you."

With an effort he inquired, "Do you like the place?"
"It's—heaven!"

"It's yours if you'll take it and promise never again to talk like this. The owner will be glad to get rid of it.

He was surprised when the girl reached out and laid her hand on his. "How generous you are. And how good!"

"Oh, you'll deny it, of course. That's your on, you in deny it, or coarse. That s your pose, but I've heard about so many generous things you have done. Things like this. How many artists owe everything they are to you? How many fine charities do you support? You won't answer, you blessed fraud. The finest charity any man can do is to help those who are struggling to do something and to be something, and to help them unobtrusively. It's something new to me, for when my father

gives, it something new to me, for when my father gives, it somehow gets into the newspapers. If he donates a hospital bed his name has to go up over the door. But I'm not an artist and I have no future. I'm a bond girl." Hermann regarded the speaker with a curious

Hermann regarded the speaker with a curious alertness; he appeared to be upon the point of some decisive speech, but hesitated. Tied hand and foot, Lois had said. A bond girl! Was this the flutter of the white flag? Her signal of surrender? She met his eyes frankly, she was smiling. How slim and young and clean she was! That wasn't coquetry in her cyes, it was—faith. Faith in him! Slowly the tautness went out of the man's nerves. He heard himself saving: He heard himself saying:

"You must try your voice, and keep trying -not with fear that it may fail you but it—not with fear that it may iail you out with confidence that it will not. Faith, you know, will move mountains." What balderdash he was talking! But he had to say something, "Wonderful thing, faith. And there's a lot in the power of mind, too—it works real miracles. You were ill and frightened up there; you're well now and perfectly safe. He had not meant to say quite that. Safe indeed! With these savers defined Safe. With these savage desires rending "Will your voice to come back, command it to return. Know that you can sing. When the time comes that you actually know you'll sing.

This was good, comforting advice, but so far as the giver could see it accomplished no more and no less than he had expected. Good advice is always barren of result. He continued, as the days went along, to see as much of Edith as he dared to see, and constantly the spell she had cast over him grew stronger.

This could not long continue; his moment must soon come and then—Hermann grew dizzy, blind at the thought.

Come that moment did, and as unexpectedly

as most great moments come.

He had formed the habit of telephoning to her frequently and seldom permitted many hours to elapse without ringing her up. Some times he had nothing more than a cheerful greeting for her; again, they held long conver-sations. This afternoon he phoned that important matters had arisen which would prevent him from coming out during the evening as he had planned. He hoped she was dis-appointed. It was nice to be missed.

He had honestly meant what he said, but the lodestone was too powerful; nine o'clock found him in his car speeding out the Island. The house was dark when he arrived, except for a warm glow from the library windows. When he stepped out of his car he heard music. She was at the piano.

He let himself in and slipped out of his coat. then started for the music room, but paused. She was trying her voice. Delicacy urged him to retreat or at least to make known his arrival; curiosity impelled him to remain.

She had begun by trying a note or two softly, fearfully. He could tell by the way she fumbled the keys that she was numb with dread. Her voice was husky and uncertain She stopped.

Hermann craned his neck and saw that her head was thrown back and that her eyes were closed. Her hands were clasped above her bosom, her lips were moving. He could almost

read the words of her prayer.

She summoned all her faith, all her willpower, she tried to know that she could sing; it was a laborious effort and she repeated several times the introduction to a simple song before she could again bring herself to risk the actual experiment. The notes came truer this time but they were thin. Gradually they increased in volume and in beauty. Jesse Hermann stood rooted in his tracks.

Followed an astonishing thing, a thing which, to the observer, was intensely moving and deeply dramatic. He witnessed, or heard, the rebirth of a divine talent, and he shared in both the pain and the ecstasy of that birth. Anyone who loved music as Hermann did must have been stirred by the struggle, but that which shook him to the very depths was the rapture of the singer. As her vocal cords responded and their tones grew fuller and finer, her excitement mounted, it grew to exaltation. Vitality flowed into her, her touch upon the keys became surer, more electric, confidence returned. Soon she was playing, singing, in a perfect frenzy; strong and clear and magnif-cent, her voice flooded the room, filled the whole house, the night itself, so it seemed. It was not a song which issued from her throat but a pæan of thanksgiving and of praise.

This was miraculous enough but it was not all; something else held the man spellbound, and it was the realization that this was not at all the voice he knew, but another voicea richer, deeper, more colorful voice, and an infinitely finer one. It was one voice in ten thousand; it was the sort of voice that rears altars in the hearts of men.

The girl herself was in transports, of course; her face was glorified; all the emotion in her came forth in those tones.

She ended suddenly, with a crash.

Hermann found himself clapping his hands and hoarsely crying: "Bravo! Bravo!"

Edith saw him, and rose.
"I can sing! I can sing!" She came running towards him, flung herself into his arms.
"I can sing!" Such excitement he had never seen on any face. Over and over she sobbed:

"I can sing! I can sing!"
"Yes. Yes!" he told her in a shaking voice.
"Oh, my dear! You can, indeed."
"I thought they had taken everything.

But—they left me this. It—it was worth the sacrifice." Suddenly she choked, then she hid her face against him and he could feel her bosom heaving, her heart fluttering.

She had come to him of her own free will, his arms were around her at last, his hour was here, and yet he took no profit out of it, for some thing new had been born in him as well as in

An alternative had been at work in Jesse Hermann ever since that moment at the Bed ford infirmary when he had stolen into this girl's room and looked down at her as she lay Or even earlier than that, perhaps. sleeping. A new feeling, the like of which he had never experienced, had been steadily growing and assuming shape; it had required a sincere soul upheaval such as this to put breath into it

and give it actual being.

He held her gently, he stroked her hair, he

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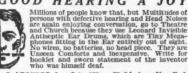
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al Stationery Co. 1204 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illin DEAFNESS IS MISERY GOOD HEARING A JOY



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 173, 70 5th Ave., New York

Nobody had ever called him an artist and yet he possessed the deep emotional capacity of a very great artist and at this moment a feeling infinitely more powerful than mere physical yearning had possession of him. The beast in him had been cowed and driven out. As yet he was aware of this change in only the vaguest way, but one thing he knew beyond all doubt. This girl was safe in the shelter of his arms. She was inviolate.

It was some time before Edith could control herself sufficiently to do more than cling to him and repeat her exultant cry, "I can sing!" but finally she grew calm enough to say:
"I'm so happy—so happy! And do you know
what makes me gladdest of all? You were
here and heard! Yes, and now I can repay
what you've spent on me. Oh, don't I know that you fooled me about Professor Lorelli? You hired him!" She disregarded Hermann's effort to stop her. "Of course I can never effort to stop her. "Of course I can never repay you for your courtesy, your kindness, your love, but I can give you back the actual money, bit by bit. It will take years, but— why, every day since I've been here I've worried myself ill about running into debt——" "Please! Please!" he implored.

"You told me to have faith-to know! I've been trying, trying so hard to make my-self believe, and tonight for the first time I got up courage to test my faith—your faith. I'd never have dared if I'd known you were listening. My voice is better, isn't it? It's a good voice now. Tell me it is."

"My dear! My dear!" he said breathlessly.
"It's incredibly fine. I wonder if you would trust yourself to sing again? It may help me to understand more clearly what has happened to—to each of us."

"Yes. I'm eager to make sure for myself. I—think I can sing better for you than for anybody in the world." She returned to the anybody in the world." She returned to the piano seated herself, remained motionless for a moment. "I was praying to my mother, before I knew you were here. I called on her to help me. You see, it was she who taught me what I know and so—do you mind if I sing something to her? Something she loved? I'm sure she can hear."

Hermann made a gesture of assent. It was a simple, religious thing that Edith sang, not at all what her listener had expected, and therefore its effect upon him was the more profound. In a voice low and sweet and sing-

ularly wistful, he heard this: "Make channels for the streams of love,

Where they may broadly run . And love has overflowing streams, To fill them, every one.

"But if at any time we cease Such channels to provide, The very founts of love for us Will soon be parched and dried.

"For we must share, if we would keep That blessing from above: Ceasing to give, we cease to have. Such is the law of love.

When Edith turned it was to see a whitefaced man staring at her. She spoke to him but he neither heard nor answered.

They were seated side by side and she was talking in a torrent when he interrupted, to quote: "'We must share, if we would keep!

Ceasing to give, we cease to have—'''
"Such is the law of love!'' she finished for him. "That was Mims' religion and she lived it. I think it must be yours."

"Mine? It is a doctrine that fills me with dread. To a wretch who takes and then tries to evade payment, no thought could be more

He felt a finger laid softly upon his lips. "Stop pretending! Who but a great and a good magician could have done all that you have done?"

He rose; he said almost roughly, "I must go now

Hears

"But you just came! I want to talk, talk-I have ten thousand things to say and I'm bursting. Don't you understand? This is my bursting. Don't you understand? This is my supreme moment and you mustn't leave for hours yet. Tonight, for the first time, I live." "I must go," he repeated. "I have something to do."
"Nonsense! At this time of night?"

"Something very important and very par-ticular." Of a sudden he smiled crookedly. "Oh, a very delicate undertaking! I'll tell you what it is—I've got to weigh a man's soul and—and find out its worth. It's a small thing—the average man's soul—after all the devils have been cast out of it; so tiny that it has to be weighed in a vacuum. It will take me all night."

Edith walked with him to the door and when he held out his hand she impulsively lifted her face and kissed him.

"You are so good, so kind!" she told him sincerely. "I can never prove my gratitude." Hermann turned blindly and made for his

car; he stumbled as he entered it. Gratitude! That's what she felt. how could he expect more when he deserved so much less? Gratitude, of course. She was at the threshold of life and he was old—older

As she closed the door and turned happily back into the house Edith heard a sound that startled her. It issued from the darkness of the stiff little reception-room at her left; it was faint but unmistakable. Somebody was was faint but unmistakable. Somebody was weeping, softly, wretchedly. Quickly she entered the room and snapped on the lights; Lois Alcott was crouched upon the floor, her

face hidden against the seat of a chair.
"Mrs. Alcott! Dear!" the girl cried. She ran forward and strained at the woman.

"What has happened?"
"Don't—touch me!" the other gasped.
"My dear! Are you ill?"
"No! No! Let me alone. Please! Why did you come in here? Go away! Go away!"
The speaker lifted a tear-stained face.

"What have I done? Have-I hurt you?" "Yes. Of course you've hurt me. Don't you understand? I'm not fit for you to-touch." Again the sobs came. "I didn't want you to know—or him, either, but—I heard you singing. I came down, slipped in here . . I'm wicked—wicked! . . But he'll never harm you, now; I could see that by the look on his face. He's hurt, too." "There! There! You don't know what you're saving." Edith knelt and put her arms

you're saying." Edith knelt and put her arms around the elder woman. "Of course he won't harm me. He couldn't. Why should—"

"I heard everything you and he said. And that song—that hymn you sang! Oh! . . . Don't you see, child, that the worst thing you could have done was to—to come here, with

could have done was to—to come here, with me? It was wrong of me to let you, but away down inside I'm not bad. I'm like most women. I'd—I'd rather be good."

"Dear, you are hysterical." Edith could speak quietly now. "Of course I don't believe a thing you are telling me. I won't believe! But for that matter I don't care what you may have been or done; you are good to me. you have been or done; you are good to me, you are my friend. You are one of the two friends I have in all this world. Think what I was and where you found me. I was living with thieves and fallen women. I carry a brand which will go with me to my grave. You took which will go with me to my grave. You took me in, nursed me, gave me your love and— took mine. That's something I can't forget and nothing you say or do will ever change my love. Now, you must come to bed. Sh-h!
Not another word, for I won't listen!"
Edith kissed the damp face, drew the woman

to her feet. Mrs. Alcott clung to her and wept as if her heart would break.

Will Hermann or Van Pelt, or neither, in the end win Edith's love? The answer to that question involves the superb climax of Rex Beach's novel in the last instalment-Next Month.

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Like an eight-cylinder car, the eight-tube Super-Heterodyne gains ease of operation with power. The new Radiola 28 has five tuning circuits, each adding finer selectivity. It has eight tubes, each addinggreaters ensitivity. And the last tube, the new power Radiotron, adds volume—with clarity! But all the delicate mechanism is sealed away. And a single control tunes in the programs—station after station.

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Books by Sir Philip Gibbs (Continued from page 89)

in the most realistic and hair-raising style. I tremble even now at the thought of what would have happened if my father had discovered me with this horrible publication under his respectable roof. Indeed I blush with remorse at this deplorable remembrance. I cannot trace much harm that came to me by these adventures in the gutter of literature. contrary they stimulated my imagination and appealed to my youthful sentiment or sense of humor. Fortunately also, they were only sandwiched between books which developed my taste and judgment.

It was my luck that as a boy of fourteen or fifteen I discovered that Shakespeare was an endless source of adventure, and I read the endless source of adventure, and I read the plays with devotion and excitement. They, certainly, were my chief guide to human nature and to all beauty, and to the comedy, romance and tragedy of life. I fell in love ardently with Shakespeare's women—Beatrice, Katherine, Juliet, Rosalind, Portia. To me they are still the ideal of womanhood, gracius were valued to the love of the server value of the server when they are still the reserver to the server when they are still the server when cious, merry, valiant. In Shakespeare's plays, I learned to love the English countryside, and every woodland scene is still to me

and every woodland scene is still to me
the Forest of Arden where the melancholy
Jaques found "books in the running brooks,
sermons in stones, and good in every thing."
In the company of Paletail, Bardolph, Nym
and Pistol, I dived into the low haunts of London and heard the laughter of the fat old knave.
I went to France with I ing Harry and thrilled
to his greech before the battle of Ariscourt to his speech before the battle of Agincourt, and remembered it before recent battles where gentlemen of England fought and died against

great odds with the same old spirit.

It's a big drop from Shakespeare to Alexandre Dumas, and judged by high standards of style and morality, "The Three Musketeers" is a third-rate book. But it had a tremendous influence on me because of the sheer joy it gave I have read it a score of times, and could read it again with some of my first enthusiasm. I find that strange because there is not one word of beauty, one touch of style, in that romantic novel. Yet for me it still holds some divine quality. It is, I think, because it represents the undying spirit of youth—its courage,

its gaiety, its carelessness, its comradeship.

Two other books by French authors made an intense impression on my mind which has never been obliterated. One was "Les Misé-rables" by Victor Hugo, the other "The Story of a Peasant" by Erckmann-Chatrian. Both of them tell the story of life from the point of view of humble folk. The sufferings of Jean Valjean and of the people in the underworld of Paris made me shed tears as a boy, and it is by the tears of youth that a man's heart is kept sweet, even under the cynical crust of age.
In "The Story of a Peasant" by those two

wonderful Alsatians, Erckmann and Chatrian, who wrote in collaboration, the whole history of the French Revolution is told by a young peasant who remembers the misery of his folk in the old days of the French monarchy, goes to Paris in time for the fall of the Bastile and lives to fight as a conscript in the armies of Napoleon. It was that book, partly, which made me lean always to the side of the common folk in abiding sympathy.

My father and mother were great readers of good books so that although as I have said I strayed into trivial by-paths, their enthusiasm for what was best brought me back to the broad highway of the world's masterpieces. I read all of Scott, all of Thackeray, all of Dickens and hundreds more by great masters.

"The Cloister and the Hearth" by Charles Reade, "Lorna Doone" by Blackmore, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" by Hardy, "The Scarlet Letter" by Hawthorne, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" by Oliver Wendell Holmes are among the books which left the strongest influence in my mind. But Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot were my university.

I have to confess that I should not have the patience now to read some of the books again. I am modern enough to be touched with the impatience of the present generation which finds George Eliot's novels too verbose, too portentous in moralizing, too heavy-go Yet I owe a great debt of emotion to "The Mill on the Floss," which I still regard as one of the greatest masterpieces of English fiction.

Hears

So with Scott. I am told that modern boys find him difficult and long-winded, and I agree that in some of his novels he is tedious at times in description and antiquarian learning while the plot halts. But the background of my mind is hung with the tapestry of Scott's romantic histories and I should not be myself. but some one quite different, if I had not gone to the court of King James with Nigel, if I had not served in the Scottish Archers with Quentin Durward, if I had not gone crusading with King Richard, or eaten venison pasty with Friar Tuck. Scott and Alexandre Dumas gave me the sense of history without which, in Europe anyhow, there are no great and gallant ghosts to keep one company, no meaning in old timbers and old stones, no past calling to

the present.
Thackeray and Dickens were my chief guides to human nature in more modern guise. a fashion among our younger intellectuals to sneer at Thackeray and jeer at Dickens. I can see the faults of both of them. I realize their old-fashioned touch. I can no longer tolerate Dickens when he turns on the tap of pathos in full flood. But "David Copperfield" is to my mind still the greatest novel of English life ever written. I lived in the spirit of David Copperficients. field and it was because of my adoration of Charles Dickens, that I resolved at an early age

to become a journalist.

Dickens' novels inspired me as they have done millions with a deep and abiding sympathy for human nature in its humblest, most eccentric, most squalid guise. Apart from his enormous gift of laughter to the world, Dickens, more than any other modern writer, gave the message of human love and charity to our present world. He brought the spirit of Christ into the slums and suburbs.

As for Thackeray-rather Early Victorian too leisurely in his style of narrative, touched a little by the snobbishness at which he tilted-Ittle by the snobbishness at which he tilted-I am conscious that his influence has entered into my character and writing. I share Thackeray's dislike of crude realism. His philosophy of life has helped to shape mine. To me Colonel Newcome is still the beau ideal of the English gentleman. Because of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" I wrote "The Street of Adventure."

It will be seen that I have said nothing about really modern books. That is because I real

really modern books. That is because I read them after my character, taste and judgment had been formed, and therefore they did not set me on fire, or infect me with any fever, or shape me to their mold of thought. And yet I have read an enormous amount of modern literature, and recognize that in many ways it

is more brilliant, more artistic, more perfet in craftsmanship, than the older masterpiecs. As a craftsman I think H. G. Wells is, at his best, a master. The early works of Joseph Conrad have a magic quality of description, a subtle knowledge of character, a sense of nature, unsurpassed in modern literature, Rudyard Kipling's short stories are incomparable within their range of dramatic emotion. "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy is certain to take its place with the classics. "Sinister Street" by Compton Mackenzie filled me with enthusiasm as an exquisite work of literary craftsmanship.

There are a hundred writers or more in England and America whose work is admirable in style and intellectual strength and fidelity to truth, though only time will prove whether they have an enduring quality. But in an article dealing with the books which had most influence on me I have to leave them out.

I owe all I have to the old masters with whom I looked at life when I was a lad.





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oApril Showers Crême Rouge, in light and dark shades, 50s. Toilet Water, diffused loveliness, \$2.00. Perfume, sparkling vials of enchantment, \$4.00. \$2.50 and \$1.00. Sachet, breathing the freshness of Youth, \$1.00. Double Compact, a little silvery jewel with beauty inside, \$2.00. Face Powder, in the five true tones, 75s.

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Log Cabin Days (Continued from page 83)

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be leaded up and taken by wagon to Younts-ville, near Crawfordsville, about eighty miles to the south, where there was a woolen-mill. Here the wool would be traded in for jeans and linsey. However, there was a good deal of spinning and weaving right at home. The of spinning and weaving right at home. The style for women was sunbonnets. As previously suggested, when mother came out from Cincinnati with a hat purchased at a store it was almost a scandal.

The prairie was broken for cultivation by ox-teams pulling huge plows. The biting flies known as greenheads came out of the sloughs and attacked horses so ferociously that they could not endure the torment.

Corn was planted by dropping the grains along the edge of every second or third furrow. The first crops of wheat were cut with the old-fashioned hand sickle. After that came the back-breaking combination of scythe and rake called the "cradle." The grain was flailed out or else separated from the straw by the trampling of work animals, led back and forth across the spread-out crop. To operate the first horse-power machine, which could be fed a few straws at a time, a single horse trudged on a treadmill.

The methods of planting and harvesting were about what they had been for centuries. My father marveled that he had lived to see the amazing improvements come all at once. He said that all the strange devices which were to improve living conditions came during the brief span of his visit to the planet. He saw more changes than his ancestors had seen during a thousand years. He was present to greet the tractor, the motor-car, the telephone, the electric light, the steam thresher, wireless telegraphy, paved highways, airplanes, furnace heaters, rural free delivery and last, but not least, the circus traveling by rail. All his life he had the circus habit. He believed in assemblages of people and entertainment on a large of my writing for the stage.

So he and mother remained on the job to see

the quinin belt become a sightly and prosperous expanse of busy Main Streets and neat white houses and bulky red barns and park-like groves of beautiful trees.

When Newton County was partitioned from Jasper County in 1860 and the Pan Handle Railway was strung across the south end of the county, our family moved to the county-seat and father was one of the officials at the court-house. During the Civil War he was not only a county official but also a special agent, acting under authority of Governor Oliver P. Morton, visiting the front to trace up and bring home the sick and wounded soldier boys of the home compan'es. He was at Vicksburg just after the surrender. He spent a good deal of time around Chattanooga. Our home was a way station for soldiers. The Grand Army of the Republic elected father an honorary

His only real military service was at the time of the Morgan raid. He organized the home guard and started for southern Indiana to trap the raiders, but Morgan must have learned of the impending attack from Newton County, because he hurried back across the river. Father often told how mother wept when he started away to battle with Morgan. He went as far as Logansport and was ordered home and as far as Logansport and was ordered forme and arrived back the day after the heartrending farewells. He said that mother had the children all dressed up and was giving a party. She always denied it.

They spent many placid years in Kentland and twilight found them surrounded by numer-ous children and a flock of grandchildren and

an enlarging auxiliary of great-grandchildren.

My father sent me to college in 1883 when going away to attend a university was a combination of high adventure and costly experiment. All of his business friends advised him not to waste his money. I had a well-earned reputation for being lazy and showing some of the brunette markings of a black sheep. My

Hea

only enthusiasm was for reading.

Father said he had a feeling that I would never develop into anything if I lingered at home and put in all of my time avoiding manual labor. He said that several professions seemed to be open to college-bred men who could not get a foothold in any useful occupa-

I think the limit of his hopes for me was that, eventually, somewhere, somehow, I might make a living.

He made some sacrifices to help me get a degree and I didn't evince much gratitude at the time, being just as thoughtless and self-interested as the ordinary spoon-fed cub.

For ten years after taking my degree in 1887 I did not show to the skeptics back home any feats of finance. Then, to the surprise of all who had taken the trouble to look in my direction, I began to make money. I sent all of the checks to father's bank because I knew that he would show them around. I wanted him to do

He came into a postponed vindication for sending me to Purdue. The fact that I was writing books did not mean much to the well-wishers who gathered around the base-burner in the bank. But when I began to syndicate capital letters and undignified vernacular and send home \$500 a week, and buy farms, a brooding atmosphere of bewilderment enveloped the birthplace. And, of course, I never let on that I wasn't just as surprised as they

Even after father and mother had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary they refused to fold their hands and they shied at luxuries. We children scolded mother because she would not turn the household duties over to a helper. That is, we scolded her to her face and bragged about her when she couldn't hear.

We brought her fine things to wear and she put them away in tissue-paper and saved them for exhibition purposes.

Father retired from the bank when he was

eighty-one. After that he was busier than ever, attending conventions, Chautauquas, circuses attending conventions, Chautauquas, circuss and all kinds of busy gatherings for the good of something or other. He was keen for political rallies and pitched horseshoes at every outing held by the Indiana Society of Chicago. J. M. Studebaker, of South Bend, was his regular partner. They won all of their matches. In 1908 at the Republican National Con-

vention he was, by special resolution, given a place of honor on the platform as a Frémont Republican. When Henry Cabot Lodge, the chairman, was in doubt as to the procedure,

father prompted him.

In the final years of his life he acquired con fidence as a public speaker and enjoyed talking to crowds.

We had a large celebration in his honor at my we had a large celebration in his nonor at my place on September 18, 1913. That day he completed his eighty-fifth year and was showered with messages of congratulation. We had a ball game. My brother Will could not circle the bases because he was stiffened up

with rheumatism, so father ran for him.
On April 28, 1914, he was a delegate to the Republican Congressional Convention at Valparaiso. As Chairman of the Resolutions Committee he drafted the platform and was sitting in the convention hall listening to the report of his committee. He fell asleep. His seat-mate tried to arouse him, but anyone might have known that father would not go to sleep in a Republican convention. He was

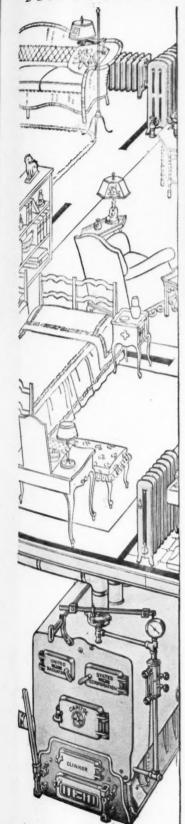
He died as his father and all except one of his brothers had died, passing from the full vigor of life into the quiet beyond in the twinkling of an

He came into port after a triumphant voyage, with all canvas set and flags flying. He and my mother were what they were which was plenty good enough for this speckled

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Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan for April, 1926

DEPENDABLE HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY



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June comfort on every zero morning

Out the window this morning, you saw the snow melting. Yes, bitter winter is going, but not for good. It is only vacationing. A few short months of warmth and it will be back.

Now, while your memories of zero days are close and vivid, guard against another winter like the last.

Investigate heating equipment. You will find that with Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators you are given the most definite assurance of heating comfort for every room. No other boiler is easier to operate. No other requires less fuel.

This is the logical time to have a new heating system installed. Consult your contractor. Write for a free copy of our illustrated booklet, "A Modern House Warming." Determine now that next winter you will have June comfort on every zero morning.

United States Radiator Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

6 FACTORIES AND 28 ASSEMBLING PLANTS SERVE THE COUNTRY
For 36 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

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GUARANTEED HEATING

Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS



It's an actual fact-

Dandruff and Listerine simply do not get along together. And, peculiarly, the real importance of this fact was discovered by dandruff sufferers themselves who persisted in writing in to the makers of Listerine, urging that this use be advertised.

Hundreds of letters, from women as well as men, are on file, making claims for Listerine much stronger even than the manufacturers of Listerine would care to make. So if you are troubled with dandruff, you'll be glad to know that regular applications of Listerine, doused on clear and massaged in will actually do the trick.

It's really wonderful how it invigorates, cleanses and refreshes the scalp. And how it brings out that luster and softness that women want—and men like. Try it yourself and see.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

DANDRUFF and Listerine simply do not get along together

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Pig Iron by C. G. Norris (Continued from page 97)

and Sam had spent morning and afternoon dictating memoranda and letters. been absent from his desk a week; bringing his mind back to his affairs after the interval had He decided he would go back to stirred him. stirred him. He decided he would go back to the city. Whether or not there was any busi-ness to be done, his place during these chaotic times was at his office, where he could watch events. Paula was going to close the house in a few days, anyway.

He had reached this decision the evening before, and now as he lay planning what he should do when he was once more back at work. there began to break over him a light; he caught just a glimpse at first, and then in a moment a clear vision straight into the future. What he saw brought his heart into his throat.

"Why, of course," he said aloud.

1926

He threw back the covers and sat up, his teeth shut, his mind racing, and automatically felt about for his slippers with his bare feet. Abruptly he went to the door, opened it, moved quietly down the hall, crept down-stairs and prowled about, looking for a newspaper. Underneath one of the wicker tables on the porch he found yesterday's sheet. He turned to the stock-market quotations, switching on a light. He read: "Bethlehem Steel . . . 34½."

Carrying the paper back to his room, he returned to bed and studied each quotation carefully. At five o'clock he rose, began to pack his clothes and dress. At six he descended the stairs again, made his way to the garage and woke Dwiggins. At eight he was speeding

toward the city.

He proceeded with caution but with a definite purpose. Every instinct within him told him he was right; his blood tingled with the knowledge of it. He swept Jerry's hesitancy out of the way; he overbore big Harold Webster; he silenced Haussmann. He was determined to hux shall be have the hux. determined to buy—buy iron, buy steel, buy metal, it made little difference what kind. Metal was an integral part of war; the battling armies were using and destroying metal as fast as they were able. It was a war of iron and steel against iron and steel, and when the demand came the man with iron and steel to deliver was the man who would enrich himself. It was clear, too, that the stocks of the big steel companies were certain to advance in price with increasing calls for their products. He went to Tom Kenyon and told him to buy a hundred shares of Bethlehem Steel and left with him a deposit of a thousand dollars. It was his first venture into the stock-market since he had forsworn it.

It was from Peter Van Hoysan that he first heard about the rolling-mill at Crompton Lakes. He met him by accident on a corner of Broadway one day and the two walked a block or so together toward a subway entrance.

block or so together toward a subway entrance. "You're interested in iron and steel," Peter said; "you ought to go after that Fryberg property. Old Gus Fryberg is dead, and I believe the executors would listen to twenty-five thousand dollars in cash. The family consists only of wife and daughter and they can't go on with the business. It's a neat affair and I think worth twice the money. Fry affair, and I think worth twice the money. Fry-berg was an experimenter, and I'm told he's got a formula for high-speed steel that's remarkable. It's a good speculative proposition.

"Why don't you buy it?" Sam asked bluntly.
"I know nothing about the steel business.
Thought I'd mention it to Shorb."
"Let me look at it first," Sam said. "What's the name?" He penciled it down with a casual air, but his jaw tightened as he wrote.

The Computer Lakes Steel Company, he

The Crompton Lakes Steel Company, he found, was a small mill where a moderate quantity of tool-steel was manufactured in open pit furnaces having a capacity of eight pots to the furnace; there were two heats a day turning out something in the neighborhood of a ton of metal. The property was well equipped, and almost at a glance Sam saw that there was plenty of room for development. If there should come a sudden demand for

The superintendent and the lawyer who showed him over the plant spoke enthusiastically of Fryberg's formula, which they claimed was the result of fifteen years' work. But this did not interest Sam so much as a surprisingly large quantity of ferrotungsten he discovered piled in boxes in one of the warehouses. It had been collected for experimental purposes. Ferrotungsten was an integral part in the making of high-speed steel and was selling at about forty-five cents a pound. It was scarce; there were some ten thousand pounds of it here in storage.

Upon his return to New York, he went to e Van Hoysan.

see Van Hoysan.
"I'll buy the property with you," Peter suggested after listening to him; "we'll each suggested after listening to him; "we'll each

"No," Sam answered; "I won't do that.
You finance me and I'll meet any reasonable rate of interest. You know the property's worth it."

"Well, I won't risk more than fifteen thousand," Peter told him.

Borrowing here, there, everywhere, by devious ways and petty ones, Sam collected the

By January there was a noticeable movement in steel. Bethlehem Steel began its phenomenal rise, and Sam promptly commenced pyramiding his orders. On January 26 he bought a hundred shares at 4834; on February 5, another hundred at 5134; on March 23, more at 6916; on April 9 Bethlehem Steel sky-rocketed to 10058 and later the same

day sold at 110.

It was not until midsummer that the upward movement in iron that he had so long anticipated began to make itself evident. In August he sold seventy-five hundred tons from a furnace in the Mahoning Valley district which he and Jerry controlled at an advance of \$1.40 per ton over the price prevailing the previous month.

"Now just let's sit tight," he counseled his partner; "hold on as long as we can and watch the market soar."

On May 7 the Lusitania was sunk off the Irish coast and on that day Bethlehem Steel Common jumped to \$150 a share.

Paula wanted to take Rubens and the children to visit the Panama Exposition at San Francisco. Sam could ill afford to let her have the money as every dollar he owned was, as he expressed it, "working overtime." However, he was glad to have her out of the way. In a hotel he was much more comfortable; he could go and come as he pleased and did not have to be continually thinking about meal hours. Things were happening in the pig iron business, and happening with a tumul-tuousness that exceeded even his expectations. Life was thrilling. It was a relief not to be bothered by a wife and family.

During that same summer Evelyn wrote again begging him to visit her at La Crescenta. "Just a peep, Sammy-boy," she pleaded; "surely you can get away from business long enough to spend a day or two out here, and if your wife and the children are going to the Fair why can't you come too and just run down here for a glimpse of the girls and give us a glimpse of you? It's only an overnight trip from San Francisco .

How get away? The rumor was abroad that he owned ten thousand pounds of ferrotungsten and already he was being approached from various directions about selling all or any part of it. He had paid forty-five cents for it. He moved the decimal point one figure to the right and offered it at four dollars and fifty cents a pound. Jerry told him he was crazy; Peter Van Hoysan shrugged his shoulders and walked away with an expressive gesture

Do You Make these Mistakes

Free yourself of embarrassing mistakes in speaking and writing. Wonderful new invention automatically finds and corrects your mistakes; gives you a powerful mastery of language in only 15 minutes a day.

Many persons say. "Did you hear. from him today?" They she from him today?" They she from him today?" Some seed call calendar "calender" Some seed call calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say, "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who," or "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to spell certain words or "rs." or with "je" or "el." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, hundrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.



Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly, if your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

Wonderful New Invention

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After the control of the con

Learn by Habit-Not by Rules

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the mistakes you yourself make—and then showing you the right way, without asking you to memorize any rules.

One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody! You concentrate always on your own mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

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A command of polished and effective English denotes education and culture. It wins friends and favorably impresses those with whom you come in contact. In business and in social life correct English gives you added advantages and better opportunities, while poor English handicage you more than you will ever realise. And now, in only 15 induces a day—in your own home 100% self-correcting method.

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Mr. Cody has prepared a simple 15-minute test with correct answers, which you can take in your own home so you can tell at once just where you stand. If you are efficient in English it will give you greater confidence; if you are deficient you surely want to know it. Write today for this test—it is free. We will also gladly mail you our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a postal card.

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By co-operation between the manufacturers of electrical equipment and the electric light and power companies, the cost of electricity has been kept down in the years when every other cost has gone up. This is a record of which the whole electrical industry is properly proud, and in which the General Electric Company has had an important part.

The years of a mother's strongest influence are only seven.

In those vital years, a mother can make a G-E motor take her place in the laundry for 2½ an hour; sweep her house for less than 2½ an hour; sew, or wash dishes at incredibly low cost.

Give electricity your routine tasks. Enjoy the supreme privilege and duty of being with your children.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Field of Opportunity

URSING has always ranked high among the professions which are recognized as women's particular sphere. It has never been an over-crowded field. A few years ago the opportunities for graduate nurses were limited to a choice between private duty and institutional work. But the rapid development of public health work has opened a highly diversified field. These positions are interesting ones, and they demand not only executive ability, but highly specialized training as well.

On page 14 you will find announcements of some of the best hospital training schools in the country and we shall be glad to make further suggestions. The coupon on page 10 indicates the information we need in order to make recommendations.

Cosmopolitan Educational Department
119 West 40th Street New York City

of his hands—sore, Sam decided, because he felt that he, Sam, had "slipped something over on him."

Hearst

When the United States finally entered the war arena, a dozen different activities occupied his attention. He was "long" several hundred shares of Bethlehem Steel, the stock was leaping steadily upward, he was trading in it and other kindred securities constantly. Playing a lone hand, he had turned manufacturer and from the Crompton Lakes rolling mill he was producing, and selling at steadily advancing prices, a fine quality of high-speed steel; the Fryberg formula proved sound, practical and cheap. He had purchased two other steel plants and had organized the Osgood Smith Steel Company. He and Jerry were speculating in pig iron and working the blastfurnaces they owned to the limit of their capacities.

capacities.

Work — stock — percentages — discounts—deals—bargaining—commissions—margins—profits—iron and steel, steel and iron—figuring—figuring—dollars—wealth!

It was the fulfilment of his lifelong dream.

It was the fulfilment of his lifelong dream. Money came pouring in upon him from every side. Everywhere he turned, every risk he took, every deal he entered into brought him additional profits. He commenced buying tin-plate, contracting for one hundred to two hundred thousand boxes. Here and there he picked up smaller quantities—twenty-five and fifty thousand boxes, "seconds," "distress lots at seaboard," anything in the shape of tin-plate that he could locate. He bought these at five, eight and twelve dollars a box and sold them at double and often treble the price. A wireless station was erected by the United

A wireless station was erected by the United States Navy at Mappahasset, and it proved convenient for the government to purchase Merrywold as quarters for the operators. Sam told Paula he would let her build a very much finer, more imposing country home as soon as the war was over.

soon as the war was over.

Money kept on rolling in! It seemed as if everything he touched turned to gold. Luck persistently followed him: the day after he sold stock, the market broke; the day after he bought, it rose. The High Speed Steel Company of North America two months before the Armistice bought his steel company, and paid him half a million dollars for the three plants. Going home the night the deal was closed, he picked up a wallet in the street containing over three hundred dollars, and with neither name nor address. Advertisement brought no inquiries.

And as if there were some strange significance attached to it, came tragedy, bringing him even greater riches. The heart of Phiness Holliday, as he was hurrying down Tremont Street in Boston one day, suddenly ceased to beat.

to beat.

Hard upon this came grim tidings from Manila: Lieutenant Harvey Ballinger and his wife—who had been Mary Holliday of Bostonboth had been stricken down with "flu" and succumbed within one week of each other. Still more shocking and terrible news within the month arrived from France: "Lieutenant Samuel B. Holliday while leading his platoon in an attack upon an enemy's machine-gun emplacement, was shot through the head and instantly killed. For his gallantry on the occasion, Lieutenant Holliday will be recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor." Sam hurried to Boston to Narcissa's bedside.

in

Sam hurried to Boston to Narcissa's bedside. He had expected a grief-stricken visage, a crushed and broken woman; but instead he found a countenance illumined by a smile of rare sweetness, and a frail but exalted soul.

She died within the fortnight. Even before the funeral he was informed of his inheritance. Through a coincidence in wills and an early holograph testament of Narcissa's in which he was named as the sole legatee, he became the sole owner of the great chain of Holliday stores—a property worth many millions of dollars.

"It's been wonderful, hasn't it, Sam?—your success I mean."

1926

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ATWATER KENT RADIO



In the home of ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, the well-known humorist, is the Medel 20 Compact, with Medel H Radio Speaker.

A GREAT many persons feel the same way about the Model 20 Compact Receiving Set, but it took the author of "Pigs is Pigs" and many other blithe tales to put it into words.

Read the rest of Mr. Butler's letter:

"I can get Miami and Chicago so strong they peel the varnish off the piano or so soft they don't awaken our canary, and our canary is a light sleeper. This Compact does everything a radio set need do and it looks like a gentleman. It is at home in the parlor or the boudoir but it can sit in at a poker game without sprawling all over the place.

"Personally, I don't need such a small set; my house is big enough to lose a set as big as a grand piano; but this set does its job to perfection and I don't want any bigger set any more than I want a safety razor as big as a lawn-mower. Except my wife, my three daughters, my son, our dog, the canary, and my ankles, it is the neatest and prettiest thing we have in the house."

And the Butler home is only one of the hundreds of thousands where this beautiful (it looks like a jewel box), unobtrusive (it is only 6½ inches high), yet full-powered (it has five tubes) Receiving Set is giving as much happiness as it does to the Butler family.

It's just the instrument for your home, too. You'll agree with the whimsical Mr. Butler. Model 20 Compact, with battery cable,



Radio Speaker Model H, \$22.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada Every Sunday Evening
The Atwater Kent Radio
Hour brings you the stars of
operaand concert, in Radio's
finest program. Hear it at
9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15
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Edwin McTeer (addre Course in Commercial Designing when 30 years The contrast between the striking story illustration above and the crude pen sketch of the little girl, gives some idea of his improvement. Read what he says 5 years after

5 Years of Splendid Progress

5 Years of Splendid Progress
"I was not very talented when I entered this training with
you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had
high school training and I know any one with a love for
the work can accomplish even more than I if they will
just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them.
"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent
commercial art studio and to make a long story short, my
earnings for the last year (1924) were a little over the
amount of \$7500.00. At the rate I am going this year
(1925) my earnings will exceed \$10.000.00.
"I am very proud of the association and business relations
among the merchants and business people for whom I have
done work. I am sure there could be no finer feeling and
credit given anyone than to the Federal Schools for the
wonderful acquaintance and valuable position in a business way that the Federal people have practically placed
me in."

Sincerely yours.

Sincerely yours

EDWIN MCTEER Send for "YOUR FUTURE"

and learn of the amazing progress that can be made with the right training of your art ability for practical results. The famous Federal Home Study Method gives you



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PAGE - DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING

"I've worked for it. I've never had time r pleasure. I've always stuck pretty close for pleasure. to the job."

"And now you're famous."

"Hardly that. "Well, you're very well-known. I'm always seeing your name and your wife's name in the

papers "It's only the money," he said deprecatingly. "But there was your war relief work!"

"I gave 'em a check, that was all." They were having tea in a hotel lounge com. It was not a luxurious hotel, and the nook in which they sat was secluded, the hour

was restful and pleasant.
"'S. Osgood Smith,'" the woman said mus-

'Oh, that's Paula's idea," Sam hastened to say; "it was after the war; she thought it sounded better." He shrugged slightly. "She

had our cards engraved that way. 'Sam Smith's' plenty good enough for me." "And for me," his companion added simply. He touched her hand. "Dear Ruth," he

murmured.

She smiled, looked a moment into his eyes and then dropped her own before his steady regard. She had changed, but there was a good deal of the old Ruth about her still. She had grown faded, gray-haired, was thinner, even smaller. Fifty years old and more he knew her to be, but, in spite of that, real beauty marked her face. It was in her expression rather than her features. She seemed serene, unruffled, at peace with the world. Love, gentleness and kindliness radiated from her. "Ruth, you seem to have captured the secret of life" he acid a little stirred.

secret of life," he said, a little stirred.

"Oh," she murmured with a smile and a

doubtful headshake.

"You're happy," he persisted, "and isn't finding happiness the secret of life?"

"Well, I've had my work."

"And you like your work?"
"Oh, very much!"

"Teaching religion to savages?"

"Ah, you don't understand. We teach them other things besides religion—to read and write, to care and provide for themselves; we bring them medicine, books, civilization. If you could see what I have seen, and know the satisfaction that I have known, you would have no doubt about the good we do." Her dark eyes grew warm as she spoke.

He looked at her enviously. She believed in her work, was absorbed in it, lived only to be back in it once more, counting the days until she could return. How glorious to be so deeply interested! How vital all life must seem!

An extraordinary wholesomeness about this little woman. She woke in him good impulses, aroused his better nature, made him want—just what was it? . . . Something.

"Would you like a contribution from me?" he asked after a moment. thing for you if I could." "I'd like to do some-

"For me? Oh, I don't need anything, Sam; I have all I want, but I'm sure the Board of Missions would make good use of any gift from you."

He stirred his tea, frowning. "Well," he said, "I'll send them a check and I'll tell 'em it's from you, but I wish-"What?"

"Oh, that I could do something for you personally."

"There's absolutely nothing I want, Sam unless you could give me a flying carpet that would carry me in a jiffy back where I'd like to be. You're generous; you've always been generous."

"Generosity doesn't make a man happy,"

he observed dryly.

"But you are happy, Sam. Seems to me you have everything a man could possibly want in this life—success, wealth, respect and admiration, a beautiful wife, two lovely children, a magnificent home. What more could you ask?"

missed something somewhere," he said heavily.

"How soon do you expect Paula home?" "She sails from Naples the end of the month."

"Bringing Sylvia with her?"

"Bringing Sylvia with her?"
"Yes—the child's been with a Miss Shurmann over there, who takes a dozen girls or more to Rome every year."
"And John?"
"John's at college. He's a freshman; just nineteen."

"And what is he going to do? Follow in his father's footsteps?"
Sam shrugged. "No," he said; "he's not cut out for business; his mother wants to make a poet or a musician out of him." He laughed.

Guess that's about all he's good for."
"Why, Sam—how bitterly you talk!"
"Do I? Maybe you're right. But, shucks, I don't know. I don't seem to get much fun out of life. I've made all the money I want; there's no excitement in making any more.'

"But you can do so much good with money!"
Ruth exclaimed. "Look at all the foundations, the libraries and universities that have been endowed by rich men. Think of all the benefits

"All very true, and I've given a lot of my money away. I gave a hundred thousand to the Russian relief and I've contributed quite a bit to those overseas charities. I'll give your Board of Missions something sizable too, but—you know what I mean, Ruth?
—there's no satisfaction in writing your name
on the bottom of a check! It's ridiculous of
course, but I really wish it were possible to
cut loose from everything, go to Africa with you, and get into your work over there.

"Oh, Sam! If you only would!" Their eyes caught again. He thought of the steamer trip, the jungle, the rain, the thatched hut—Ruth. A flush swept up in him; her face, too, quickened with emotion.

"Ah, Ruth..." he said huskily, leaning

Suddenly the picture shattered. His sense of the ridiculous smashed it. Fat Sam Smiththe well-known S. Osgood Smith—member of New York clubs, director of corporations, financier—the husband of Mrs. Osgood Smith—going to Africa as a missionary! Who wouldn't smile at such an idea?

He straightened, recapturing normality, and touched his lips with a fine handkerchief.

"Well, we can't do everything we want."
He sighed deeply and glanced at his watch.
"I'll have to be going," he said, rising. "When
do you sail?"
"Day after tomorrow—from Hoboken, pier

"I'll come to say good-by."

"Oh, Sam, you needn't do that! I know how busy you are."
"But I want to." He noted the name of

her steamer, in a memorandum book.
"This has been charming, Ruth," he said, taking her hand; "a delightful, happy hour."

"T've enjoyed it, too."

For a last time their eyes met and clung together, then Sam pressed her fingers gently, turned and sturdily walked away.

Sam told Dwiggins to drive to a very well-nown fruiterer on Fifth Avenue. There he known fruiterer on Fifth Avenue. There he selected the largest basket of fruit on display and left directions that the following day it be sent to Ruth's steamer; at a florist's he ordered fifty dollars' worth of roses, and at a retail publisher's near-by, he said to the clerk;

"Pick out any twelve books you think a lady would like to read on an ocean voyage; make the selection yourself."

He left his card to be delivered with the

At eight the next morning, Theodore came softly into the room and slowly raised the shade. This was the way in which Sam preferred to be awakened. The man shaved him first. His shower came next, and when he was the shades of the shades for the returned to the bedroom, his clothes for the day were carefully laid out. At a quarter we nine he descended to breakfast. The apartment he and Paula had occupied on Park Avenue for five years were disclosured. Avenue for five years was a duplex, consisting

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Is Tobacco a Food? By Irvin S. Cobb

7HEN the Pure Food Law went into effect the makers of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes did not have to change either their methods of manufacture or the contents of their packages, nor yet their ways of marketing their wares. The process was a good many years old then-it originated nearly fifty years ago-but from the very beginning it always had been what still it is. Its proprietors had a regard for factory cleanliness, for honest labelling, for purity of goods, for truthful advertising and sanitary handling long before a Federal statute requiring these things was enacted.

Back in the days when soda crackers were sold in bulk from open barrels; when the exposed salt, the sticky brown sugar, the naked salt mackerel and the unclothed dried apple caught germs and mingled their perfumes in the family grocery, Sweet Caporal Cigarettes were put up for retail trade in dust-proof, damp-proof, mouldproof containers, were protected with

foil and under smooth snug paper tight cartons so that no impurities could get at them while in transit or after they had reached the dealer's shelves. No human hands fingered them until the purchaser broke the seal.



You couldn't exactly call tobacco a food-although a great many persons would rather quit eating regularly than quit smoking regularly-but just the same the makers of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes obeyed the ethics of the Pure Food Law before Congress legislated the Pure Food Law.

They obey it today, and take added pains not required by the Federal government or by the States or the Cities. All their factories are model factories. I never saw a cleaner, or brighter, or more up-to-date workshop than one where Sweet Caporals are made which I visited before I began writing these advertisements. It

was as sanitary as a modern hospital; wrappers, were enclosed for travel in it was as slick and shiny as a Dutch Kitchen, and it radiated a perfume that was incense to a smoker's nose.



P. S. - I write an article like this every once in a P. S. — I write an article like this every once in a while. Watch for the next. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured articles because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I have I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.



Buy

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Importers

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Pay Cash for Diamonds And Save 20 to 40%

For over 50 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike at Importing prices. Our Free Catalog tells you all about Diamonds. Write for a copy if you are interested in Diamonds.



s-Lock Love-Lock **LOVE-LOCK Diamond Rings**

HERE is a charmingly new idea in ring construction—an Engage-ment and a Wedding King that interlock is used a way that is an acclusive polential Weiler Production appealing to everyone who has worn two rings on one finger—and who knows how difficult is to have them fit closely together. The Level-Lock Engagement is to have them fit closely together. The Level-Lock Engagement Wedding Ring can be secured and locked to the Engagement Ring, so that both rings to all interlat and purpose become as one. The all Platinum exquisitaly pierced Love-Lock Engagement Ring est with a perfectly cut, blue-white diamond of extreme \$200.00 brilliancy brilliancy
Love-Lock Wedding Ring with 10 perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds-beautifully carved bleason pattern, to match the \$100.00 Eangement Ring
Same style Platinum Wedding Ring but without diamonds
\$55.00

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings: 1/4 carat . \$31.98 | 1 carat . \$145.00 | 6 carat . \$29.00 | 2 carats . 239.00 | 3 carat . 73.00 | 3 carat . 435.00 . . \$145.00 . . 290.00 . . 435.00

CATALOG "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS" This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights. monds. This book showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an au-



Jason Weiler & Sons 369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets

Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tution charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to hurriedly select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS hool and Coilege Bure

DEPT. C 15 N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

of twelve rooms for which he paid fifteen thou-sand a year. His grapefruit was waiting for him, and presently the butler brought him his coffee, saccharine and dry bran toast. At nine he descended in the elevator to the street and Dwiggins drove him to his office.

This was his inveterate program, month in and month out, but today a strong distaste for it came to him. He hated the thought of the dark orderliness of his oak-ceiled office, the glimmer of the polished sheet of glass that covered the great oak desk, the bronze ink-well with its knight's head ornament, the green with its knight's head ornament, the green light glowing like a piece of luminous jade over its center, the financial journal neatly folded at one side. Nothing else. No one would disturb him until he rang. The paper or his thoughts might engage him without fear of interruption. When ready, his finger would touch a mother-of-pearl button and Kipps would come obsequively in would come obsequiously in.

"What's up today, Kipps?" Sam knew he would ask, and with equal certainty he was sure the secretary would answer: "Nothing of importance, sir." He would say that if a cave-in in one of the mines had occurred, or the docks of Mesabi had burned.

Next, Kipps would bring him his letters and memoranda. Several of the last were cerand memoranda. Several of the last were cer-tain to be from Jerry. Smith & Haines, one-time dealers in pig iron, had grown to swollen proportions in the past six years. Today they owned a number of mines near Hibbing in Minnesota, a railroad which they had built and now operated themselves, a great string of docks at Mesabi, a fleet of ninety ore vessels that operated between Duluth and Buffalo, a four-furnace plant at Susquehanna which had a capacity of 1600 tons of pig iron per day.

But these interests now occupied only a

small part of the senior partner's time. attended to them and did so very well. Jerry There were twenty other activities in which Sam was interested: the high-tension electrical switch interested: the high-tension electrical switch company he had backed; a patented machine for darning stockings in which he had invested and which had proven a tremendous success; his newspaper in Washington; his stock in O'Neil, Westly & Co. He was chairman of the board that had refinanced the Falcon Clock Company, also of the board that controlled and managed the Columbia Steamship Company, and was a director in half a score of lesser pany, and was a director in half a score of lesser corporations.

Today began as usual. There were the familiar tabulated reports, the customary figures in red ink, the list of appointments for morning and afternoon, the appeals for contributions. Kipps handed them to him neatly clipped together. Sam flipped over the various sheets, glanced at one or two, his brow puckered, and then tossed them back on the desk.
"I suppose I'm doomed to do this sort of thing for the rest of my life."

He rose to his feet and walked to the window. Kipps respectfully stood.
"Oh, sit down!" Sam flung at him.

"Oh, sit down!" Sam nung at him.

He stared out at the grim, dirty piles of masonry and steel that reared themselves up one upon another, block on block, beneath his eye. Every stone there was a monument to some man's toil-a gravestone to mark the tomb of something in life that man had missed. At sixty could such a man shake off the ties that bound him to his station in life -break them, smash them, tear them loose? He walked back to his desk, sank heavily

into his chair, automatically picked up the clipped correspondence and memoranda once more, again tossed them from him with dis-taste. Kipps made neither sound nor move, waiting patiently upon his employer's mood. "Anything important there?" Sam ask

Sam asked presently with a sigh.

"Nothing that cannot wait, sir. Doctor Jennings is anxious to learn your decision regarding St. Andrew's."

"St. Andrew's what?"

"St. Andrew's College, sir."

"Ah, yes, I remember. How much does he want?" "He's asking for fifty thousand. He's trying

to raise ten million, you'll recall," Kipps

Sam scowled. "Can't we give it to him?"
"Why, certainly, sir. I think you can
afford to let him have the fifty thousand if
you think the charity deserving."

"Doctor Jennings used to be superintendent of a Sunday-school I once attended. He entered the ministry since. He must be a very old man.

"Yes, sir." "What's Holliday quoted at today?" "Yesterday at eighty-one and a half." "Suppose I presented him with the common I own

"The common, sir?"

"Yes, the common stock I own."
"All of it?"

"Yes, certainly. It's over a hundred thousand shares. That would about give him his ten million" his ten million.

"Mr. Smith!" "Didn't you say he wanted ten million?"
"But, Mr. Smith!"

"Oh, cut out the heroics, Kipps! We'd never miss it."

Well, it would indeed be laudable; it would be most generous.

Sam sat moodily in his chair, elbows on either arm, his short stubby fingers linked. He was thinking again of Ruth; he would see her on the morrow at the steamer; she would remember old Jennings; it would please her to hear of the gift.

"I tell you, Kippssend that fifty thousand "I tell you, kipps—send that lifty thousand we planned to give Doctor Jennings to the Board of Foreign Missions, and I'll arrange to dispose of the Holliday stock. I'll still have the preferred. As for those," Sam said after a moment, pointing at the clipped memoranda and correspondence, "take care of them yourself. I won't be bothered. I'm not going to be bothered any more."
"Yes, sir." The secretary rose.

"There was just one letter of a personal nature." The man hesitated. "I opened it, as the handwriting was unfamiliar."

"Answer it yourself."

"I'm afraid, sir-

"Well, what the devil is it, Kipps? Don't stand there like a mummy.

"It's about that lady in California, sir-the one at La Crescenta."

He offered a letter of several closely written sheets. Sam took them and began to read.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I am writing this on my own responsi-bility. Evelyn does not know it, and I fear she would not countenance it if she At the risk of meriting her displeasure and yours, I address you, nevertheless, in order to acquaint you with the fact that my dear friend is not well, and—though it wrings my heart to pen the words—not very far from her end!

As you well know, Mr. Smith, Evelyn

has always hoped that some day you would visit her here. Her health, her weak lungs, have not permitted her to go to New York, although she had sometimes discussed the possibility with me. She still cherishes the hope that the time will come when it will be possible for you to arrange your affairs so that you can make the transcontinental trip.

But the time is drawing short. It is now a fact which none of us can longer conceal from ourselves, that she is fading and no longer has the strength of a few months When my own hour comes, I should not be able to close my eyes in final resignation knowing that while there yet was time I made no effort to convey to you the circumstances, and to ask you, if you cherish still a lingering regard for her, to make whatever personal sacrifice may be necessary and see her once more before it is too late.

With confidence in your understanding and with the earnest hope that you will find it possible to come soon to California,

Kipps
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There's
ENCHANT/XENT
in her Exquisite
Perfume!

SHE is beautiful, modern from smartly coifed little head to sparkling silver slipper heels; but the most appealing charm of all is her fascinating fragrance.

It is Houbigant's. And her favorite Houbigant odeur is blended in powder, compacts

and other accessories of the boudoir.

Perfumes tell your tastes—your very thoughts—to others. Who knows?...Perhaps the perfume to accent your loveliness is among the five famous Houbigant odeurs!

We would like to send you five sachets perfumed with the Houbigant odeurs, and the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper" – Write for them. Houbigant, Inc., 539 W. 45th Street, New York.

HOUBICANT

PARIS
NEW YORK-CHICAGO-CLEVELAND-MONTREAL

Prices quoted apply to U.S.A. only



Fine, clinging, longer lasting— Houbigant Face-Powder can be obtained in each of the five Houbigant odeurs. Five true tones—\$1.50.



Houbigant Face-Powder in compact form is of the same quality as that in the large boxes. In five tones, and five odeurs \$1.50.



A smart gold case, thin and goodlooking, holds Houbigant rouge in compact form—\$1.50. The Houbigant Lipstick case matches the gold compact; the lipstick itself comes in a variety of perfect colors—\$1.25.



Quelques Fleurs Skin Lotion keeps the skin soft and white, and beautiful in texture. It is especially necessary for the hands—to keep them always lovely—\$1.



The small bottles of Houbigant perfumes—¼ oz. size—offer a choice for your permanent selection—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas—\$1. Subtilité and Mon Boudoir—\$1.25. The flower perfumes, La Rose France and Quelques Violettes—\$1.

A HUNDRED times a day your cuffs jump into the foreground of the picture—telling your taste in dress!

Kum-a-part Buttons in your cuffs add that touch of correctness that only good jewelry can give.

They're convenient for you to use, click open, snap shut; and they're guaranteed to last a life-

At jewelers or men's shops you can easily match Kum-a-part designs to your favored shirt patterns.

Prices according to quality up to \$25 the pair.



Could You Use Some Extra Money?

HAVE you all the pretty frocks you need—something fresh and smart for every occasion?

Or, perhaps you are working for a Club Fund, or to meet a College Pledge? Whatever the reason for which you need extra money, The Rainbow Club will start you on the road that leads to the Pot of Gold. Fill in and mail the coupon for details.

Helen Willard, Director, Rainbow Club, Good Housekeeping,	
119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.	
Please tell me how to make some money in spare time.	,
Name	
Street	
CityStateState.	

I remain very sincerely and respectfully, Evelyn's friend, Elsie Harris

For a long time Sam sat staring at the pages in his hand. He read the letter again, certain parts of it several times. When he looked up, Kipps had quitted the room. He rang.

Tomerrow night I take the Lake Shore Limited for Chicago, and the following day the Santa Fé out of Chicago for Los Angeles. Get me a drawing-room or compartment on both trains. I shall go alone."
"But, Mr. Smith, the Falcon meeting is

Friday noon and there is the Iron Dealers Convention dinner on Saturday-"I'll not be here for either."

"But, Mr. Smith, you're the guest of nonor

"Well. the guest of honor won't be there. They can find somebody else. Get Mr. Haines. Tell 'em I'm sick, or anything you please. And cancel my engagements for today and tomorrow. I won't be back."

He snatched up his coat, hat and cane, jerked open the hall door and strode out of the office.

The sun lay warm and beguiling upon the mansard roof, the walls and gardens of Merrywold. Paula liked the name and had christened the new place at Sands Point after the old one at Mappahasset. The house sat back a hundred yards or more from the water's edge, and was finely proportioned, stately and generous, with two wings built at oblique angles like arms extended in affectionate embrace.

Sam came out on the flagged terrace and let his eyes drift over the beauty of the prospect that spread itself from beneath his feet, dropping gradually to the water's edge, the dancing wave rips of the Sound beyond glinting in golden sunshine. He strolled to the edge of he steps and looked critically at the stretch of lawn and its bordering loveliness. Bees zummed in the flowering hawthorn, the snip of a gardener's shears sounded rhythmically from an unseen corner.

He did not feel particularly well this morning; his cup of black coffee, which with one slice of very dry toast was all that he permitted himself for breakfast, again had disagreed with him. A dull, hot pain burned his stomach. He supposed he would have to go back to drinking tea, which he hated Another annoy-ance had been the tale the scales had old him. By exercise and diet he had succeeded since the first of the year in reducing by fifteen pounds. Some of these had crept back. The cocktails he had been drinking of late no doubt were responsible.

He gave a casual look down at himself now, noted his spotless white shoes, his immaculate flannel trousers, his silk shirt, and the pleated gaberdine sports coat he wore that buttoned with a single button at the belt. Portly he might be, but he knew he still appeared vigor-Smooth of face, white-haired, his eye was keen under his overhanging brows—the hairs of which Theodore blackened each morning with a little brush dipped in a French preparation—his step was firm, he carried him-self erect. Sixty, perhaps, but a hale and hearty sixty. S. Osgood Smith.

There came to him the memory of himself as a shock-headed boy of fourteen with a brim-ming milk-pail resting on the ground on either side of him, looking out across the fields and side of him, looking out across the new stone fences of his father's farm, and wanting to run madly through the new grass, to leap barriers and plunge into the pool of Miller Creek. He remembered the longing that had tugged at his heart at that moment, the longing to be free and to do as he pleased, and then ing to be free and to do as he pleased, and then the call to work that had summoned him from his dreaming. Well, his whole life had been that—answering the call to work. And he had achieved; the mansion at his back, the lovely vista at his feet, the White Capriding at her buoy—these were evidences of his industry.

Nor could it be said that he had not done a great deal of good with his money. He had

been generous, philanthropic; he had sub-scribed liberally to famine and rehabilitation funds, to missionary work, and he had en-dowed a college which was now to bear his Osgood Smith College it was to be

He

He felt in his pocket for a cigar, but after he had put it between his lips, he returned it. Somehow the thought of the smoke repelled him. He'd wait until after luncheon; and then he remembered that Paula was to have a number of ladies in to luncheon—patronesses of some dance or Junior League affair to which she was anxious to have Sylvia invited. He would have to lunch alone up-stairs in his library or go to the golf club. The food at the club was unpalatable and never failed to give him indigestion.

Back once more at the house, he mounted the steps and sank into one of the comfortable wicker armchairs. The sun beat gratefully on his neck and shoulders. He remained inertly so for some time. Presently he straightened and reached for the newspaper, turning to the radio announcements for the day.

nothing of interest in the morning program.

He fell to musing. Blythe had suggested taking the White Cap to Florida. That might taking the White Cap to Florida. That might be something to do next winter; it was too hot down there now. Of course, going by sea was not to be thought of; he had no desire to be tossed about in a small boat for three or four days. Recollections of his last voyage down the coast came to him, the trip he had been making when war was declared. been making when war was declared. He was on his way to inspect a furnace at Birming ham, and he remembered it had been part of his plan to run out to Los Angeles immediately afterwards, to see Evelyn. If he had only gone then! Two years ago, when suddenly he had decided to postpone the visit no longer, he had arrived too late!

Memories of that time came whirling back: the day his car had carried him from his Los Angeles hotel and, after various inquiries by the chauffeur, had brought him to the little house at La Crescenta. A strange woman had opened the door for him—a woman gray-haired and wrinkled who had gazed at him from sad and sunken eyes. Then he asked for Evelyn, and his question had found its answer in the silence that met it. Evelyn had died only three days before, the day after he had left New York, and the little rooms still smelled of the funeral flowers. He went in and sat down and for an hour or more talked. with Elsie Harris of their friend. Then sady he climbed back into the waiting automobile which looked so huge and incongruous standing in the rutted road before the tiny house, which was banked with rows of marigolds and nasturtiums of which Evelyn had once

written him so happily.

Evelyn—a life remade, a life at the moment of its dissolution that had been snatched back from the grave to find its fulfilment in service. How often he had wondered about her since that day, wondered what, during the last few years of her life, she had thought of him, wondered what recollection of him had been hers in the last few moments of consciousness vouchsafed her. He had stirred uncomfortably as Elsie Harris, with tears that rained down her face, spoke of her.

The sun had moved in its course until now a sharp angle of light fell directly across Sam's eyes. He kept hunching his chair into the shadow to avoid it, but the sunlight relentlessly pursued him.

Everything he wanted! A phrase some one had used about him recurred to his mind.

Yes, he had everything he wanted. He deserved to have everything he wanted, for he had worked for it; he had a right to success. and he had made up his mind a couple of years ago that he was going to be one of those rich men who enjoy success. So many of his acquaintances who had built up great fortunes and great businesses kept on devotine their exercise to greater fortunes and more their energies to greater fortunes and more business because they had nothing else to do.

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Give sore throat continuous treatment

Never say "Oh it's only a Sore Throat"

EVEN when it does not lead to more serious complications, sore throat, just in itself, is a dangerous condition. To get rid of it, don't rely merely on a spray or gargle night and morning. Give it antiseptic treatment all day—wherever you happen to be.

Carry a bottle of Formamint with you, and take one of the pleasant-tasting tablets every hour or so to treat sore throat. To prevent infec-tion, one every two or three hours. All druggists.







Touch a Corn With this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic Stops pain in 3 seconds

NSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or cal-lus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

Well, it was to be different with him. The years well, it was to be diliterent with nim. The years that remained were not to be spent in a swivel-chair at an office desk, but in the enjoyment of his well-earned leisure and his wealth. He was through with business! He had taken the bulk of his money and invested it where the ups and downs of the market could not affect its safety

The sunlight stole after him. He draped the newspaper over his head and settled himself more comfortably in the chair. Beneath the warmed sheet of news, presently, he must have dozed, for a brisk step on the flagged terrace aroused him with a start. It was Paula, tall, slim, beautifully dressed in white serge, with a rakish white hat pulled over one eye, white ankles, white feet. She had the manner

white ankles, white feet. She had the manner and carriage of a woman of forty.

"What's up?" Sam asked sleepily. He had perspired a little about the neck and he thought in disgust he would be obliged to go up-stairs and get Theodore to bring him a fresh collar.

"My luncheon. You haven't forgotten!"

"No, no, I won't be here. I saw the hat; thought maybe you were going out."

"Justine had no time for my hair this morn-

"Justine had no time for my hair this morn-

ing. Where are you lunching?"
"At the club, probably."

"Osgood-

"My Lord, Paula, when we're alone, can't you call me Sam?"
"Well, I want you to be sure to give Sylvia "Well, I want you to be sure to give Sylvia a message. She went over there this morning with the Pitchell boy. She must be here at three-thirty exactly, and she must look her best. Tell her I want her to be casual; the child understands. Mrs. Cadwalter ought to be ready to go about that time. I can hold her till then. I wish you'd drop in about the same

time, too, Sam; it would really help a lot."

Her husband grunted, heaved himself up and went to find Theodore and a fresh collar. When he came down-stairs a few minutes later, he paused a moment by the radio set in the library, but there was a Bible reading and he hastily shut off. The dining-room showed the luncheon table sweet with early spring blooms, checkered with squares of goblets—twelve places for twelve fragrant ladies who in less than an hour would fill the beautifully appointed room with a babble of high-pitched voices. Wilbur, the butler, James, the second butler, and a maid would file about the table deferentially proffering at the left elbow one epicurean and tastefully garnished delicacy after another. And all this because Paula wanted an invitation to a certain dance for Sylvia—Sylvia, who would have infinitely preferred to be lassoing cattle on a Montana ranch . . . Paula was a fool.

There was an unusual number of people at the club; the porches, lounge and luncheon-rooms were gay and noisy. Sam remembered it was the day for the finals of the handicap tournament. He looked around for his son and daughter, but neither was in evidence. Right and left there were nods at him as he mounted the steps, and he fancied there was a little buzz of whispering. He avoided people's eyes; was a nuisance to have to bow so frequently. When the head waiter brought him a menu, he studied it carefully, and when he growled his criticism, the man smirked, squirmed and

said something about the House Committee.
"Oh, confound the House Committee!"
Sam said sourly. "If the members had any sense they'd kick, and then we'd get some decent service. Bring me some eggs with fine herbs."

"Yes, Mr. Smith; very good, Mr. Smith. And a French pastry to follow, Mr. Smith?"

Sam considered, frowning, pursing his lips. "No," he said resignedly, "bring me a raw apple—as usual."

He went down to the locker room where the service bar was located. A club attendant here waited on members who furnished their own liquor. A knot of men Sam knew were

congregated about the counter.
"Hello, Sam! How are you?" "Morning,

Mr. Smith!" "Hope today finds you well, sir." Mr. Smith!" "Hope today inds you well, sir."
He ordered a little bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of water. The indigestion from his breakfast coffee had passed, but the soda would prevent his luncheon from playing any distressing tricks. The voices of the men babbled about him. He

Horace Metcalf encountered him in the

Horace Metcali encountered num in the lounge-room. Metcalf, who was one of the Board of Governors, led him into a corner. "We must have that property, Sam—the club can't afford to let it slip into anybody else's hands. Some real-estate speculators want it to cut up into small lots for workmen's cottages. That would just about spell our ruin! Can you imagine what a lot of kids ruin! Can you imagine what a lot of kids and slatternly women streaming across the links would do to the course? Well, now, I just leave it to you, wouldn't it be fierce? I tell you, Sam, the club's got to have that piece and they've got to have it at once. Frankie's asking two hundred and twenty thousand for it. Underwrite us for half the amount! Go on Sam—that's a good fellow amount! Go on, Sam—that's a good fellow. I'll guarantee to raise the balance, but let me tell the boys you've put yourself down for half."

Metcalf hurried on, pouring out a stream of argument and persuasion, but Sam was not listening. Suddenly he caught the eye of the head waiter looking for him.

he head watter looking for him.
"Sorry, Horace, I've got to go."
"But, Sam, what'll I tell the boys?"
"See you by and by; my lunch's waiting."
"But, Sam"—Metcalf held on to him forcibly

"what about it?" "My lunch .

"Oh, hang your lunch!" "Oh, hang your unch!"
"Oh, my Lord! What the devil do you want?
Hundred and ten thousand? Sure, put me
down, but I've got to go, my lunch is waiting."
Confound Metcalf—and confound everybody in general! One and all of them were

forever hooking him for contributions. Give

forever hooking him for contributions. Give here—give there—give everywhere.

He ate alone by a curtained window, a weekly illustrated paper propped up before him. Voices close at hand presently obtruded upon his thoughts. Through the closed window beside his table he saw two young people lounging on a settee within a foot or so of his ear. It was the Cadwalter girl, and Peter Thurston's son. Thurston's son.

"Mother's lunching with Mrs. Osgood Smith. Have you seen their place at Sands Point? It's perfectly lovely."

"I've been there a couple of times with

Sylvia."
"Mother says she knows Mrs. Osgood Smith is angling for a Junior League invitation for Sylvia."
"Is she likely to get it?"
"Well, Sylvia's kind of peculiar—but it isn't that. It's Mrs. Osgood Smith herself, I imagine, that's the trouble. You know she's half Iewish." Tewish.

Jewish."

"Why, I never knew that!"

"Didn't you?"

"I never dreamed it! Is it generally known?"

Sam's mind was suddenly diverted. One of the club's uniformed attendants bent deferentially at his elbow.

"Mr. Smith—on the long-distance phone, sir. They're holding the call for you."

"Who is it?"

"Your secretary. I believe sir."

"Your secretary, I believe, sir."
A moment later he found himself in a stuffy, cigar-scented booth.

"What is it, Kipps? I can't hear."
"Haussmann—Haussmann's dead, sir. I
thought maybe you'd wish to know."
"Who? Abner Haussmann?"
"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's too bad. Send flowers, you know, Kipps—condolences. You'll handle the matter for me."

"Don't concern yourself, sir, everything's been attended to. Will you be in town this

"Not if I can help it."

"Important matters're coming up."
"Well, you decide 'em."

1926

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MANY women never realized how much trouble dandruff could be—until they bobbed their hair. So they brush, brush, brush, all day long.

you a dandruff-brusher?

But why bother with brushing, when the Wildroot treatment is so simple? Wildroot Hair Tonic not only removes dandruff, but, if faithfully used, prevents its recurrence.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent—but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works.

After applying to the scalp, dress your hair with Wildroot, to renew the lustre and beauty. Get some Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist's or barber's today. And stop brushing dandruff.

WILDROOT dandruff

IMPORTANT NOTE

It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. Only a healthy scalp can grow hair. Wildroot removes thevery unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus prevents the loss of hair that is sure to follow dandruff.

WILDROOT CO., INC. BUFFALO, N. Y.





Lovely hair ... protected by this comb ... with oval teeth

NE of the most important safeguards of lovely hair is the proper comb for it-a comb that will stimulate and groom breaking or tearing the hair. without

A comb specially designed to afford this protection to hair is the ACE Comb. ACE Combs have oval teeth, molded by the special ACE Process to prevent sharp edges and roughness. Made of genuine hard rubber—the best substance yet discovered for combs—they have a hard surface that even germs cannot penetrate, or acids even germs cannot penetrate, or acids dull. Easily kept sanitary to protect your hair from dandruff.

ACE Combs are sold at all department, notion and drug stores, and come in a multitude of sizes, patterns and shapes for bobbed and long hair, for men and women, pocket and dressing table use. 25 cents to \$1.50. Be sure to ask for them by name.

Free Booklet on care of the Hair

WRITE for free copy of the ACE book, "Health Hints for Hair Loveliness." A postal will bring it. American Hard Rub-

Company, Dept. HJ 3, 11 Mero New York City.



Oval teeth of ACE Combs protect and groom your hair.

ask for The oval teeth safeguard your hair



"'Fraid I can't, sir. Mr. Haines says "You tell Mr. Haines to go to the devil."

"Then shall I come down, sir? Thursday? Wednesday? Any day you say, Mr Smith."
"Kipps, if I see your cadaverous face round my place this week, I'll shoot you at

An appreciative chuckle. "'Fraid I'll have

to risk it, sir."
"Well, come any day you like. I'll be fooling round here somewheres. Hate to make dates;

get me?"
"Yes, sir, I understand."

"Say, Kipps ..."
"Yes, Mr. Smith."

"Who's that you just said was dead?"
"Haussmann—Abner Haussmann."
"Oh, yes, I remember now! Well, send

flowers, condolences, everything, you know."
"Yes, sir. I've done all that already."
"All right. Good-by."
He turned back to his luncheon. Under

impression that he had finished, the waiter had cleared the table. Sam swore. He denad cleared the table. Sam swore. He de-liberated whether or not he should make a scene. Then he shrugged his shoulders. Words, explanations, apologies, the fuss and wait . . . It was too much! He could enjoy his cigar now, at any rate. Strolling out on the porch, he watched the exciting finish of a match on the eighteenth hole. It struck him as

Presently he began to wonder what had become of Sylvia and John and started on a round of exploration. A chance encounter with Dwiggins sent him toward the garage and here he found his daughter sitting in one of those toy automobiles-a one-seated flivver with a cut-down body, painted bright red-regulating the spark and gas throttles, while a youth in a shirt once white tinkered with its engine. An array of tools lay scattered on

the ground.

"Hello, daddy," drawled Sylvia at sight of her father; "Violet's lost some of her pep and Spike's trying to locate the trouble." Sam sauntered near and looked on.

"There's something wrong with her gas feed, sir," the young man observed, emerging from under the engine hood.

"Why don't you get Dwiggins to help you?" Sam suggested. "Thought we could do it ourselves."

A moment later an abrupt burst of energy on the part of the diminutive car justified this faith. Sylvia and Spike shouted directions at one another while the engine roared. The noise hurt Sam's head; he was obliged to wait.

Presently the din lessened and Spike commenced to gather up his tools. The message from the girl's mother was delivered and Sam turned away. John evidently had left the club; at any rate, his father decided he would waste no further time looking for him. He was eager to slip away and amuse himself with his radio. There was a set in his library up-stairs at home; he could ascend by the back stairs without encountering any of his wife's guests and have a thoroughly enjoyable two hours. The atmosphere looked very clear today; it would be interesting to see what he could pick up.

could pick up.

He was repeatedly delayed in trying to leave
the club. It was after four before he reached
Merrywold. The luncheon was over, the
guests gone. He caught a glimpse of Paula
sauntering down near the water's edge at the
end of the lawn with a young Frenchman,
Harri Something roother, when we had Henri Something-or-other, whom she had recently annexed. Paula always had half a dozen young men in tow now, but she kept her enthusiasms much better under control and a number of mild flirtations simmered along simultaneously. None of these romantic young men ever seemed the least bit attracted to her hoydenish daughter. When Sylvia married, her father used to think with satisfaction, it would not be a fortune-hunter she would select for a husband. She would choose her own mate, propose to him herself if necessary, and march him to the altar.

A noise on the terrace drew him to the door

just as he was about to ascend to his library. On the lower steps sat his son, frowning over a cross-word puzzle book, and in his lap lay the head and shoulders of a miserable cur. Heo

Sam flung open the screen door and strode out upon the terrace.
"Where did you get that dog? Get him out

of here—I won't have him on the place."
"But, dad——"

"But, dad—"
"Hear what I tell you, John? I'll give you
two minutes to get rid of him."
"Dad—please!"
"John, I won't listen. The dog's no good.
If you want a dog, go buy one. Get a pedigreed
Airedale or a police dog. They're the kind of
dogs for a boy." dogs for a boy."
"But, dad, this one's hurt. He ran out in the

road as I was driving home and I knocked him over; I couldn't get out of the way."

"There doesn't seem to be a thing the matter

"Well I don't think he was much injured," the boy admitted; "only he's sort of affec-tionate and friendless. Guess nobody's ever been kind to him."

"Send him to a veterinary, if you like, pay his board and anything else you want—but don't keep him round here. I won't have him. He's a disgusting animal."

"Couldn't I take him back to college with

"Certainly not."

Sam returned angrily to the house and mounted to his library. It took him a moment or two to throw off his irritation. His jaw was still tightly shut as he adjusted the ear-piece of his radio about his head and began to tune

Bzzz-stack-ack-ack-crack-crack-There came a knock at the door. It was the

"Mr. Haines on the phone, sir. He's been calling up two or three times. Couldn't locate you at the club. He says it's important,

sir."
Sam jerked the metal circle from his head and swore under his breath.

"You tell Mr. Haines to cell up later. I can't be disturbed now. Tell him I'm ended in the company of the company important myself."

can't be disturbed now. Tell him I'm engaged in something important myself."
"I've been trying to get at this thing all day," Sam grumbled to himself as the man withdrew and closed the door. "Lord! Offe would think I couldn't do as I liked!"

But there was something wrong with the mechanism before which he sat. Bzzz-stack -ack-ack-crack-crack was all that he could get from it.

Once more, with an angry gesture, he wrenched the ear-piece from his head. There were two other radio sets down-stairs in the main library; either was better than his own He went cautiously into the hall and listened over the banisters. He could catch no murmur of conversation from below; the library was empty, and he hurried down, hunched him-self up to the radio cabinet and began to twist the discs. The whining strains of a viclin and the tinkling accompaniments of a piano, far distant, at once made themselves heard. Cautiously he turned the dials. Thin accents out of the ether announced: "WMAG, Chicago. Whitney's Band, the Overture from William Tell' by Rossini."

Suddenly breaking in upon him from the Sylvia burst outside came a jar of noise. Sylvia burst into the room waving something in her hand, a flash of skirts and two young men in her wake. They were all shouting and striving to catch what she brandished.

Instant silence—a hasty scramble to decorum.

"Excuse me, dad; we didn't see you."
"It's a wonder you wouldn't look! This is no place for a wrestling match. Get out of doors where you belong."
"Dad."

"What d'you want? Can't you see I'm trying to listen? Just got Chicago . . . Want to hear me pick up Hastings, Nebraska, or Dallas, Texas? I can do it in a second.

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Frocks Sheer and Enticing as you will

Under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!

-plus an easy-disposal feature every woman will appreciate



Eight in every ten women have adopted this new way that solves woman's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the uncertainties of old methods

By Ellen J. Buckland, Graduate Nurse

THE oldest of hygienic problems remains a problem no longer!

By perfecting an entirely new method, modern science has supplanted the old-time sanitary pad with protection that is real.

Dainty frocks, sheer and misty, go now with care-free minds—any time, any day. You are immaculate, and know it beyond all doubt!

Factors that have upset former hygienic theories

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It is made of the superabsorbent Cellucotton—covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a sheet of tissue—without embarrassment.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret disinfectant—a factor of greatest importance.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can get it anywhere, today

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it provides. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed you without charge.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



Easy to buy anywhere.*

Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

cabinets in rest-rooms by
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KOTEX PROTECTS-DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue





\$200 a Week in this Outdoor Occupation Men -Women - get out of

stuffy offices, stores and fume filled factories. I did, and I now earn \$200 a week as a Real Estate Special-

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It shows you how to get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience; how you can build up a profitable, independent business of your own, and make more money than you ever before thought possible.

Director, American Business Builders, Inc. Dept. 70-D, 18 E. 18th St., N. Y.

Proof: lave earned \$4,000 9 months." - W. A. bizson, Illinois. 'Made \$900 in three

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Made from real LINCOLN LOGS—shipped "knocked down"—easily assembled in a few minutes—NO NAILS—the improved construction enables the house to be bolted together "in a jiffy." MAIL COUPON NOW.

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Room 198, 234 E. Erie Street, Chicago, Ill. Enclosed is \$. . . for . . . IMPROVED LINCOLN WREN HOUSES—Money to be returned if not

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Send me a free copy of your new boo
"How to Become a Real Estate Specialis"

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Want to see me?" Sam added impatiently.

"Dad—just a minute ..."
"Well, what d'you want?"
"Do you know anything about this? Did you ever see it before? Mother says it never belonged to her. We've been wondering where it came from."

Sam looked at the thing that dangled in her hand. It was a doll, tattered, ragged, disintegrating.

"What is it?" "It's a rag doll."

"It's a rag doll."
"Where did you get it?"
"Oh up-stairs in an old trunk. We were rummaging round for costumes for a fancy-dress party tonight."
"What else did you find there?"
"Nothing. Just some old clothes."
"Let's see what it is."

He took the limp effigy in his hands, gazed at its faded inked features, the bit of red silk still tied bandit-fashion about its head. A wave of old and forgotten emotion rose in him; it swelled—swelled—thinned—dwindled—was

"Can I have it, daddy? Is it yours? You don't want it, do you? We're having such fun—playing indoor baseball with it."

For a moment the man frowned. The vision For a moment the man frowned. The vision of a room rose before him—a mantel—Mehitabel careening on her side. That, too, evaporated. Nothing remained. He tossed the rag puppet to his daughter. "Sure, take it. I've no use for it. There's no sense in keeping such things. I don't care any more. But for heaven's sakes—make your game outside baseball, will you? Don't play in the house."

They rushed toward the door, laughter breaking out again, but he arrested them sud-

breaking out again, but he arrested them sud-denly with a command. At the sharp note in his voice they paused. Sam's attention was all on the radio, and the signal that reached him through the receivers.

"Stop—listen!"

"What is it, dad?"

"Silence, I tell you! I can't hear . . .
They're signing off until further announcement.
There's an S. O. S. call. I can hear the signal

Incre's an S. O. S. call. I can hear the signal . . S. O. S. I can hear it distinctly. Maybe it's a ship . . . S. O. S."

"Why, S. O. S. are your initials, daddy!" shrilled Sylvia.

"Be quiet, I tell you! It's an S. O. S.—somebody in distress . ." THE END

I Had to Succeed

(Continued from page 57)

but how and to what I could not conceive. One night I walked the floor of my room all night. I went to first one and then the other of the two little beds where my babies slept. As they lay there so safe in their sense of my love, my protection, it seemed to me it would be utter betrayal to yield to the pressure being brought upon me in an effort to divert me from my intention of making a place for them in the sun. When daylight came my motherhood had won for me the first great victory of my It was the one love capable of giving me the courage I needed to plunge into an unfamiliar world.

The next morning I made arrangements with an aunt of my children's to care for them for me until somehow, some place I could get a start. I had some gift for story-telling both orally and in written form. I had sold one or two special feature articles to Sunday supplements. Also there was my music. Somehow I would use one or the other or both of these gifts. Just how was not clear. Nor did I have a nickel to my name. My one possession was a very fine piano. I knew a friend in

I interviewed her at once and the sale was arranged. It was all accomplished in the utmost secrecy, for I was well aware my father would in he kne my de Virgini acquair I ha childre utterly Alone I had with ability

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would not permit its removal from the house if he knew. With the \$300 thus acquired I took my dear babies to their aunt in Richmond, Virginia, and went to Pittsburgh, where I had naintances who had encouraged me.

I had never spent a night away from my children since their birth, and those which fol-lowed my first separation from them were utterly sleepless periods extending over weeks. utterly sleepless periods extending over weeks. Alone in a strange city bigger than any place I had ever known, I faced an unknown world with no equipment save a half-recognized ability and a little over \$250 in cash. My decision to go and my subsequent action brought the final break with my outraged family. I could expect neither encouragement nor backing from this quarter.

It was late fall when I went to Pittsburgh.
I found the acquaintances who had suggested I found the acquaintances who had suggested my going there less enthusiastic upon my arrival than they had been by mail. They suggested that I entertain clubs with original monologs, which I was fond of writing, combined with a musical program. Well and good! But how convince the clubs that I was capable of giving such entertainment? My friends suggested a manager. I advertised for one wid out of the many men who answered I seand out of the many men who answered I se-lected the one who presented the best creden-tials. He claimed the management of many the crime the management of many fine artists in his past record and offered proof enough that it was so. He was a fraud. Hav-ing secured \$7.50 of my small fund of money for stationery and advertising, he immediately went to New York and I never saw him again.

There is no question that I would have gone swiftly to pieces on the rocks of fear and de-spair had it not been for my motherhood It gave me the one love big enough and powerful gave me he one love big enough and powerful enough to force me onward and upward until I should win—for them. I am positive there is not another force in the world which could have made me stick out the months in Pittsburgh which followed—months in which I my money dwindling to nothing; months which seemed to open no way whereby I could earn a dollar; months of cold, of hunger; and— infinitely worse—months through which the yearning for my babies left me so desolate that the functioning of both heart and mind was almost paralyzed.

Because of them I must not return to Virginia a self-acknowledged failure! Because of them

I must find a way!

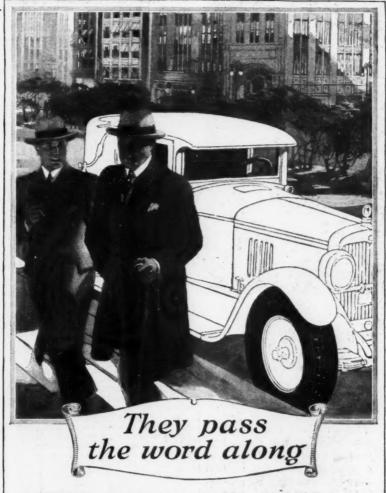
I must find a way!

Even then I was conscious of a Principle whence emanated a law of supply for every real need. Surely my need was both real and great. And in the dark I reached out figurative hands toward this Principle. Nevertheless, the darkness increased until I found myself at last reduced to four cents. But even then I would not write my father of my plight, would not acknowledge defeat. And the reason I would not was because of a governing love bigger than self. That love was the gift of my motherhood—the thing that has been without question the most valuable experience in my sense of humor. It is interesting that it was sense of humor. It is interesting that it was this sense of the ridiculous which finally

opened the gate to my self-expression.

As I sat alone in my little hall bedroom in a mean street of Pittsburgh on a bleak night three weeks before Christmas in that farthree weeks before Christmas in that faraway yesteryear with four copper pennies laid out on the rickety table beside me, I had to laugh. In my trunk was what remained of my wedding clothes and some letters of social introduction. That day I had asked for many jobs, including that of waitress in a restaurant. I was laughed to scorn. I was so obviously unfit for menial service that those who had such work to offer would have none of me. Mentally reviewing my situation I laughed, and that laugh proved my salvation. Taking a pencil, I spent half the night writing a humorous account of Pittsburgh's refusal to give me a job. give me a job.

The following day I took the story to the editor of a weekly society journal then published in that city, walking twenty blocks in a driving snow-storm to deliver it because I



THERE is something universal about the good word for General Cords. Certainly no other tire has given its users the satisfaction from which such comment springs.

General has so many "talkable" advantages that stand out in the user's daily experiences. He is not called upon to seek his enthusiasm in the hidden technicalities of manu-You can look at a General Cord and see the extra thickness. Take hold of it and you feel the same thing.

As you mix the way with good roads and bad you experience the full meaning of low

You soon notice pressure. that the gasoline saving and added motor power are considerable items. And the protection of the mechanical parts of your car, due to General's low-pressure features, tells its own story in longer car

These are some of the advantages that have made the good word for General so universal. These are the things that have brough: General into such popular demand because these, together with almost unbelievable mileage, are advantages the user can actually see and feel.

The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio



GENERAL CORD

LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS -GOES A



"We two, together at a window in Cathay"

"(T was like a dream—as if we two sat silently together at a window in Cathay, a thousand years ago, breathing the faint breath of a far rose-garden all silver in the moonlight. The mystery of it seemed to cling about you like a veil of enchantment."

FROM HER DIARY:

"HE was in such a dreamy mood last night. I know the temple in-

GVEN the air about them served the lovely women of other days to add mystery and allure to all their loveliness, by the subtle power of temple incense. Vantine's Temple Incense brings to women of today the same power to create that strange exotic charm. In six exquisite fragrances, at drug and department stores.

What dreams will incense create about you?

Samples of six odors sent on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc. NEW YORK 71 FIFTH AVENUE



didn't have the price of car-fare. The editor was out. I left the article and trudged back through the snow twenty blocks to my hall bedroom. Scarcely had I reached the house in which I was living when a telephone message brought me the acceptance of my story "if I would take twenty-five dollars for it."

I felt as if Uncle Sam had suddenly died and left me the U. S. Mint. Once again I walked to the office of the magazine for the check which meant my first square meal in four days.

The appearance of the article two weeks later brought me three separate offers of work. In the meantime the interested and indignant editor of the society journal in which my story was published called the President of the Southern Club on the telephone and gave her Hail Columbia on my account. She told this dignitary what she thought of a club composed of Southern women when a young woman from Virginia of obvious good breeding could have gone through an experience such as mine had been in Pittsburgh. Of course the Southern Club, or its President, had been in no way to blame since I had made no application to either for help. Nevertheless, the editor's indignation was most effective. It brought me an immediate invitation to entertain the club in question, and my acceptance, with a con-sequent hundred dollars to cheer me.

Right after the evening with the Southern Club came the publication of my article in the society journal and an immediate offer from the Pittsburgh Post which proved the beginning of my newspaper work, and enabled me a few months later to begin the making of a home for my children through my own work. Great as was my joy in the achievement itself, it was no greater than that in the awakening of my consciousness to abilities which I had had no opportunity to realize. I never would have known them but for my motherhood, because no other power could have forced me forward to such a realization over such obstacles.

So I was able at the beginning of my newspaper work in Pittsburgh to chalk up a second decisive victory for my motherhood, and to go forward with the flame of faith burning bright.

Nevertheless, the battle was far from won. That was fifteen years ago when newspaper salaries were very small. I was receiving twenty-five dollars a week, which was considered excellent pay. It was insufficient to justify the transference of my two children from Richmond to Pittsburgh, and I would have been afraid to have taken such a step had I not proved in some measure that "man's extremity is God's opportunity"—that there is a law of supply for every real need, and that it will make itself manifest before that need presses too hard.

The relative with whom my babies had been living had already secured a nursery governess for them, so I brought this estimable young woman with them to Pittsburgh, rented a little furnished house in the Alleghany hills, and was flooded with the joy of earning enough money to pay for it through my own work. This was not accomplished, however, through my Post job alone. I was doing special feature writing for that newspaper, so I began an enlargement of suitable subjects for magazines with a success which amazed me.

But during my second year in Pittsburgh, my little lad went through a serious illness and the bills piled so high that I spent twothirds of the nights writing magazine articles thirds of the nights writing magazine articles to supplement my newspaper salary to the necessary degree. The strain proved too long and too great. The result was nerve paralysis and a loss of all correlation of ideas for nearly a month. Before I was well enough to go back to work I was heavily in debt—and faced life again thus doubly handicapped. That I stood up to it and fought was again due to my matherhoad. to my motherhood.

The point I want to make here, as I have made it before, is that I am positive no other power could have given me the mental and moral courage to have gone on. My mother-hood was the Rock of Gibraltar to which I clung then, and to which I have since clung

through every kind of struggle. It gave me the will to get well when illness had so de-pleted my desire for life that I would otherwise have just let it slip.

have just let it slip.

Well enough to work again, I did not return to the Pittsburgh Post but accepted a job on the Chicago Tribune. Followed four years of a desperate struggle to regain my health, ending in an operation. Through those years I never faltered, never failed to earn a living although it was at time. through my writing; although it was at times scarcely sufficient because of the periods of inactivity occasioned by illness.

But I won. The fact remains that I won.
And back of that fact is that other great fact that it was my motherhood which kept me lashed to the wheel until I had conquered Even when suffering seemed more than I could bear I was compensated, taught, inspired. It was the one thing which so whipped my sense was the one thing which so whipped my sense of sportsmanship when it lagged that I could not fail. It lifted, as well, the scales of spiritual blindness, proving not only the power back of my professional success but the corner-stone of

character structure.

After the Chicago operation my health in-proved and I was offered the position of dra-matic critic on a prominent Washington newspaper. I had gone to Washington in the summer of 1914 to cover some magazine assignments in diplomatic circles. Through this work I established the contact which began for me seven delightful years in the nation's Capital, where I extended my reputation by writing of the theater, and established a newspaper syndicate feature which ran successfully for five years. Here I continued also my magazine contributions, extending them to fiction, and here also I outlined a play which

has since been written and produced. In Washington I passed all landmarks of in-security and realized complete economic in-

dependence through my own work.

In Washington also I walked through the deepest valley of life's experience when one March night, after a long illness, the life of my beautiful thirteen-year-old son was snuffed out like a candle in the night.

Followed deep waters, for this was mother-hood's crucifixion. But, like all other experi-ences, this one did not leave me where it found It sent me seeking a real knowledge of God even as my earlier economic necessity had sent me seeking a job, and it was responsible for a spiritual unfolding which brought me a workable understanding of that Principle which I had but faintly grasped, and utilized, in Pittsburgh.

Left alone with my little daughter, I carried on for her, my motherhood still my guiding light. It has steadied me in all my reactions to life as nothing else could have steadied me. Whenever I have been assailed by the temptation to lower the standard of my ideals in any direction whatsoever, the lovely face of my young daughter has flashed upon the mirror of my consciousness, her clear, frank eyes looking into mine with a staying trust. I have never come in contact with superficial, futile living on the part of any childless woman that I have not wished for her such a safety-valve as my motherhood has proved to be for me. mounernood has proved to be for me. It has kept my courage burning bright, lighting all the dark and devious passages of experience with understanding. There has been no other single theme in life's symphony which has sounded so clear and true a note, and now that I face the middle years I know none of that terror of desolation which haunts my childles friends. friends.

A year ago when I wrote my father in Virginia that I had that year earned \$28,000 through my writing, he wrote me a beautiful letter admitting his shame because of the narrow view-point which would have stemmed my individual expression fifteen years ago, and telling me of his pride in my success.

In answer to it I wrote a single sentence which read:

"I owe all I have, and all I am, to my motherhood." Which is indeed the simple truth.



AND of romance—proud and haughty dons—brave matadors—lovely senoritas—the gayety of lurid color everywhere;—Spain.

How the old grandees, epicures in the art of food would have enjoyed Jell-O. Its delicious pure fruit flavor and sparkling crystaline colors would have greatly appealed to their discriminating tastes. But to-day Jell-O is within the reach of even the

modest purse; in our recipe book you will find many suggestions for economical desserts and salads.

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When it's evening—
and your little home resounds with the
joys of hospitality—when it suddenly
seems that no other happiness compares
with receiving and welcoming friends
—have a Camel!



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN friends come in. And you are busy making them know their welcome. When friendship and hospitality are the brightest joys in all the world—have a Camel!

For no other good thing is so widely shared. Camels make every true friendship truer. There never was a cigarette made that put as much pleasure into smoking and giving smoking pleasure to others as Camels. Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty aftertaste. Millions of experienced smokers just wouldn't buy or offer to others any other cigarette but Camels.

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Have a Camel!



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Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.



The Exquisite Perdita (Continued from page 47)

Harcourt requests to see Mrs. Robinson."
In a lightning flash his swift wits had grasped the meaning. The Queen's favorite Lady of the Bedchamber—her close friend, her intimate. And in this house of all others in London! He saw at once a situation more poignant than any in his comedies, and assumed the direction of the stage.

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the stage.
"Show the lady up!" and as the man closed the door, "Compose yourself instantly. This is a message from the Queen. You may play a great and deserving part if you will."
"Oh, stay with me—stay!" cries Perdita, clutching at his sleeve. "I daren't—I can't has the Queen It bills man".

cutcanng at his sieeve. I darent—I can't face her alone. Stay! The Queen? It kills me!"
He looked at her sternly. "If you can't prove yourself worthy the occasion you'll

be the worthless baggage they must believe you! How can I stay? I'll wait in the next room. Compose yourself. Be yielding and obsequious

He glided into the boudoir that opened off the withdrawing room, leaving the door ajar, and Perdita, half dead with fear and agitation, had not even the strength to totter to the mirror to collect her looks before the enemy was upon her.

A tall, elegant woman in a concealing pelisse, a deep veil of black lace thrown over her hat, was ushered in by the lackey without any announcement and near the door made a stiff curtsy which Perdita had scarcely strength to return. It was not till the man was gone that she advanced and declining the offered chair remained standing.

"Madam, you must be extremely surprised at my visit, and no doubt an apology is due, but it may admit of forgiveness when you know my errand."

"Be so good as explain it madam". Postlito

Be so good as explain it, madam." Perdita could utter no more

"The subject is extremely delicate. I speak in confidence.

"I shall not break it, madam."
"We rely on that. It is understood in high places that you have much influence with the Prince of Wales."

"Not as much as I could wish, madam."

Perdita stood, her eyes fixed on the ground, like a prisoner at the bar, but that was passed by and the lady continued, with a certain cool contempt:

"It is believed that you cannot desire to see his ruin, whatever your relations with him."
"That belief does me justice," faltered
Perdita, almost tottering as she stood, so great

was the press of emotion upon her.

"Pray let us be seated!" said Lady Harcourt,

softening a little as she saw the ghastly pallor of the successful mistress. She set the example and Perdita sank into a chair. "I come, madam, with an entreaty from one who might command, that you will use all your influence against this iatal intimacy with the Duke of Cumberland. It is known that that bad man and woman are doing their wicked utmost to deprave his mind and wreck his principles. It is believed you are entirely ignorant of this and that the company ne meets at their house is of the most detestable, and that you could not think it desirable if you were aware, and though those I represent must deplore your connection with his Royal Highness—forgive this candor!—it still is felt that your weight if thrown on the other side may hinder the far-reaching misfortune which in his position this is bound to be.'

Even in the dreadful agitation that almost rendered her incapable of speech, Perdita felt the maternal agony that must have driven the Queen to this tragical expedient. She could not indeed wholly estimate what it must have cost her Majesty because her own case could not to her appear so heinous as it must in those eyes, but yet a dimness obscured her sight and tremor shook her from head to foot as she attempted to answer the messenger.

Your Ladyship, if I dared to express myself, but I don't dare

"Pray, madam, compose yourself and speak

your mind. The case is so urgent that ordinary circumstances have no connection with it."

The high-bred restraint of the great lady's demeanor aided the poor trembling woman to command herself. Her emotion impressed my

Lady Harcourt not a little in her favor.
"Then, madam, I beseech you to tell her
Majesty that though unworthy of her slightest consideration, I have a heart to feel this danger. I only learned it last night and with terrors inexpressible, and all I can do-if anythingshall be done to obey her Majesty's commands by her humblest, most unworthy subject. I will labor night and day to counteract this fatal influence. Oh, madam, words fail me, but I beseech and entreat you to speak for me and make this bellevable where I cannot."
"I do, I will believe it!" said the Countess, a

little moved fro her rigidity of contempt and with a tone of feeling in her voice which her court training condemned. She continued: "And if anything occurs to you that might be valuably done to break off this unfortunate intimacy at Cumberland House, may I take

it you would communicate it to me?"

She rose as she spoke, evidently anxious the interview should end as soon as possible. Perdita rose also, scarce able to get her words out. "I promise, madam." Even as the sound left her lips the door was

thrown open and the Prince entered.

It was a usual hour for him, but so inter-rupted had his visits been of late that the possibility had escaped her altogether. In the utmost astonishment he surveyed the scene—Perdita, pale as a ghost, clinging to the chair, Lady Harcourt facing her, and both

turning in ghastly surprise as he appeared.

Instantly Lady Harcourt curtsied low to his bow. She attempted no explanation, knowing that none would avail, and without a word said on either side she moved with the utmost dignity to the door, and he escorted her down the staircase and to her chair in the street. silence they met, in silence they parted. Then, red and furious, burning with suspicion, he rushed up again to the unhappy Perdita.

She stood exactly as he had left her, a fixed statue of fear, little fit to bear the torrent of words he poured forth upon her shrinking head.

So she was in plot with the Court, was she? The King's spy! What was she paid for her services? Here in the house which he had provided her, where he had lavished adoration, money, jewels, what not upon her, she be-trayed him to his worst enemies. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland had warned him she was a spy, and worse, and worse! And then, unworthy to be related, poured forth accusations against her honor, names snatched up at random, impossible to controvert as anything suddenly thus hurled must be, had she even the strength to rebut it.

She stood with bowed head, like a drooping lily in a thunder-storm. Her bodily strength failed before the furious rush of words as he stood hurling hatred and defiance at herpast tenderness forgot as though it had never been—and she could not have answered one single word if her life depended on it. It

seemed an eternity that he raged on.
"I had rather have surprised you with a lover, madam, a thousand times, for that at least is human nature. But to be a crawling, worming spy that licks with poison the hand that feeds it! This ends all! I go, and never will see you more."

She tried then to put a feeble word in with-out betraying her Majesty, yet could not. Finally she sank into the chair and hid her face and let the storm rage about her uncontrolled until even his passion was satisfied and he flung out of the room and down the stairs, leaving her more dead than alive. She could hear his loud order below, "To Cumberland House," through the open window.

It is to be believed she partly swooned, for when she recovered consciousness, Sheridan was kneeling beside her, holding her hand.

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SHAVING edge, to be A perfect, must be hollow ground: and a blade, to be hollow ground, must be heavier. You can see that the Ever-Ready Blade (A) is staunch in cross-section, that it is reinforced with a metal backbone, and that it provides ample steel for hollow grinding to a super-keen and durable edge.

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FOR THE GUMS

Lady Harcourt left the carriage at the Queen's Lodge, and was shown straight to the Queen's dressing-room, where her Majesty sat

"Thank God!" he said. "I dared not call assistance for fear of the scandal. But your eyes open. Rest. Say not a word. I'll wait." She closed her eyes again in a dull exhaustion

She closed her eyes again in a dun exhaustion that as yet admitted not of sorrow.

It appeared a long while before strength returned to her with pain for its companion. She put his hand aside then and sat up.

"Tis all over!" she said in a singular quiet.

"Believe me, no!" says Sheridan, very earnest. "You must pardon him, for this took him on his weak point, hatred of his parents that on his weak point, hatred of his parents that the Cumberlands foster daily, and 'tis but a foolish boy drunk with liberty. Indeed you have an inspiring work before you, to break that cursed influence, and sure with so signal a trust conferred on you 'tis possible."

"If it is to be done it falls to others, not me," she said, still with quiet. "His fancy for me is she said, still with quiet. "Things were said.

done-gone like yesterday. Things were said

-you heard?"
"Not by any means all!" he replied with ready tact. "I weighed whether to enter, but thought in his then mood it must inevitably

draw more censure on you. Any imputation might have rushed from his lips at the moment."
"You judged right," she replied, and relapsed into thought again. Presently: "Mr. Sheridan, go now. You cannot estimate how it wounds me that you overheard that scene.

it wounds me that you overheard that scene. Leave me to myself in pity. I die of weariness." He could but obey, and with a compassionate look at her, went silently down the stair. All day she lay there watching the shifting lights on the high white walls and ceiling, and the roar of London without. Scenes of the utmost moment to her ruined hopes were transacting and she knew and, it may be said, cared nothing, so dulled was sensation.

Lady Harcourt returned to Windon so deep

Lady Harcourt returned to Windsor, so deep in anxious thought that she scarcely lifted her head as the carriage rolled past Eton College and through the narrow streets. Even when the horses began to climb the Castle Hill she was uncertain how much to say to the Queen and whether to conceal the Prince's entry. and whether to conceal the Frince's entry.

That his knowledge of her visit might do terrible harm she knew very well, and she trembled to increase the Queen's burden by a feather-weight, knowing well how little support she could have from the King. It was no secret to Lady Harcourt, who was deep in the Queen's confidence, that there were moments unbreathed to any other when the King's preunbreathed to any other when the King's ner-vous excitability gave her the greatest alarm, and the more so because she dared warn none

and the more so because she dared warn none who approached him to spare him in any way. It seemed a cruel part to bring her fresh anxieties from this attempt, so difficult to make, and from which she had hoped so much. And Lady Harcourt's terrors would have been tenfold had she guessed that Sheridan was within hearing—Sheridan, the boon companion of the Prince and Fox, the man whose sinister brilliance. for so it must seem to the sinister brilliance, for so it must seem to the sunister brilliance, for so it must seem to the Court, was leading him deeper and deeper into the maze of dissipation—Sheridan, who was regarded as sympathetic, with Fox and the Prince, to all the dangerous radicalism that was the sure beginning of revolution in France. Indeed the times were difficult and dangerous these tables to the court of the sure horse revocated that at a at best. It had just been reported that at a banquet in Cork Street, the Prince, after inflammable speeches by Sheridan and Fox, had toasted the American Declaration of Independent toasted the American Declaration of Independence, declaring himself that he sympathized with Chatham's cry in the House of Lords: "You cannot conquer America. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms—never, never, never,"

The fact that the Prince was more than half drunk at the moment did not detract from the danger, to the Queen's mind, of such utterances being circulated in the country. Indeed it drove the King, whose very reason was endangered by the loss of the American colonies, half frantic.



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with her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, standing behind her chair, a look of anxiety on her charming face. The princess of a fairy-tale but for the cloud on her white brow. Prince Charming was anything but a source of happiness to his sisters.

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The world knows Queen Charlotte's face from the pictures of great artists. Not beautiful, not serene, but with a high impressive dignity which left beauty out of the question and made it irrelevant. A much-suffering woman, heavily maligned by her son's brilliant courtiers, and not less by her son himself, she yet represented to the respectable part of the nation at that time something profoundly valuable in the national life. She had the great domestic virtues in perfection, and so far as her sway went, the Royal household at Kewor Windsor set an example to every house-Kewor Windsor set an example to every household in the land. She had more, a personal courage which nothing could daunt, to be exemplified later under cruel tests.

She wore now a frilled dress with lace and lace neckerchief soberly crossed on the

"You are returned—you are tired," she said as Lady Harcourt curtsied. "Surely you would a little rest prefer before we converse. Princess

a little rest prefer before we converse. Princess Royal, you may leave us now, and desire Mrs. Schwellenburg to see we are not interrupted. You are sure, madam, you will not rest first? No? Then tea shall refresh you."

She spoke to the Princess in German, and the rest in fluent English though with a marked German accent and a very occasional foreign idiom. She touched a little bell at her side as the Princess glided out. Miss Planta, a grave middle-aged woman, entered with her deep obeisance and took the order, presently bringing in the silver tray herself. It contained also sugar, cream, and bread and butter and cake, ing in the silver tray herself. It contained also sugar, cream, and bread and butter and cake, which she offered first to her Majesty, and then, retiring, stood respectfully by the door. Lady Harcourt helped herself, still standing, for in the Queen's anxiety she had forgotten to give her permission to sit.

It appeared a domestic happy scene enough set in the rich decorations of the room with its air of dignified luxury, the dusk falling gently over the great trees in Windsor Park.

But the interior differed yery widely from

But the interior differed very widely from the fair outside. There all was perturbation, her Majesty in an agony of doubt and fear, Lady Harcourt so alarmed at her own errand Lady Harcourt so alarmed at her own errand that she could scarcely keep her feet, and Miss Planta, though unknowing the exact circumstances, possessed of quite enough information to lead her on the right track. Like all who served the Queen in intimacy, she loved and honored her royal mistress, and as she gathered up the test equipage and left the recovery.

honored her royal mistress, and as she gathered up the tea equipage and left the room, curtsying, her look was one of compassion. The Queen roused herself as the door closed. "My dear Lady Harcourt, be seated. Long since I should have bid you. Tell me in one brief word before you give particulars—have you had success?"

"Yes and no, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am. I was admitted instantly."

"And what impression have you? Bold, successful impudence?"

Lady Harcourt hesitated. The natural prejudice which she could escape no more than the Queen was strong upon her, but candor was stronger.

the Queen was strong upon her; stronger.
"Your Majesty will be surprised, but I know your judgment too strong to be offended when I say there was no triumph—no impudence. She seemed a young woman bowed down with fear and anxiety. Indeed, ma'am, at one moment I feared she was about to swoon before me, so agitated were her feelings."

The Queen looked down at her beautiful

me, so agitated were ner teetings.

The Queen looked down at her beautiful aging hands, loaded with great diamonds, her brows drawn together. The reply offended her sense of the fitness of things. There should be nothing but evil left in the triumphant harlot until awakened by the pangs of remorse, sharpened by a sense of religion.

"I can exceed the bigion.

"I can scarcely believe in any such sensi-bility from Mrs. Robinson!" she said coldly.



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Nor is there a moment's delay or waiting with Brownatone. Results are immediate. To apply it, just comb the color thru. As you comb, the natural color and

Each entire hair benefits, as Brownatone permeates thorough-ly. It doesn't just stain the sur-face or "touch up." It is absorbed by the very hair itself, so that the

beauty come back.

color will not rub off or wash out. The color actually becomes a part of the hair, so it is lasting. Afterwards, the texture is glori-ously lovely and there's no interference with shampooing, marcelling, scalp treatments or even permanent waving. For truly, your hair has renewed its youthful beauty. And only as it grows is it necessary to apply Brownatone again.

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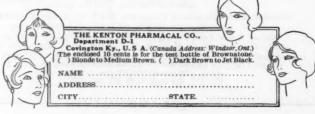
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We recommend NaToneLemon-ated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct—50c per bottle.



"A woman who could her child desert to enjoy a life of prodigality and such expense as half ruins the Prince besides his own expenses— Spare me that, my dear Lady Harcourt, and remember she is an actress at the best. You are too good and candid yourself to fathom the arts of such persons. But what has exactly passed? I suppose the house is bedecked with reckless luxury." H

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"I was too agitated, ma'am, to notice it in any way. The whole interview lasted but a few minutes. She is a beautiful young person, but as your Majesty has seen her on the stage I need say the less of that, except to add that in private life she has an elegance of appearance, a refinement which is far beyond expectation."

"It will certainly be wasted on George," the Queen said with concentrated bitterness. Queen said with concentrated bitterness. "If it so is, one must wonder what the attraction could have been."
"Beauty, ma'am, no doubt, and a very winning sweetness of manner. I fear I shall incur

reproach by saying that her evident terror con-ciliated me more than I could have supposed

The Queen looked her in the face. "My dear madam, though we may differ in opinion, I can never your goodness mistrust and I beg you

never your goodness mistrust and I beg you tell me plainly all that passed, and your con-clusions. That must I know." "Then, ma'am—I was favorably impressed. Believe me. She dreads Cumberland House as much as does your Majesty—and well she may, for look at it how you will, a woman with any rag of decency left can't hope to hold her own if the Prince's opinions are directed from there. She heard what I said with the most dreadful agitation, and then stammered out in the deepest emotion: 'I beseech you to tell her Majesty that though unworthy of her slightest con-sideration, I have a heart to feel this danger. I only learned it last night and with terrors in-expressible, and all I can do—if anything— shall be done by her Majesty's most dutiful, unsnan be done by her Majesty's most dutiful, unworthy subject. Oh, madam,' she added, 'words fail me, but I entreat you to make this believable to her Majesty.' I am certain she meant what her words implied."

"You think it, you mean."
"Certainly, ma'am, I think so. My belief is
I surprised her in the agitation consequent on
hearing of the Prince's intimacy at Cumberland House. Your Majesty may not be aware
of it, but I have heard from my Lord that it is known in the town that the Duke made over-tures to Mrs. Robinson before her engagement with his Royal Highness and was repulsed with

contempt."
"Is that certainly true?" "Absolutely, ma'am, and therefore I think your Majesty will see she has strong reasons for dreading any connection there. At all events truth and earnestness were writ in her events than an earnestness were writ in he face—a very speaking one—when she talked with me. And I have her promise to let me know if she sees anything that could be profitably done to break off the intimacy. Naturally, I was a second of the intimacy. ally I made the interview short. I feared any interruption and-

"If the Prince knows of it, it will be fatal,"

said the Queen calmly. "Otherwise my intervention may possibly be of service."

This was crucial. Lady Harcourt, the blood falling away from her face like sand from an raining away from her face like sand from an hour-glass, took her courage in both hands. Not knowing what the consequence of the whole matter might be, she dared not take the responsibility of concealing anything.

"Most unfortunately, ma'am, his Royal Highness entered before I left—"

"The course held translated death."

The Queen half started up, pale as death.

"What? He has seen you?"

"Impossible to avoid it, ma'am. He was in the room before I was aware. Not a word passed. I curtised, he bowed, and with all his aware constructs he was a ware to the carry courtes he was a ware to the carry t passed. I curtised, he bowed, and with all his own courtesy he armed me down to the carriage, and then returned up-stairs. What he thought I cannot tell."
"But I can," said the Queen.
"May it not alarm him for his good? He may think it an intervention of his Majesty's," Lady Harcourt said mournfully. The mother's

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strained self-control pulled at her very heart-strings. And the Queen's pride awed her.
"I think not!" says the Queen. "I know the Prince. It will increase the suspicions with which he is fed daily by those abandoned wretches. We have but ruined the young woman, my good Lady Harcourt, and so broken our own weapon and done no use to ourselves. Not that I can deplore the ceasing of such a connection in itself. but if succeeded of such a connection in itself, but if succeeded by Mrs. Elliott and the influence of the woman who is called Duchess of Cumberland, we go from bad to worse."

Lady Harcourt could say no more, so black was the outlook, and the cruel prospect of years of sordid dissen ion between his Majesty and the Prince had already so unnerved the Queen that with so little comfort to offer, silence was best. She kissed the royal hand with tenderest sympathy and ventured not a word, the Queen averting her haggard face as the tears rolled down it

But they were quickly checked. With a light knock at the door and a hastily dropped curtsy the Princess Royal ran in.

"Mama, papa is coming. Tears? O my dear! What has troubled you?"

She dropped on one knee before her mother and with her own handkerchief dried the wet eyes most tenderly, then sprang up again.
"I'll delay him a moment, mama. That will

give you time."

She glided swiftly away, and they heard her clear voice in the corridor.

"Papa—stay one minute. Look at Badine. "Papa—stay one minute. Look at Badine. I put this bit of biscuit on her nose and say 'Hip, hip, hip!' Not a move. You see—stiff as wax! And then I say 'Hurra!' and up flies the biscuit in the air and she catches it in a bound. Isn't it pretty? The clever darling!"
They heard the girl's laughter clear as crystal. "You want to see it again, dear papa, don't you?"
Lady Harcourt flew for a wet handkerchief to bathe the wet eyes and hayrard cheeks, and

to bathe the wet eyes and haggard cheeks, and when the King entered and the Queen rose to curtsy there was a sunlight smile to greet him, so calmly cheerful that none could have im-

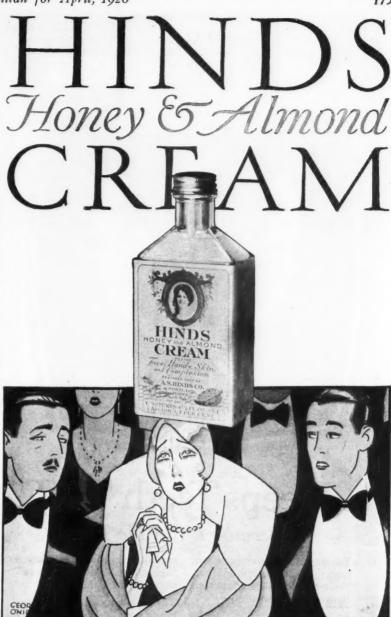
curtsy there was a sunlight smile to greet him, so calmly cheerful that none could have imagined the storm which had passed.

"No, my good Lady Harcourt, no wax lights yet. My eyes are tired with reading. She has been in London for two days, your Majesty, and brings us all the latest tattle, and Doctor Burney's duty, and he has a new volume of 'The History of Music' for to lay before you."

"What—what—what? More music? Burney is a sensible, understanding fellow and deserves patronage. Sit down, Lady Harcourt. And what was the news in town? Were you at the opera? No—no—no! Your musical taste is too solid. Handel for you as for me. Manners tells me Mrs. Sheridan gave a Sunday soirée (can't approve Sunday racket, however) when she indulged the company with music from the oratorio most heavenly sung. What, what—did anyone ever hear such a voice! 'Let the bright seraphim in burning row.' Can't forget it! I vow that young woman looked and sang most angelically. 'Tis the loss of the age that she married that dissolute brute Sheridan, who has deprived the public of its most brilliant ormament and is drawging. He to predition. she married that dissolute brute Sheridan, who has deprived the public of its most brilliant ornament and is dragging her to perdition with companions to whose company he never should have been admitted. What—what—what!—a player fellow, a mere manager of a playhouse to be the companion of princes, to draw them into his low haunts of vice with the basest flattery."

basest flattery."
The stout, florid King, kindness and benevo-The stout, florid King, kindness and benevo-lence itself when at ease, was purple with fury now, storming on in the high monotonous voice that the Queen dreaded beyond anything earthly. It filled her mind with dim mysterious terrors, and the worst was that, as now, no one could tell what innocent subject might launch him on that most degree on of the Prince's him on that most dangerous one of the Prince's

"What—what? And that coarse-mouthed brute Fox, with his foul linen and fouler language. When I think he's the son of Lord Holland, who might have supposed his son would be a gentleman, I can only pity and



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Weepy last act. Curtain falls in vale of sentiment and tears. Then, zip! go the bright lights.

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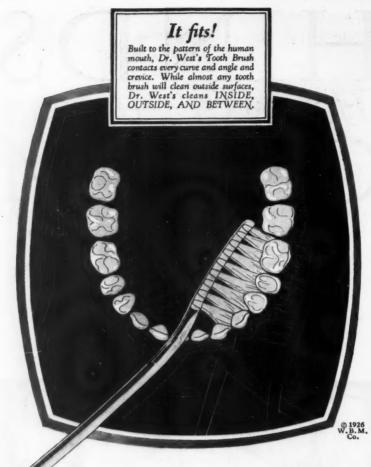
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sympathize. I have my own troubles as is well known, but they shall never close my heart to sympathy for others in like case. No, never. What—what! When a man ceases to sympathize

The Princess timidly ventured to draw the King's attention to the little trembling Badine. But he raged on over the accursed names of Sheridan and Fox, until the Queen, smiling faintly, pleaded Lady Harcourt's fatigue and a headache of her own, and at last the King went off, still declaiming, to play backgammon with one of his equerries. The charming Princess followed with anxious back-cast looks at her mother, and then the Queen fell back ex-hausted in her chair, speechless with agitation. Lady Harcourt kissed her hand with tears.

Lady Harcourt kissed her hand with tears.
"My very dear mistress, have courage!" she said. "'Tis known to your piety that the Almighty does not forsake those who trust Him, and surely I know that your Majesty's trust is, as it has need to be, founded on a rock. See the Prince once more and speak with him yourself. Surely it must move him."

The Queen feebly signed her gratitude and Lady Harcourt left her reluctantly, a tragic figure, sitting staring out into the darkened trees with eyes that saw nothing but woe and

trees with eyes that saw nothing but woe and desolation.

The Prince, meanwhile, was telling his tale in the sympathetic precincts of Cumberland House to his gross uncle.

Storming and raging, flushed with drink and fury, the young man stood by the great carved mantel pouring out his grievances against

mantel pouring out his grievances against their Majesties and their spy he had nourished in his bosom. 'Twas a mixed metaphor, but he weighed not his words.

"What did I tell you, sir?" says the Duke, smiling superior through the blotches of his coarse features. 'Did I not warn you the fair prude was an emissary of their Majesties? Has not yourself told us that unlike a happy young woman that may bless her stars to be the chosen of the most admired man in Europe she chosen of the most admired man in Europe, she chosen of the most admired man in Europe, she pulls a long face in private and ventures on a kind of impertinent superiority to what pleases your Royal Highness? Would she dare that if she had not support behind her you're not aware of? I suspected this always but I need say no more now 'tis proved to admiration." "Proved! If I had seen the Queen herself sitting there cheek by jowl with my mistress it could not be more proved. I told her it ended all between us."

all between us."
"So it should with any man with spirit!
What! We are not to be tied in nursery leading strings when we are men! I taught my mother, the Princess of Wales, that lesson early enough. And there is more, sir. You should not be in the hands of an actress come from heaven knows where. We know these women of the stage. A lady of birth and family is the fittest companion for you, and if to that is joined the tenderest heart, the gayest, liveliest humor in Christendom and a passion for yourself—"
"You mean Grace Elliott?" says the Prince, side-glancing at the Dresden mirror that reside-glancing the procession of the procession of the process of the

flected his handsome face. "But I declare to you, sir, I think myself a man that would tire of Beauty's self if I were bound to her and her

of Beauty's self if I were bound to her and her only, and a woman of fashion might expect fidelity I can by no means promise."

"Grace Elliott? Who could expect the impossible from a man in your position? You speak but as any candid man who knows the world must speak. Try her! And as for Perdita—'Aus ist das Lied!' as my father said when he dismissed Miss Vane. And the sooner the better. Has it not occurred to you, sir, that better. Has it not occurred to you, sir, that Sheridan was too frequent in his visits to Newman Street before she made her mark, and 'tis known that the shortest road to success on the stage is through the manager's heart? I have heard also that Essex is constantly with her."

The Prince shook his head; whatever might have leaped out in his fury with Perdita, these insinuations did not trouble him. He was far too well assured of his own potent attractions. Was it likely, even if she were willing, that Sheridan or Essex would dare? Do not jackals

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ever draw back when the lion is moving?
"No, sir," says he, "I am not alarmed on that
score. Far from it. As a matter of fact I know from herself and from other sources that she refused great offers before she came into my hands. Some of the greatest offers in London.

I have no reason to suspect her there."

The Duke's face purpled. Could it be possible the woman had told the Prince? Could Could he have guessed? No, he went on easily, his thoughts fixed on his irresistible self—and on

no other.

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"No—I don't describe her as a mercenary oman. Great expense almost frightens her, woman. Great expense almost frightens her, or did till she grew accustomed. She loves jewels, as every pretty woman must, yet doesn't grasp at them. To sum up, she's desperately in love with me. I can wind her about my finger."

"Yet spies for your enemies!" says the Duke, the treathy recalling the convergation to its

dexterously recalling the conversation to its starting-point. "For my part, knowing the world and the machinations of my brother the King, I should be disposed to say—look in Mrs. Perdita's treasure hoards and see whether there isn't some large unaccountable sum lately ome into her possession. A spy, and she's that without question, never works without a greased palm. Well, it will give you the less expense when you send her about her business. Of course you are decided to do it immediately.

When there was the least suspicion of coercion the Prince's ears went back like a mule's. He scented it now.

"My mind is not made up. I shall inquire into the matter further before I decide."
"You can't be too quick," the Duke said incautiously. "It turns a man sick to know his every unguarded word and action reported to is enemies. I advise you, sir, speak plain and be done with it."

The Prince laughed carelessly. His fury was rolling away like clouds. His nature was callous to any impression whether of anger or love. Nothing lasted but the warm eternal beams of

"It turns a man sicker to be advised about his own business when he don't seek advice. No, sir—that is not the commodity I seek from yourself and my charming aunt, and I should have kept the little incident to myself only I knew it would amuse you to see how they try to keep me in leading strings still. Trust me to look out for my own interests."

"I do. Lord knows any man that doesn't is a fool. Well, say no more. Here comes the

The big folding door pushed open to give passage to the charming lady who had won a wedding-ring from the grossest sensualist in Europe. Her success had astounded herself scarcely less than the amazed public—and she bore the mark of that surprise at her own arrival in a little forced ease and restlessness of rival in a little forced ease and restlessness of manner which had by no means the true royal ring of flawless superiority. The endeavor to please, to be popular was a little too evident. It must be allowed, however, that it was diffi-cult for any woman to make headway against such universal detestation and contempt as her husband excited in every decent mind.

She stood now with either hand against the opening of the folding doors, nymph-like and slender in a long trailing dress of gleaming white without any hoop, her golden auburn hair piled over a cushion and a curl or two ab. we her ears. The mass of hair gave her small softly colored face tracting to a lovely. small, softly colored face tapering to a lovely little chin an inexpressible air of impish delicacy as of a flower-fairy peeping out of petaled re-cesses with a smile half roguish, half evil. Her eyes were amazingly beautiful, deep pools of liquid green like water reflecting forest glooms and sunshine. They sparkled in the celebrated lashes at the present moment.

"George!" she said with winning impertinence—except his parents, very few ventured on the Christian name—"George! And so early! Why, I thought you only came here with the bats! To what are we indebted—no, you needn't kiss my hand. We are not on



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ceremony, you and I. Sit down, my dear nephew, and tell me, what makes you so flushed and handsome today?"

"Don't I always look the same, aunt?" says straightening himself to the compliment

he, straightening himself to the compliment and twinkling to the title he gave the lady.

"Not always flushed, sir." She marked the word prettily and shot a demure glance from under the drowning lashes. "Grace Elliott was with me but now, and if you had heard—but no. Discreet aunts do but tell their nephews what's for the good of their souls."

He leaned over her chair caressingly. The warm sent of her hair dilated his nostrils. No

warm scent of her hair dilated his nostrils. No other woman had that especial perfume or used

other woman nad that especial post-it so delicately.

"Madame, ma tante, je vous——"

"No, no, an English Prince must speak
English. Or stay!—I indulge you in Welsh, since you are Prince of Wales. You want to know what Grace said? Well, you shall not. Ladies' secrets are secrets, and especially to a man tied to the next prettiest woman in London!

"Tied! No one shall tie me!" he cried, starting upright. "It's the devil's own plague a man can't form a liaison without all the world looking on him as good as married. And

The Duke interrupted blandly. "I am sure my wife would agree with me, sir, that tied or no you show a most uncommon chivalry to a woman who little deserves it. I'll be said by the Duchess if you give me leave to open the

"Certainly. I've nothing to hide, and I sought her opinion myself. One woman is a good judge of another. 'Set a thief'—you know! A thief of hearts, of course, is understood."

He pulled forward a chair and threw him-self negligently into it—the rich stuff of his coat sticking out stiffly on either side, and his handsome silk-clad legs stretched out before him. His wrath had blown over—only the Duke affected a mighty show of it in relating the story to his eager Duchess.

"Such conduct in return for the most gener-

ous treatment she has had will shock you, my love, I know. It must have been perfectly plain to Mrs. Robinson that to intrigue with the Court was to expose the Prince to every sort of attack, and yet—you see! After all, what can you expect from an actress? That sort of canaille is untrustworthy to the last drop of their blood. Damme if I don't believe they can't tell the truth if they try. What do you say, madam?

She swept up the lashes superbly.

"Why, sir, I can't possibly affect surprise.

Miss Propriety Prue has been playing a deep game for a long time, if not from the beginning. have it from one who knows. Depend upon it she has been providing for herself against the inevitable change. What, isn't it a proverb that there's always meat in the hawk's nest? and Mrs. Propriety is a hawk though of the demure type that's the most dangerous of any. But how base too of the Queen to tamper with her! The Queen of England to lower herself

The Prince stared down at his legs and said nothing. He might criticize his parents himself and certainly did not spare them, but it still tingled a little when others had the audacity. Swift as a flash she saw and changed her course

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How to Have Soft, **Pretty White Hands**

"Many women will undoubtedly be glad to position fights against my affection for you, sir. It shall not be worsted. Let us speak of her Majesty no more. But is not this woman a danger? I should reckon her one. You should rid yourself of her."

"That is for me!" the Prince said, very stiffly, and got up rigid German fashion with a bow from the waist. "I must go now, and I thank you both for sympathy in my affairs. I must consider my best course and later on will let you know my decision. Have you company here tonight for cards, madam?"

"Certainly, sir, and Grace Elliott will bring her guitar and give us Spanish serenades. We

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hope to see you, unless indeed this leak to the Court should——"

She hesitated with a charming anxiety and deprecation, little jeweled hands spread out as if half afraid. That was the right touch. The Prince unbent instantly.

"If the Court or anyone in it thinks that I'm to be hampered in the choice of my friends, all I can say is, that person will find herself very far in the wrong!" he said haughtily. "You'll find me here, madam, at the usual hour. And pray don't let your solicitude alarm

hour. And pray don't let your solicitude alarm itself. I can hold my own with man or woman."
They were full of assurance—the Duchess's so charmingly given that he stooped and kissed her hand again. So little, so white a hand! Who could suppose it could drive a dart as wenomed as a poisoned stiletto!

The Prince drove straight to Sheridan's

The Prince drove straight to Sheridan's house in Bruton Street, knowing that after a night's roistering he might count on his being moored in Blanket Bay, as he called his bed. Elizabeth was arranging bow-pots in view of a soirée that evening and dropped her flowers and her startled curtsy at the same instant. The Prince went down on his knees in spite of the startled curtsy at the same instant. remonstrances and gathered up the armful. Her starry presence had always a softening influence upon him, and indeed at this time of his life this young man could hardly have been known for the same in Mrs. Sheridan's and the Duches of Cumberland's presence—while as for Perdita—— But indeed there are few men who do not take their color from women, from the cradle to the coffin, and those who do not loss as well as gain to reckon with.

have loss as well as gain to reckon with.

"I disturb you, madam, and can't forgive myself, but can I see Richard on a matter of importance? I hadn't come else."

"Why, sir, he's in bed, to be honest with you!" says Elizabeth, surveying him half frightened over her hedge of flowers. "He was up so late last night.—"

up so late last night—"
"Who should know that better than I,
madam, though I wasn't there myself? I know manam, though I wasn't there myself? I know he was with Charles—and they were discussing—oh, I know your discretion, so I may whisper it. A tremendous secret. Put your ear close!" She did so, rather unwillingly, and with lips that purposely brushed that charming ear, he whispered:

that purposely brushed that charming ear, he whispered:
"We talk of Richard's standing for Westminster. 'Tis the beginning of a great career for him. But silence, on your life!'
She drew back in wide-eyed alarm. "Oh, sir—your Royal Highness don't consider, indeed you don't! Parliament's an amusement for rich men. He couldn't—we couldn't afford it. Oh pray pray don't suggest it! Engripe it. Oh pray, pray don't suggest it! Forgive me, but it alarms me dreadfully." Indeed she had turned quite pale, and her eyes were two woful stars in mist.

He laughed outright at her fears. "But indeed you don't consider as you should, madam. To be a member of Parliament is the highroad to office, and with Richard's abilities what is there he mayn't pretend to? The mischief is that you undervalue his abilities."

She shook her head with a faint smile.

"But yes, yes! I saw Lord Holland yesterday with Charles, and I'll tell you his exact words, for you'll own him a judge. 'As for Dick Sheridan, he's as certainly marked for a future cabinet as that I stand here. Not a requisite is locking all controls. requisite is lacking, eloquence, sagacity, wit, urbanity and—' Well, I forget the rest, madam, but I know 'twas a string as long as from here to Cork Street. Everyone but your-self know is " self knows it.

Elizabeth was dumb. Yes, she knew it as well as any, but knew also that if the warp of his character was ideal, there was that in the woof which fatally knotted and tangled the other. His very virtues, possibly piled a little high-flown, toppled over into disaster. His vices—he could no more restrain himself from a dash after any alluring will-o'-the-wisn than a dash after any alluring will-o'-the-wisn than vices—he could no more restrain himself from a dash after any alluring will-o'-the-wisp than he could help seeing its glitter. His eloquence—who could deny that tissue of music and fire?—and yet, yet, to her instructed ear there was a dash of bosh in it too, a strain of insincerity—sentimental perhaps but false in grain.



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An ineffectual angel with the fatal gift of luring others to follow him into the blind alieys of life, and there leaving them with a jestheartless, but hopeless

Politics—they would be his ruin! She wished most passionately at that moment that they had never seen the Prince. She felt it a most disastrous alliance, and the more so for the inequality in rank which made every step a

Her face was so sad that the Prince rallied

her gaily.
"I know your thoughts, madam, as well as if you sang them in one of your own fascinating trills. You're afraid Richard will drink too much wine in company with Charles and your humble servant. Well, now, you shall hear the truth. What we drink is as nothing nothing, mark you, compared to the seasoned topers. The night before last we had each but two bottles of light claret, and a jeroboam of port between us. Now what's that, when all's said and done? And we chewing tobacco all the time which takes off the effect of the wine. A child could carry as much!"

She tried to laugh. "Isn't a jeroboam six

She tried to laugh.

ordinary bottles, sir?"
"Well-what if it is?--we didn't finish it all. The Duke of Cleveland has his glasses made without a foot, so that you must swill off a glass at a draught. I don't approve there. A touch of vulgarity. Hark! I hear Dick stirring. I'll run up."

Before she could say a word he was off and the strength of the streng

up the stairs to Sheridan's bedroom. reflected with alarm that she had left her dressing-gown and slippers lying about-but there was nothing to be done except to go on with the flowers. It gave an additional distaste, however, to the whole matter. Even her house was not her own nowadays. Alas for dear Burnham!

The Prince, now in a very much better temper, stormed into the room where Sheridan, propped comfortably on pillows, was reading a manuscript. It is difficult to receive royalty ceremoniously in such circumstances, but this royalty was all familiarity, and flung himself in the armchair beside the bed with long legs stretched out in his favorite attitude.

"Don't mind me, Richard; I knew you would be in the downy but I couldn't wait. A damned nasty, ill-smelling incident. That's what brings me."

"If you'll give me ten minutes, sir, I'll get on my clothes and be with your Royal High-ness more suitably. Allow me—"

"My Royal Highness doesn't care a damn whether you've a nightcap or a wig on your head, Dick. What I want is your opinion. Now listen—and don't trouble about yourself. Stay—is that a bottle of brandy? I'll have a sip before I begin."

The scene had its comic side in Sheridan's excessive discomfort at the invasion, often to be repeated in future years. He ran his fingers through his tousle of hair, however, and put the best face he could on it and the Prince told his story.

It not only startled Sheridan that the Prince should have come to him in the matter, but placed him in a very grave difficulty. dently Perdita had not mentioned his part in it, but he had no especial reliance on her discretion, and who could foresee the future? would damn him with the Prince if it got out. All the time he was apparently listening his mind was shooting to and fro, swift as a weaver's shuttle over the possibilities and dangers. His whole future career hung upon it, and now that his life in high society was detaching him more and more from the theater and from authorship, the Prince's favor was of terrible moment.

"I know the King and Queen capable of any meanness where I am concerned, but to use my own mistress as a spy is a flight beyond anything I ever imagined. And that she should

Sheridan's mind was working more smoothly

He looked gravely at the Prince, who had

lashed himself into a crimson fury with the mere recital of his wrongs.

Hea

"I don't read the occurrence, sir, as your Royal Highness does. I may be mistaken, but since you ask my opinion—"

"I do. What else am I here for? But I see

no other way."
"Why, sir, in these matters 'tis an invaluable trick to put yourself in the enemy's skin and argue from within instead of from appearance. Come to consider it, their Majesties don't need to use Perdita for a spy, and risk a rebuff that they would know must reach your Royal Highness's ears. She would not betray you, either, for all the diamonds in Golconda. don't you suppose that they're well served in spies? I would swear they know every one of your goings and comings better far than she. No, no. But we're hot on the scent. If there was anything your Royal Highness was doing in which they might hope her influence would deter you— Now, is there any such thing?"
"Nothing at all. What should there be?"

The Prince was looking uncomfortable.

Sheridan pulled himself up into a sitting position and looked straight at him. "Sir, I am the most faithful of your servants, and I'll take the risk of telling you what I've heard.

"Why, yes—if you want to talk nonsense."
"Why, yes—if you want to talk nonsense."
"Well, sir, it's beginning to be rumored about that you were honoring Cumberland." House with your presence. I can't suppose it

"It's a damned lie!" interrupted the Prince. "I thought so. I was sure so. I denied it with indignation. I know your Royal Highness has far too much wisdom to ally yourself with the best-hated, most despised man in the Three Kingdoms. It would damage you Three Kingdoms.

"By the Lord, is he that?"
"To the full. But to return. Depend on it, this rumor has reached their Majesties, and no wonder it frightens them, not from the point of safeguarding your morals: they know very well you are out of leading strings. But because they know as I do, as every think-ing person does, that to be allied with Cumber-land House is to be distrusted and despised

and rouse is to be distrusted and despised throughout the nation. Even a man of your immense popularity can't afford that!"
"You really believe that was the errand?"
"Indeed I do. What else? And I who differ so completely from their Majesties, make bold to say they were perfectly right in this case. Let me tell you—" And here Sheridan gave a swift and lucid exposition of a chapter or two in the Duke's history, as yet unknown to his nephew. "You can't afford—no, not even you, sir—to touch such pitch. The nation don't object to your enjoying yourself legiti-mately, but it rightly objects to that sort of

"Then they should have written to me." The Prince was half convinced, and Sheridan pressed his advantage.

"I own it a mistake in manners, sir, but that can be excused. How did Mrs. Robinson explain herself?"

Again the Prince looked uncomfortable. "She had no opportunity. I was angry, Sheridan. I spoke my mind."

"Ah, sir, your anger would terrify the poor soul. She loves you fondly. Go home and soothe her and get the truth, and I wager my immortal soul it's as I have said." A pause. Then very seriously Sheridan added, "It would be the deal" of the property of the seriously sheridan added, "It would be the deal" of the property of the seriously sheridan added, "It would be the deal" of the property of the seriously some seriously shericage if the seriously some seriously seri be the devil's own business if this got wind at Cumberland House.

Dead silence. With the tail of his eye he saw scarlet flush the royal cheek, and knew exactly what had happened. He went on as if he had noticed nothing.
"To be in that man's hands—to have any secret he could tell——"

The young man started up. "You croak like a raven, Dick. For heaven's sake have done. I don't care a damn for the Cumberlands, but if I wanted to see them I would if I rode through hell-fire for it. Well, I'll go see the woman and if she's in the same story as you

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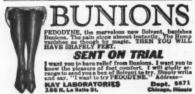
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I'll forgive her this time. But if it happens

He had another sip of brandy, and softened down into good humor and so gradually got himself out of the room and down-stairs. Sheridan, for once roused from his indolence, sprang out of bed and scribbled a letter in mad speed, and then dressing himself went off in search of Fox.

And the words with which he greeted him

were these

"Charles, what chance has the party of progress with a man at the head of it who can't tell the truth if he tries, whose follies will so overweight the ship that we shall all be sunk to the bottom before we hoist sail! The Prince is hand in glove with Cumberland House, and every second thing he says is a lie.

Fox turned his coarse face unruffled on

Sheridan's perturbed one.
"Why, use him, and uphold him for the honest man he never will be! The Heir to the Throne is a big Court card, Dick, and the hope of the nation is in him and with us. Never be misled by his soft nothings. Know him for what he is, and get the last ounce out of him for the country. He has the tact of fifty better men than himself, and that will carry us far.

Now tell me the story."

And Sheridan buckled down to the task, little knowing that Fox had had every incident of it already from Mrs. Armstead.

Elizabeth trembled at home. Perdita still lay in her darkened room, bruised and exhausted with emotion. Mrs. Armstead, hovering over her, reminded her of two or three engagements, but in vain.

would say. "Leave me to myself."

To an ordinary model of the same and the same and

To an ordinary maid this would have been sufficient, but their relations were not ordinary, and Mrs. Armstead had her own reasons for desiring knowledge. She knelt by the bed and very gently began drawing out the pins and unknotting the dark masses of hair that weighted the aching head, then turned the pillow and sprinkled essence of lavender to cool and sweeten it. Her fingers were soft as down and as soundless, and the first subsiding throb of pain brought gratitude, and a deluge of tears.

Mrs. Armstead said nothing, but still kneeling fanned cooler air to the hot temples, and dried the tears with a certain calm gentleness which wooed confidence the more because it did not ask it. Perdita put her arm feebly

about her neck.

"You pity me," she said with sobbing breath, "but how much more if you knew my suffer-ings! You once said that life never spared a ings! woman. That was too true. It has found me

She lay a long while thus with Mrs. Armstead applying soft cold touches to her wearied temples, then told her story, avoiding all names; the Prince had misunderstood, had been angry because some unmentioned person had seemed to spy into his affairs—into his approaching Cumberland House. It was very easy to piece the threads together. In ten minutes the maid had complete control of the facts. She still said nothing, but her expressive hands went to and fro in the softest soothing. Afterwards Perdita believed they had half magnetized her—so great was her shame and anxiety at what she had revealed.

"I did not know he went to Cumberland House," she said, her breath catching. "Did you know?—and oh, if you did, why not have told me? It would have spared me much." "Madam, I did not know, and if I had, would

it have been any use to disturb your peace? Is it likely that anyone can control the Prince?"

"The woman he loves," sighed Perdita, then corrected the last word to "loved."

"No, madam, no," the other said earnestly. "If you would but exert yourself there is time left yet. I could wish to see you brighter, gayer, more sparkling. That is the best advice a true friend can offer. He may be here tonight. Then sleep off this headache, and be all love and forgiveness when he comes

But Perdita shuddered. The very thought

of meeting him made her quiver from head to heel. Some things he had said lay like ser-pents in her heart, poisonous, cold, coiling. Could she ever forget them?

Mrs. Armstead gently disengaged herself and glided to the door, returning with a sealed letter which she gave her mistress, drawing back the curtain and lighting a little lamp, for the room was shaded into darkness.

Sheridan had written thus:

I believe his fury is over, and I have induced him to hear reason. You must tell him the truth, and whatever your promise, it is canceled, for the mere sight of the mes senger revealed all. I convinced him that it was a natural movement of fear on the part of those who sent the message and laudable though unwisely contrived. You may turn this to account for all his friends you act with discretion. Have courage. Destroy.

A shudder of hope sent the faint blood pulsing to her cheek as she read, and held the paper in the flame of the lamp till the written part of it was black ash. Her next thought was alarm at her revelations to Mrs. Armstead, for the word "destroy" had quickened all her terrors.
What madness had possessed her! She called
her and said earnestly that she relied on her honor to mention no single word that had passed between them, and was a little reassured when the maid opened her eyes upon her in calm surprise.

in calm surprise.

"If you could suppose me guilty, madam, of such an unworthy action I should be very little fit for such a position as I hold here. I do assure you I am as incapable of revealing a confidence as if I were a duchess.

The lamp was too low for Perdita to appreciate the irony of the smile which edged this remark. She composed herself to sleep, and Mrs. Armstead glided softly from the room, and out of the house for half an hour to meet Fox and give him news of the quarrel. He was well instructed indeed in all that passed in Cork Street, but his point of view would certainly have surprised Mrs. Armstead if she had guessed it. She believed his ruling was ambition. There were women who could have told her better.

When Perdita awoke the headache was re lieved, and as she sat before the mirror and studied her face she was relieved in mind also, for the storm had passed and left her no less lovely. She was pale, but that had always suited her air of distinction, and the shadowed under-lids gave a mysterious softness to her drooping eyes. All the longing and supreme abandonment of love repulsed spoke in the sorrowful curves of her lovely lips, and the weight of black silken hair falling in cascades over her shoulders and bosom completed the picture of sad submission that could struggle no more and so abandoned all to the mercy of the conqueror. The artist in her warmed to it even in the midst of her fear and pain.

"If Gainsborough could see me like this!" she thought—and then, passing on: "But will he understand? His mind is so—so c—"
She changed the word "coarse" to "crue" internally. Not even yet could she confront the truth. And then, as sometimes befell he, and record records as a foresteet of some a sad reverie seized her, a foretaste of sorror to be. If she won this struggle—what then? There would be another and another and the end must be drawing steadily near, and again what then?

The theater? Sheridan had assured her that was gone. She would be hissed off the stage. Then how could she live? Her husband, reoiced to be rid of the last fetter, was established with a coarse seraglio somewhere in the purlieus of the town. Her mother—if she ould support the caild it would be as much as was possible. Then what awaited her? What possible. Then what awaited her? were her weapons against the day of terror A possibility that the Prince might honor the bond he had given her for £20,000, and falling that, two weapons only—beauty and fashion, and the road they would hew out for her was indicated very clearly.

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She sat with her knees drawn up, her chin in her hand, and somber rivers of hair flowing about her, and for a sickening moment stared into the eyes of Fate. Men. Yes—there would always be men. Lord Essex never looked at her without a covert question. General relation the handsome young saldies with a side of the saldon to the saldon the saldon the saldon the saldon the saldon to the saldon the

aways thout a covert question. General Tarleton—the handsome young soldier with his gay sidelong glances, Manners, Russell—many! She could not want for bread, even for luxury for—how long? Should we say ten years? These men exacted so much besides the mere body of a woman. Her thoughts, hopes, all that was best in her. And also they must be humored to the top of their bent in amusement. That meant that the woman who pleased them must plunge headlong into dissination. She must spend her only capital, who pleased them must plunge heading into dissipation. She must spend her only capital, her good looks, on foolish eating and drinking, mad late hours, cards, dancing, frantic excitements. Men—men! Their callous cruelty! Did they ever think what a woman at their plunger of the capital and day without Did they ever think what a woman at their mercy must bear night and day without certainty or hope of peace? Never. Her flying thoughts alighted on Sheridan. His wife—half angel and half bird, beautiful as

His wite—hair anget and nair bird, beautiful as the night with moon and stars, pure as the first dewdrop the sun exhales—what was her fate? Perdita knew very well. She could not live in the Prince's house and be ignorant that hee in the Frince's noise and be ignorant that Sheridan valued fidelity to his wife as little as any man there. The Prince freely discussed with her, with loud laugh and jest, how Dick was kicking over the traces. With the lovely Amoret he was quite certainly in love, but even that did not safeguard the avenues of grosser

passion.

Nay more, Perdita knew very well that with Sheridan's interest elsewhere, Elizabeth had to protect herself as best she could from pursuit. Yes, there was golden shame prepared for her as well as for Perdita—if she would accept Men thought of that delicate purity as an allurement the more and valued it as negligently as her own sullied self. There was a
little more lip-service—that was all; and if
Elizabeth yielded, the satyrs would trample her
as surely with bruising hoof.
Then what did it all matter? And what was

a woman astray in a wilderness of men to do? Despise them, turn them to the best account and, later on, forget them and the bitter world that bred them. Perhaps at this moment Elizabeth was enduring her husband's em-brace with the knowledge that his last kiss had been-whose? Was there nothing real, fixed, enduring anywhere, where she might cling?

Her own presence grew awful to her, and as Mrs. Armstead tapped and came softly into the room she shrank down again into her pil-

lows trembling from head to foot.

"His Royal Highness has sent word by Mr. Baumgartner that he will be here at ten o'clock, madam. It's half past nine now. What will you wear?"

The revulsion of feeling thrilled her with physical sickness. She turned white as death and for a moment could say nothing. Mrs. Armstead bent over her. "You're faint for want of food. Here, wait

a moment. Lie still, madam.

She ran for wine and forced her to drink it, talking cheerfully all the time.

"That will bring the color back. We must make you a conquering beauty tonight. Trust me for that, madam. It shall be a negligée—white satin and swan's-down, and your beautiful hair loose. You shall be a snowdrop. Wait! Rest, while I get the brushes."

The wine revived her sufficiently for the toilette and Mrs. Armstead took possession of her, for she had not even the energy to speak.

toilette and Mrs. Armstead took possession of her, for she had not even the energy to speak. The brushes went softly in her hair, with a measured motion that soothed her into outward peace. She sat as if in a dream, her head leaning back while the costly filmsinesses, her armor for the encounter, were brought out and displayed. She had never felt a deeper sense of ruin than as she sat and looked at them, remembering the coarse insults the young man whom they were to inveigle had heaped upon her. For the first time she felt

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By Madge Bellamy

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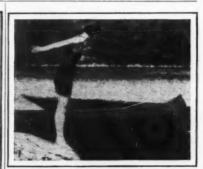
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herself in mind as in body a courtesan—and yet, yet alas! with something in her also that stood apart unsullied, and weeping beheld be

When the toilette was finished she looked in the great mirror and beheld a triumph. Long folds of gleaming white satin fell straight to be tolds of gleaming write satin real straight to be feet—her throat, arms and bosom drifted with swan's-down. Not a single jewel. Only the whiteness, and above it her small pale fact framed in cloudy hair breaking into the softness of little helpless tendrils, and knotted at the head to fell enoughly far helper the head to fell enoughly far helper the fell. the back to fall superbly far below the waist

the back to fail superby fair below the was.

"I never saw you so handsome. You're like a lost princess in a romance!" cried Mr. Armstead, standing back with genuine delight to view the exquisite work of her hands—not only lovely in itself, but exquisitely fitting the part as she realized it. Jewels, bravura, would have been vulgarly out of place. This was perfection—if only the hero were not too drunk to appreciate it!

She completed the picture by disposing Perdita on a great damask velvet couch in the dressing-room—a low table with her fan, hand kerchief and water of lavender beside her Then she presumed on her triumph to advise.

"Close your eyes, madam. Let him see you have suffered. But yet, when he repents, to forgiving. And smile. For men one must always produce a smile, or they go elsewhere to get it."

She went out then and hung over the stair rail to watch for the Prince's arrival, as geni-inely concerned at that moment that all should succeed as if she would not have sacrificed Perdita and her every hope to her om ambitions.

He came, half an hour late, and in what mood he himself could scarcely tell, wavering between the warring counsels of the Cumberlands and Sheridan. It should be as Perdita behaved If she thought proper to be submissive—why then! And if not—why then also, with a difference. He glanced into the empty drawing-room and came on up the stair, extraor-dinarily handsome in a dove-colored silk coat with white tambour-work waistcoat, and

happily only a little warmed with wine.
On the landing, Mrs. Armstead intercepted him with a deep curtsy.

"Indeed, sir, indeed, your Royal Highnes, Mrs. Robinson is extremely disordered. She passed from one swoon to another, and I sent for Doctor Heberdin, judging it would be you wish. He prescribed a quieting draft and she to be kept alone. I know not—

He stared at her. "That cannot apply to me.

I shall see her of course.'

He walked past her, and shut the dressing room door behind him.

There were only two dim silver lamps bun-ing in the room, and she was a vaporous white-ness on the rich darkness of the couch and the great crimson silken pillows. He came as softly as he could over the deep-piled carpet, and dropped into the chair beside her, thinking her asleep. The lashes lay long and quiet, raying darkness on her cheek, which seemed to have thinned visibly since he last saw her. Good Lord, the strange creatures women are, when a mere touch of fear and anger can thin them in a day! One can't touch them without leaving a bruise on their flesh, and yet-they

leaving a bruise on their flesh, and yet—they will get so damnably in a man's way, and must endure what they provoke.

As he looked, she said faintly, without opening her eyes: "Forgive me, sir. I am so weary that I cannot rise. No—I'll try."

She began to raise herself on her elbow, but he caught her and forced her gently back

he caught her and forced her gently back.

"Lie still. What has happened to you?"

"I—I swooned, I think. I feared—"

"What?" "That I should never have the chance by tell you I was innocent. Then your anger made me dumb. I could say nothing."

The faint silvery voice sounded cool and dream-like as the drops of a distant bell through twilight. It soothed him. After allthis was a kind of home. A place where an could be himself and have his own way and a Hear beautif There with ha "Tel you," I beside belat

It wou laid he part. betray 12 Wh all—an the con said ag She

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cool and fter allre a man ay and a

beautiful submissive woman to do his pleasure.
There was no fight in her. He could see that with half an eye.
"Tell me now. I want to hear the truth from you," he said, and laid his head on the cushion

beside hers as he sat.

She could feel the warmth of his cheek, and a belated tenderness quickened in her heart. It would not be so difficult, not such a falsity as she had thought, to seem forgiving. She laid her hand feebly on his, and warmed to her

part.

"Oh, my heart's joy, if you believed I could betray you, I would ask to die then and there. I? Whose one thought is love. Let me tell you all—and surely you will believe."

"Tell me!" he said caressingly, just brushing the corner of her lips with his. If what she said agreed with Sheridan!

She gulled round and nestled against his

She curled round and nestled against his

"My adored one, it was this. I was sitting thinking of nothing less when my Lady Harcourt was shown up. She stayed perhaps ten minutes in all—I think not so much. She said munites in air Triming to a street. One sake that her Majesty—and the King (I think she implied)—were terribly uneasy lest you should become the intimate of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. You may remember you and I had spoken of this, and indeed, my heart's idol, I have heard such terrible tales of them that though my pride would not have the Emperor of the world censure you, yet I could understand a mother's fears. The lady asked if I had any influence with you would I use it to open your eyes to the wickedness of that bad man? I disclaimed influence—sure, 'tis you who influence me in my every thought—but said I would do what I could. And as I said it, thinking only of my beloved's good and glory, you came in, and oh—oh!"

Her voice broke in a sob, and he felt a stealthat her Majesty-and the King (I think she

Her voice broke in a sob, and he felt a steal-ing tear drop from her lashes to his. Exact to what Sheridan had supposed! Poor soul, he had chided her too roughly after all. He drew

her to him.

had unded the too roughy atec an. The cough her to him.

"The poor Perdita! And was I so rough with my ladybird! You would pardon, however, if you knew all I had endured from the spying of my father and mother. Their petty German intriguing in a free country like this—good Lord, could I ever call my soul my own till I was twenty! But give me a kiss and it shall all be forgotten. Shall it, my beauty? It's like holding a warm snow-drift in a man's arms. Let me look into your eyes. If I see myself in them I shall know I am forgiven."

"Forgiven?" she said, clinging passionately to him. "No—I hate the word. You are loved—loved. If I had done what you thought could anything you said be too bad for me? If I had died of it I should have known it was just. But I was innocent—I protest I was."

"You was my white girl—my dear girl

I had died of it I should have known it was just. But I was innocent—I protest I was."

"You were, my white girl—my dear girl. Your soul as white as this swan's-down."

"And you love me?" she murmured in a pause between two kisses.

"Should I be here if not? Ah, you little know how I was pressed to stay away. Now I'll tell you—a secret for that little pearly ear. I was going to Cumberland House tonight—to meet a woman who would tear you in pieces if meet a woman who would tear you in pieces if meet a woman who would tear you in pieces if she could. But I won't—I'll see her damned first. I'll stay here. This is home. I can trust you."

It was a heaven of reconciliation. It brought back the vanished first days of love. She

drew his face to her bosom. "And you'll never go to that dreadful house again, my heart's delight? Let them know they have failed, and the whole nation will rejoice. Promise. You don't know how all the people worship their Prince."

"I promise. On my honor. You are right. Much as I resent the Queen's interference, I own her right there. I am done with Cumberland House."

Perdita glowed with delight; she had won for the mother as well as for herself—more, for the nation. What good there was in this young generous soul if she could rouse it! She! And the enthusiasm of the first days descended on

he WOMAN who works Youth Miracles

on society's most famous faces



THERE are three places—weak places HERE are three

on a woman's face

which unerringly reveal

one's years. Correcting

them makes a difference that is almost un-

Ninety-seven per

cent of all women past

25, according to experts,

show one or more of

these three facial con-

Almost 90%

of women past 35 reveal them.

Ordinary beauty methods

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new and radically different

treatments and preparations,

it's been proved, virtually be-

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ages do not apply to the

wealthier women except in a

most 95% of the ultra-

wealthy women of America

look years younger than they

are, the average woman past

25, in ordinary walks of life, looks from 5 to 10 years

Why? It isn't worry, house-

hold cares, motherhood, but

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It is shown that while al-

In proof of it, experts now

Now, by the perfection of

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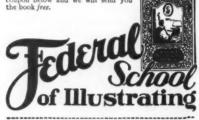
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Exercises

her again-the belief that it was her work to ner again—the belief that it was her work to guide him gently into the paths of goodness, and that her reward would be his reverence as well as love. She would so act as to deserve it. Who should dare call her a courtesan now? Twas the angel in her that must rejoice over this great achievement. For the moment she tasted a troubled peace.

They passed an evening of sweet domestic tranquillity, sliding into familiar talk of all the persons who had played a part in this great episode. With his arm about her he talked on.

"Sheridan-Dick's advice is always worth having-told me he was certain that Cumberland House was the secret of the matter. He said he was sure you had acted with pro-priety. Dick's a sound fellow—a valuable adviser for a man in my position. I shall constantly consult him.

You could not do better. Ah, he did me justice. He has fine generous notions, and all I could wish is that he were more constant to his sweet wife. I know how you admire her, my Prince of Princes."
"Any man must. She's a complete beauty

—and her singing—God bless me—what a charm it is both to look and hear. I never know whether she most delights my eyes or my ears. But for all that she's not quite the angel you think her, Perdita. Edward Fitzgerald is hanging about her, and rumor says—well, she's a woman when all's said and done."

A cold pang shot through Perdita's heart. It came so terribly apposite to the thoughts that had tortured her.

"No-no! that could never be true. She's not that scrt. I would never believe it. Who

says so?"
"Everyone and no one. You know the way of the world. But women are all alike. Suppose he caught her in his arms—like this!

Then what? Eh and kissed her—like this! Then what? Eh, my charmer, my pretty, pretty Perdita! Would she resist? Will you?"

She yielded, sighing. That night was her and she tasted its trembling joy to the last

drop.
The next, she did not see him. He was at Cumberland House, and Fox knew it through Mrs. Armstead, but not she.

When you follow Perdita's strange fortunes with E. Barrington in May, you will come upon a climax in her life which tests the mettle of her woman's soul

A 160-Acre Farm (Continued from page 73)

mortgages, had fine machinery, the farm beau-tifully stocked and a nice bit of money in the

bank. That farm, which I still own, by the way, is worth \$100 an acre today.

At the end of those five years my father decided to make a trip up here to Alberta to dis-pose of a section of wheat land that he had bought for five dollars an acre in 1902, but had never farmed. I wanted a little vacation so I came along just to see the country. When I saw what a beautiful district it was around Calgary I pleaded with my father to let me stay and farm his 640 acres. Finally he consented and for two years I put in crops with the help of one hired hand during the spring and sum-

mer months. All that was six years ago.
Then I bought a quarter section, that's 160 acres, of my own and moved to it. That same year I bought another quarter, then a little later a half section, and then another quarter. In all I owned 800 acres. As opportunity for good quick profits presented themselves I all this except the 160-acre tract which I am farming this summer.

Next year I plan to go back to the 640 acres that now belong to myself and my brothers and sisters. I'll put half of it in wheat each year and summer fallow the other 320 acres. I'll have to have one hired hand from the first of April until after the threshing is done, but I will work right alongside of him in the fields and take care of the cooking and the housework besides.

On the 160 acres of my own that I am farming this summer I am doing every bit of the farm work. You see, half of it is in wheat while the remaining eighty acres is plowed during the summer months and allowed to lie fallow until the wheat planting the following spring. I am doing all this plowing, harrowing and planting myself. Of course I will have to have help during the threshing but I will do a full spring wheat it the threshing wheat in the threshing. man's work hauling wheat to the threshing outfit and then the grain to the elevator. neighbor and I own equal shares in a small threshing outfit and I have a tractor of my own. I run that myself when the fields are large enough to pay. I know as much about it as any man does—even if I am only five feet two inches tall and weigh 120 pounds.

I did have trouble when I first got this tractor, though. It was always breaking down and we'd have to send to the city for the repair Finally when that first winter came I went to Calgary and took a ten-weeks' course in gas engines at a school there. And now I keep the tractor and my car in tune all the time and I can fix them just as well as anybody.

People often ask me why I live alone on a Well, I do it simply because I like it and

because I am happiest here.

There is great joy in turning over the brown earth and planting seeds and then seeing the golden grain ripen and then finally the coming of the harvest. I don't think there is any thing more beautiful than a field of grain rippling in the sunlight like the waves of a great ocean.

Two winters of the six that I have been in Canada I have spent in the city of Calgaryand always when the snow goes and spring begins to show itself, I can hardly wait until

I get out on the land again. No one knows how free one feels out here. I am my own master. I am dependent on no one in the world. I have my dog and my horses and colts and chickens and ducks and cows and calves. I love them all—and they understand me. When I am plowing for summer fallow I use six horses each day-

mer fallow I use six horses each day—three in the morning and a fresh trio after dinner.

You know I think farm work is good for women. It's healthy for them—and it isn't a bit harder than playing tennis. Swinging a hor once in a while is certainly no more trying than swinging a golf-club. So many people seem to think that there is something wrong when women work in a field. I think it is just the other ways around. I think it is just the other way around: I think it is the most natural and healthy thing in the world.

I sometimes think that cities are spoiling people. And even worse than that—they're drawing people off the soil and making them dissatisfied with farm life. After all, living close to nature on the soil is the one simple and free way of living. But even sons of long generations of farmers are pulling up and going to the grinding mill of city life.

It won't be long until I shall be the last

representative of our big family that's still on the land. All the eight children except myself and my oldest brother, who still lives on the old family homestead, have gone to the cities. And pretty soon he is going to move away from the farm. Then I will be the only one left.

I'm going to farm for at least another ten Then I want to take a long vacation vears. for myself. I want to drive my car down to the State of Washington.

But I always want to be so situated that I can live a part of each year on a farm in the country. When the birds commence to sing and the spring flowers break out and winter crawls back into its hole and the whole world awakens from its long sleep, then I want to get out into the sunshine and really live again.



Now-This fine "hard-milled" soap keeps your skin smooth · fragrant · youthful

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Expert dermatologists, physicians who know all about skin, say water and the right soap should be used every day to keep skin smooth and youthful.

Cashmere Bouquet is the right soap. Its fragrant lather is so gentle, so cleansing, that it fairly caresses your skin and leaves it soft and lovely.

We wish you could see the careful special processes which make Cashmere Bouquet so safe for your daily use. This "hard-milled" cake is pressed into almost marble firmness. Secret essences are added to give that indescribable fragrance that

prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest fabric treasures.

But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.



Try this Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

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Fashioned of nickel-silver, the new Dier-Kiss "Silver Single" Vanity is as light watch. A tassel of regal purple lends an added note of chic.

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Nomad's Land! (Continued from page 31)

stinging tail up over its back and down in front stinging tail up over its back and down in front with extremely disagreeable results. The cobra, too, was mentioned, and the sand adder, an interesting viper which buries all but its poisonous horns in the ground, and you do not

know it is there until you sit on it.

The net result of which was that we were considering taking a boat up the Nile, when we

consuering taking a boat up the lyie, when we received an invitation to a party.

"We are camping in the desert three miles from the Pyramids," it said. "And please come out to dinner. Camels will meet you at the corner of Sphinx Avenue and Cheops Street."

Or words to that effect. So we went. And then we found no camels waiting, and after taking our motor as far into the desert as the driver could be coaxed, we started to walk. We walked and walked, we started to walk. We walked and walked, ever and anon pausing to empty the desert out of our shoes, while time passed and dinner receded. But at last we found the camp, and later on the camels, and with these two discoveries our last doubts faded.

We too would start on such a pilgrimage. Let the scorpions perform their acrobatic feats, let the cobras swell their necks and spit their venom, let the sand adders bury them-selves, all but their horns. We would stand up, if necessary.

But we too would be served by turbaned bowing Arabs, in tents of green and red and yellow and blue. We too would sit in chairs, and for the clapping of our hands have nautch-girls dance and ancient pipers We too would rise at dawn to see the desert turn from rose to gold and hear the camels grumble near at hand. In short, we were going to do the thing or die trying.

Exactly one week later we were in camp on that identical spot, ready for the next day's move.

Now for a number of years it has been our custom to spend a certain portion of the open season under canvas. A part of the upper floor of the garage at home has been taken up in the intervals by great bedding rolls, carefully strapped in their tarpaulin covers, and a certain cedar chest has contained such necessities as wading boots, rubber coats, folding lanterns in which to burn a candle, collapsible canvas basins and what not.

We had hitherto, one perceives, carried with us all the necessities, but none of the luxuries. Food and a camp-stove, tin or granite-ware dishes, a minimum of necessary extra clothing packed in a canvas duffel-bag, and sufficient tentage to shut out mountain winds and-less effectively-rain, has been the limit of our equipment. I well remember the year we encountered an outfit in the mountains which carried with it a folding canvas chair, and the scorn with which we surveyed it.

"If one is going camping," we said among ourselves, "one camps. If one is going to be as luxurious as that, why not stay at home?" In view of all this, I rather hesitate to de-

scribe the way in which we camped in the Lib-yan Desert. It may show a weakening of fiber, a slackening. When I say that instead of one chair we carried eight, and that four of them were steamer chairs

Let me, rather, describe a typical day in the desert with the camp at the end of it.

In the morning our breakfast tray has been

brought to the sleeping tent, and the other tents have been taken down. The grumbling, snarling male camels which carry the enormous burden of our equipment are being packed, and our gentler and softer-gaited riding animals are kneeling ready for us. We mount, and Assour on his little gray don-

key leads off. Gazelle is this donkey's name, and he has been neatly shorn to a dull white, save where on his legs are left various ornamentations. Thus one foreleg boasts the Pyramids, and one rear one a garter. From morning to night he carries Assour at a tireless little trot. He leads the camels. Assour's long legs almost touch the ground, but he manages to

convey an air of dignity, even when the wind catches his cloak and the two together resemble a very small craft carrying an immense head of sail.

Behind him come the two riding camels. Dahabeah and Missouri, with their great soft saddles and stirrups, and their swinging ornaments and harness. And falling in at the last the lumbering pack camels, drooling at the mouth, clumsy and complaining. Enormous beasts, these, and slow, so that be-fore long we have left them behind and are swinging along side by side, our camel boys plodding at the rear.

By noon we are very weary. The camels begin to drag along at two and one-half miles hour; now and then, by kicking them and hissing through our teeth, we rouse them to a bit of a trot, and Smedi and Abdul Baggi lope behind, their bare feet slipping and sliding in the sand. The motion has become fairly in-tolerable. Forward and back, side to side, up and down, there are six different and distinct jerks, twists and contortions for every four feet of advance we make.

The Head rouses from a sort of lethargy of

discomfort.
"Now I know how they train the na.tch-girls," he says. "They put 'em on camels." Were it not a matter of pride, I would trade with Assour, on Gazelle. The little white donkey trots along, its back as level as a floor. It is the test of a good donkey that, while he trots, one may be able to drink a cup of Turkish

coffee without spilling it. But I have set out to ride a camel and I will not weaken. At noon we halt. Sometimes we have found a rock; again it is only a cup-shaped depression in the sand, and every small breeze sets up a tiny sand-storm and fills our food with grit. The Bedouins eat, and then covering their heads from the wind, lie out in the sun and The Head dozes, and I sit and watch sleep.

some desert beetle digging out a home. The camels are squatted in the sand, a rope around their doubled knees. They cannot move, except now and then to lower their heads and scratch the under parts of their long sensitive necks on the ground.

half-closed, they too doze and rest. Old training asserts itself and I want to Old training asserts itself and I want to clean up the camp before leaving. But Assour prevents it. He rolls up the bits of bread and meat and leaves them by the wayside. "Somebody he come along," he says. "Maybe hungry. We leave this, eh?"

And of course we leave it. The food for the hungry, in this empty desert land, and the

the hungry, in this empty desert land, and the tin cans to serve who knows what use, where in the remote places almost all the tinware is made of American tin cans, and where a Standard Oil can is a priceless treasure.

Perhaps we are still close to the Nile, on this specimen day of ours. Then luncheon may be curtailed a trifle, and the siesta also, and Assour will come to us with the light of determination in his eyes.

"We go on now, please," he will say. "We see very fine tomb today."

"Not another tomb, Assour!" I plead.
"Very fine tomb," he says firmly. "I No walking. Just go in, see, come out again.

And of course we see the tomb, or tombs. Assour has a mania for them; we stoop and slide and crawl down into strange and beautiful depths, and gaze by the light of burning magnesium wire, which usually goes out just as our eyes grow accustomed to the

glare; and then we struggle out again.
"Now, was it fine tomb, madams?" Assour demands. "You like it?"

"It was a grand tomb, Assour," I say feebly, and drop onto a rock for a rest.

But ah me, how easy it is now to understand the deep significance of "a rock in a weary land." Blazing sun and bitter wind, and never a tree for shade. And then the rock, and rest; shadow and shelter. A rock in a weary land.



At a chance meeting -hair smooth, smart

ON'T let the pleasure of a chance meeting be marred by the embarrassment of straggly-looking hair. It's so easy to keep your hair looking right, today.

How? With Stacomb - there's the secret! Just a touch of Stacomb makes your hair "lie down."

And all day long Stacomb keeps your unruly hair in place. Gives it a fine, healthy smoothness, brings out the natural lustre others admire.

Stacomb is the modern way to keep hair smooth, smart-looking without making it sticky or greasy.

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OES your mirror still reflect a youthful radiant complexion? Ask yourself these questions. If the answer is "no," then you are being unfair to yourself. Every woman-no matter what her age -by observing the laws of nature in the care of her skin can prevent fading color, blotches, and other blemishes, and keep ever fresh the charm of youth to which she is entitled.

Thorough cleansing is the first step in creating or preserving complexion beauty, and among medical skin specialists, cleansing with a pure soap and warm water is the method most highly recommended.

Start this simple treatment today and watch your skin grow younger.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap at your druggist's. Every night with warm water gently work the thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap into the pores of your skin. Then thoroughly rinse off your face and splash on a dash of cold water to close the pores. Within a week you will see the difference. A finer smoother texture in your skin-a softening and then a disappearance of those insidious little blemishes—a ruddier glow of health-a more youthful appearance in your whole face.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., many women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches, and similar blemishes. All druggists sell these products.



What are the Pyramids but that? The sublimation of the rock, of shadow and shelter. The very Sphinx is but a rock, carved into a god to face the rising sun .

The day wears on.

The camel saddle has a high horn, front and back, and the Head has been riding a bit too far to the rear. He asks me if I see any smoke arising from the point of contact there, and later on wedges a pillow against the rear hom. When I have kicked and hissed Dahabeah into a trot, Abdul Baggi, my camel boy, sometimes holds to her tail as she goes. She

resents this by a dark muttering, but submits.

I drive Dahabeah. She has a chain around her long and slightly aquiline nose, and from this depends a single rough hair rope. When I want her to go to the right I pull her head that way, upon which she goes where she wants to. The same is true of going to the left. But when Abdul Baggi wants her to do anything he waves a stick and talks to her in le but violent tones, saying awful things which she quite understands. She talks back, often, and it becomes a dialog. The fact is that I treat her like a lady; he treats her like a strumpet. But it is him she loves, not me.

We are not talkative, and Assour begins to fear for the success of the expedition. He

makes a little conversation.

"You know what Missouri mean in English?" We wait for an explanation.

"It mean 'show me.' In English Missouri's

Name it 'show me.'"

We nod gravely, and I take my foot out of the left stirrup and try crossing both legs over the camel's neck. Not an easy matter, this, for I have by now abandoned breeches and boots and am riding in a suit which was the pride of my New York tailor's heart before I sailed.

I sailed.

"It is very good," he had said. "The expression of the skirt, it is right, madame."

But if I am any judge of the expression of a skirt, it is at this moment both shocked and pained.

Eddies of air catch the sand and produce tiny local sand-storms, columns like water-spouts that rise a hundred feet or so and then move majestically along. We meet a half-dozen Bedouins, driving camels to sell at some village market on the Nile, and eye them with suspicion. But they are unarmed; they are not allowed weapons, and all they carry is

not allowed weapons, and all they carry is their long wooden staves. "Saīda," we say, as we pass. And gravely and decorously they reply: "Saīda." Their camels swing slowly along, with a curious effect of slanting forward, for a camel curious effect of slanting forward, for a camel makes up for the distance he projects to the front by the suddenness with which he drops off to the rear. He has no haunches; where the saddle ends so does he. It is a dizzy matter to look back and down while in the saddle, for there is nothing there.

But now Assour begins to promise us the camp. Over each rise we watch into each

camp. Over each rise we watch, into each valley we peer. And at last we see it. Three white tents, set with their backs to some ridge of sand, still perhaps a long way off, but offer-ing tea and rest, and something to sit on which has not six motions all at one and the same time.

I am just a trifle ashamed of the luxury of those camps of ours, and our enjoyment of them. Sleeping on the ground this last summer in Montana, where I had gone to "ride the circle" on a cow and calf round-up, I found old Mother Earth just a bit harder than I had remembered her. Is it that the years are moving on? Or is the luxury of yesterday the necessity of today?

I told some of those cowboys of our iron beds, with springs and mattresses, of our tables and wash-stands, our eight chairs and our Oriental rugs, and they were extremely impressed.

'How much does a camel pack?" they asked. And I airily told them a thousand pounds. But I am not sure of this; I only know that when one of them had ceased to rumble like distant thunder and began a pitiful sort of 1926 t? The The d into a

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squeal, the Arabs would callously go on loading. squear, the Arabs would callously go on loading. And the wretched beast, the rope finally unlosed from its doubled knees as it knelt, would stagger to its feet and take a tentative step or two. If he did not collapse, then the load was all right.

load was all right.

One of the earliest experiences of the trip was with a luggage camel, as we prepared to leave our first camp. It was a great gray beast, and when the pack-saddle had been adjusted, it gave a snort of defiance, broke its ropes and started for home. The last vision we had of it as it ran was as it topped a sand-dune at forty miles an hour, its pack-straps flying, while all ten of the men picked up their long skirts and raced after it.

They found it in the Arab village four miles.

They found it in the Arab village four miles away, whimpering against a mud wall, and beat it well and brought it back. But somehow I never could think of that flight as funny;

I never could think of that flight as funny; it was despairing, tragic.

On this rebel and three other camels, then, our camp was carried. Three large circular tents were our shelters, erected umbrellafashion on great center poles. Each was carried in two sections; the tops were extended by ropes fastened to stakes driven into the sand, and the side walls were then hung from the tops. Set in a row on the desert, the first one was

and the side walls were then hung from the tops.
Set in a row on the desert, the first one was always the cook tent. In it sat the boxes and panniers which carried our supplies and the charcoal-stove on which Mohammed, the cook, the cook of the c produced his seven-course dinners. That stove in itself was a masterpiece of simplicity. It consisted merely of an iron trough on legs. The bottom of the trough was filled with small holes like a sieve, for air, and on its bed of burning charcoal Mohammed set out his pots and kettles in a row, a battered but savory procession which flaunted its rich and odorous jets of steam like banners.

Next the dining tent. No ordinary tent this, but one of the finest specimens of the tent-maker's art. It had been made in the Street of the Tent-Makers, where all day long men sit cross-legged on the earthen floors of their workrooms, their hands calloused from the heavy canvas, cutting out designs in vivid colors and sewing them to the thick, cream-colored base.

Here was Cleopatra, in red and blue, re-

clining on a yellow barge upon a bright green Nile; here was Seti I as a youth, in a rose skirt and not much more, except the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt; here were slaves in golden yellow collars, and Sphinxes and camels, pyramids and donkeys, and gods with the heads of beasts and sacred bulls all in strong and primitive colors. And all sewed with millions of stitches to make our tent a gorgeous thing, and to bring into the desert the color it so sadly lacks.

No wonder the Bedouin loves color, and puts it in his dress. No wonder the rugs of the desert

It in his dress. No wonder the rugs of the desert dwellers are studies in color rather than in design. For the desert has no color, save in the sky at sunset. Then there comes an hour when rose gilds the tips of the rolling dunes, and violet shadows rise in the valleys, but all too soon they are gone. For an hour, or less, the desert borrows the finery of the sunset and glows in borrowed rainwest. Then pight and glows in borrowed raiment. Then night falls, and it is like an Arab woman, clad in soft and trailing black.

So-our dining tent.

So—our dining tent.

As we rode into the camp after our roundabout day, Abou Taleb, the waiter, would be standing there, ready to serve us our tea. A red tarboosh, a long white gown held in with a bright red belt, and red slippers, that was Abou Taleb. No stockings, for Abou Taleb was really happiest when his bare feet were on the warm sand. All day long he marched afoot with the caravan, his slippers packed carefully away. But at five o'clock, ready to serve tea, he put them on again.

They were, in a way, his livery.

But we are not through with the dining tent. Inside there would be a table. A real table, already laid for dinner, with a white cloth, napkins, glassware, china and silver. Even two tall glass candlesticks with candles! The sand

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE

A charming but distracting companion . . . this Lady to whom the tribute of silence is paid. Inscrutable eyes . . . adroopy bat. Adorable mouth . . . a perfect nose. Slim ankles . . . impeccable bose. A sweet, sweet frock. But most enchanting of all, that marvelous fragrance. What can it be? It reminds bim of Paris. Ab . . . now he knows. It is Le Parfum Jouir de Fioret.



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It was at this point in my narrative that those cowboys in the Montana mountains began to stir uneasily on the ground. They had swal-lowed the tents and the rugs, but they stuck

"And you packed all that stuff in?"
"We did indeed."

"Hi, dad!" they called to the cook. "You come here and learn something.

The bedroom tent was equally large and circular, and quite ten feet high in the center, where the large pole rose like a mast to support it. It too was floored with Oriental rugs, and it contained two iron beds, with springs, mattresses, pillows, sheets, blankets and white counterpanes. Chairs, a large wash-stand with two white bowls and two pitchers, a cake of French soap and towels completed our furnishing there.

Shades of those good old days in our Western acme of luxury, and the wash-basin was a quiet pool in some rocky stream! Where one's teeth ached for an hour after brushing them in the icy water, and one's bath was a struggle between the desire for cleanliness and sheer endurance; when the soap, caught in the current, was whisked away and only discreetly to be pursued beyond the shelter of the bushes; and when the towel casually thrown on the ground came up covered with

pine-needles and other prickly substances.

For we also had a bath.

Intimation that a bath was required was followed by the introduction into the tent of a broad but shallow canvas tub, and of Assour's face, smiling and triumphant.

"You see, madams!" he said, on that first bath morning. "I have told you, eh? You ask for bath; I give you bath!"

One could have had that tub filled, no doubt, and splashed away to his heart's content. But we did not. Already we had learned the value of water in the desert.

Our drinking water we carried with us in cases, bottled. But the cooking and wash water was carried in fanatis, long and sturdy metal tanks with a faucet, and these fanatis had to be replenished every day. At the beginning, when we were never far from the canals which are fed by the Nile, this was easy, but later on the distance to be traveled every night in the search for water and grass was considerably increased.

After trekking all day afoot in the hot sand, with the arrival at the camp site the camel boys would unload their camels and start off Often the distances they covered before they ate their evening meal were equal to what we had made during the entire day. And they had not only to fill the fanatis and buy grass for the camels; they bought the grass as it stood in the field and then painfully cut it with small curved knives.

They filled great panniers with it, and late in the evening they would return, indomitably cheerful, singing their queer Arab songs, to tie their camels as they reclined on the ground, to heap in front of each a pile of fodder as high as itself, to eat a bit of belated supper, and then to gather around their bit of fire in their thin cotton clothes and sing again.

Where the fire had warmed the sand they slept, to be up at the first glow of the chilly dawn, and at work. Never once did I hear a complaint, or see an indication of discontent.

"Are you all right?" I would ask.
And they would say: "May Allah watch
over you and give you good health and happiness! We are satisfied."

After dinner, in the evenings, Assour would enter the dining tent with a bow and ask us if all had been to our taste. And Abou Taleb would stand by listening in painful anxiety, until we had praised the meal and the service. There was great uneasiness when we

insisted on cutting the seven courses to five.
"You do not eat," said Abou Taleb mournfully. "Mohammed, he cry in his tent. He do not cook good enough."

But we stuck to our five courses: a delicious soup; fish when near the Nile, and an entrée soup; isn when near the Aue, and an entree when we left it; a roast of chicken or of mutton usually; a salad with quail or squab; and a pudding or soufflé. But nothing could induce them to shorten the end of the meal; fruits, nuts, raisins and candy must be passed. Aye, and eaten, or distress showed in Abou Taleb's nuts, raisins and candy must be passed. dark face and the songs outside the cook tent The Americans were not happy; they were not well. They did not eat!

So we would eat, and then stagger out, filled to repletion, to our steamer chairs set in the sand. And then Abou Taleb would bring our coffee, Turkish coffee, hot and strong and sweet in its tiny brass coffee-pot. And we would sip it out of little cups, and nibble Turkish delight—or drop it into the sand and bury it stealthily, to hurt nobody's feelings—

nd yawn and yawn and yawn.
All would be silent, save for the bark and occasional shriek of a jackal, and the steady, quiet munching of the camels, behind their heaps of grass. They would eat all night, until every blade was gone and all their six times seven stomachs were filled. But sometimes we played cards.

"You like learn old Arab card game?" Assour asked one night.

"We'll try anything once, Assour," we said. So we went into the dining tent and Assour got out the cards. "Very exciting game," he said. "Some people play for much money, but I do not. I am a holy man." By which but I do not. I am a holy man." By which he meant, I think, a religious one. Do I not remember those first days of Ramadan, when the good Mohammedan does not eat or drink from before dawn until after sunset? And Assour, poor dear lad, trying not even to swallow his spittle, and politely and clandestinely expectorating behind my back?

The game was basra, and it was some time before we could become accustomed to dealing

from right to left instead of from left to right. They do so many things wrong, from our point of view—pull a saw instead of pushing it, read, of course, from right to left, and even run their horse-races in reverse.

But as Assour taught us this old and exciting Arab game, the truth began to dawn on us Bassa was nothing other than the casino of our childhood days. With only one variation—Assour would unblushingly cheat if he got the chance, and be entirely unashamed if he was caught at it.

But mostly we would just sit and let the peace of the desert soak into our tired minds and bodies. And perhaps Smeda would come then and sit on his heels near us on the sand, without speech or movement. Then I would

say:
"Won't you sing a little, Smeda?"
And he would sing. Thin, incredibly mournful, always minor, without phrasing or harmony as we know it, it yet fitted the time and place. For Smeda's song was of his love for this, his desert, and of his joy in coming back to it again. Now and then the others rould join in their charlet and the state of th would join in, their shawled and turbaned heads uplifted; and Abou Taleb, melting the ends of candles out of their brass sticks at Mohammed's charcoal fire, would throw small and temporary spot-lights of burning wax over this quaint and lowly chorus.

Then, in the night wind, on the gaudy walls

of the dining tent Cleopatra's barge would rise and fall on its green Nile; the canvases of the steamer chairs would snap in their frames; the camels, still saddled against the cold would lie with their long necks outstretched along the desert sand, resting, and Mohammed would put away the feathered fan with which he blew his fire. The stars shining brightly overhead, perhaps the Head would continue Assour's lessons in primitive astronomy, with an apple for the earth, an orange for the sun,

and a walnut for the moon.
"Now," he would begin briskly, "what is it,

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"Allah." Assour would state, promptly and devoutly.

Of such simple joys were our evenings compounded.

compounded.

I would go into my tent, where two candles on a chair beside my bed provided my reading light. But long after I had settled down I could hear the astronomy lesson going on

could near the astronomy lesson going on outside and Assour's voice.

"A muezzin"—a priest—"has tell me," he would say, "that by the Koran an ox uphold the earth on his horn. But perhaps he not

know," he adds politely.

And then the Head's voice again, and finally

And then the Head's voice again, and many Assour's, still polite, but slightly plaintive. "I see, sair," he would be saying. He always said "sair" to the Head. "But then what is on the very top, where the stars end?"

So far what has been told has been largely the mise en scène of the camping trip in the Libyan Desert; of our camels, our tents and our men. But to end there would be like de-scribing the train in which one travels through strange and foreign lands.

strange and foreign lands.

Yet this narrative must be one of small if quaint experiences. No great adventure befell us. In spite of the warnings to take a guard with us, we carried none. Nor even a weapon, save an antiquated shotgun belonging to Assour, a blunderbuss of deadly recoil and a barrel so dirty that to fire it was an experiment barrel so dirty that to tire it was an experiment of extreme uncertainty. But the Bedouins who met us in the desert passed us with a civil greeting. Indeed, the only time we were in physical danger the quarrel did not concern us at all. And the rioters were not desert dwellers, but fellaheen, or farmers

To begin with, then, we established our first camp in the desert three miles from the Pyramids. There we spent our first day and our first night; across the river lay Cairo, and on the hill beyond it the citadel and the great Mosque of Mohammed Ali, with its huge rounded dome and its minarets. From our presition high on the sand-dunes we could see position high on the sand-dunes, we could see also the great quarries whence came the stone for the Pyramids. And so clear was the air that the Pyramids themselves seemed but a stone's throw away.

We could even see the white-clad figure of the man who makes a living the climbing to the

We could even see the white-clad figure of the man who makes a living by climbing to the top of the Great Pyramid and back to the ground in six minutes! A predecessor of his did the same thing, but one day his foot slipped, and he crashed to the bottom.

"He was all broke to pieces, madams," Assour tells me. "He was like a jelly."

One pays this man a certain amount to carry out his contract; if he fails, nothing is owing. But I hoped, as I sat there, that the

owing. But I hoped, as I sat there, that the group of Americans below would pay him any-how. Probably they would have done so, but he made it. We held a watch on him.

On the top of the Great Pyramid is a flat area about twenty feet each way, taken off, like the smooth casing for building material long ago. And on this small and windy spot there sits all day an old Arab, who brews coffee for those who make the climb. At least I am told it is coffee. I have heard an ardent dispute among those who have sampled it, some maintaining that it is tea.

some maintaining that it is tea.

He could be seen now and then from our camp, a microscopic figure, like some small god atop a mighty altar. He makes a few plasters a day, this old man, for his climb and his descent, and for those long hours of longling.

piasters a day, this old man, for his climb and his descent, and for those long hours of loneliness in cold, in wind and in boiling heat.

Napoleon is said to have told his soldiers beneath the Pyramids that twenty centuries looked down upon them. But Napoleon was no archeologist, and this old man on top of the Great Pyramid looks down, not on twenty, but on fifty centuries. but on fifty centuries.

There is a type of tourist that professes disappointment in the Pyramids. For such people there is no hope. Ruskin said, looking at the pillars of Karnak: "At last size tells."



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But the temple of Karnak seems to me to be a But the temple of Karnas seems to be up be a pigmy undertaking compared with the Great Pyramid. It was not difficult, from the com-manding position of that first camp of ours, to reconstruct the making of this miracle; the great barges bringing their loads of limestone blocks from the quarry far across the river in the eastern hills, and waiting for the annual inundation to bring them close to the chosen site. Three hundred thousand blocks, each weighing an average of two and a half tons, were thus brought over; and the labor of a hundred thousand men for twenty years was required for the whole project.

It took ten years, according to Herodotus, merely to build the great stone ramp or cause-way up which these blocks were dragged to the

plateau where the Great Pyramid stands. It covers at its base thirteen acres of desert land.

And all of this by man power! It necessitated the building of a mountain of sand as well, for as the monument grew so also grew the ramps of sand up which the great blocks were dragged. Naked in the blazing heat of the Egyptian summer, shivering in the damp and cold of winter, a city of a hundred thou-sand laborers and slaves starved, bled, and died in their rone harness that one well bely died in their rope harness, that one royal body might lie secure.

But there is a legend that Khufu did not lie so safely after all, that after his death and burial the slaves revolted, and at night broke in and took the body away.

"They cut it into thirteen pieces, madams," Assour asserted, "and buried the pieces here and there in the sand. His queen, she find all but the head, but that she not find."

One rather hopes that the legend is true. There should be some punishment for a crime like this, and the Great Pyramid is not only the one surviving marvel of the Seven Wonders of the world; it is the enduring evidence of a great wickedness.

During the first day we made small preliminary excursions on our camels, grew accustomed to our chairs settling into the sand when we sat down in them, surveyed from the top of our sand-dune the Arab village below the plateau, wondered if the dogs barked all night as well as all day-which they did-and that night we gave a party.

Such preparations as were made! with a large gasoline lamp, set up to guide our guests and later on for the entertainment which followed; rugs on the sand beneath it, for the same purpose; an extra cook from Cairo for were we not to have nine courses at dinner And food in such quantities as were to show our wealth and importance to our guests, for Assour was arranging the party, and was de-termined to shine in our reflected glory.

During the day, with the preparations for the feast our establishment began gradually to enlarge itself. Came a woman with two children from somewhere or other, and set to work peeling potatoes; came a patriarchal old gentleman with a beard, who seated himself in the shadow of the cook tent and only moved the shadow of the cook tent and only moved when our feast was over and the men were about to fall to. Came donkey boys and came boys with supplies, to tie up their animals and wait until the dinner hour. Came over the sand shortly after noon the galli-galli man, engaged for nine P. M., followed by his piper, also to be in good time for the meal.

And later on, when darkness had fallen and our gasoline lamp shone like a moon over the desert, came our guests on camels, each led by a cloaked and turbaned figure which also joined the silent, expectant circle just behind the

cook tent. cook tent.

A strange thing it was thus to wait for our guests; to see Abou Taleb, whose religion forbids unnecessary killing, carefully carrying strange huge insects out of the dining tent, where on release they immediately flew back again! To see Assour, busy and efficient, assuring our uninvited guests of our wealth, our hospitality, and the plenteous quantity of the meal they soon would have.

"They are fine peoples," he said, with a

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gesture. "They pay for everything. They wish everyone to have plenty." This in English, for our benefit. Who, after that, could have shown a niggardly spirit? And again:

"I have tell the camel boys that you will pay them, sair," he said to the Head. "Bakshish, also. Nebody can pay anything tonight but you and the madams. Is it not so?"

"Indeed, it appears to be so," said the Head. A period of waiting. The piper blew on his gourd-like pipe, three notes or so, over and over. There was a faint and somewhat premature odor of Scotch from behind the cook tent, where the wines and liquors were stored, but withal a grave decorum.

And then out of the darkness came a distant swinging lamp, and the soft pad of the first samel's feet.

In they came; brilliant saddle-cloths, neck-

In they came; brilliant saddle-cloths, neck-laces and tassels shone in the artificial moon-light. The camels knelt and the guests slid off. light. The camers knet and the guests said or The officials each have brought a karass, gorgeous in gold-laced uniform; the tourists have their dragomen. The circle behind the cook tent is still further enlarged, and Assour's eyes fairly snap. This is a party. There is plenty for all.

for all.

I question him anxiously, but he smiles, showing his white and perfect teeth.

"Plenty, madams," he says. "Tonight no one he go hungry. If more come, there is still enough."

And, I rather fancy, more did come. But the utmost decorum obtained. Not a sound entered the dining tent from outside during that long and elaborate meal, save now and that long and elaborate meal, save now and then the piper's three plaintive notes as he played outside in the sand. Nor even later, when the feast had passed on, was there any confusion. Somewhere, beyond the lamp-light, our unseen guests sat about their food, eating it Arab-fashion with their hands. And I hope—and believe—that Assour was right, and that that one night no one there went

and that that one night no one there went hungry.

But until the galli-galli man began his curious cry, they remained dim shadows, ghosts of desert people, eating in the sand.

Who can describe the conjurer? Is it not a part of his mystery that he remains beyond description? How can I convey to you that saw the American consult throw the Head's I saw the American consul throw the Head's sapphire ring out far into the desert, and that later I took it out of the center of an uncut orange? Who can explain the amazement of that impeccable young Englishman when, as he sat in his chair with his cup of Turkish he sat in his chair with his cup of Turkish coffee in his hand, two extremely new chickens suddenly emerged from the neck of his dinner coat? A snake was found where it had no business to be. The galli-galli man ate fire and blew flames out of his mouth. Wonders of all sorts took place to the piper's music. And slowly out of the darkness came our uninvited guests, picturesque and ragged, to form a circle of delight behind us, and later on, at our invitation, to dance; those odd men's dances of the desert, where a stick now takes at our invitation, to dance; those odd men's dances of the desert, where a stick now takes the place of the gun, where each improvises his own stiff-kneed steps as he goes, and yet where some fundamental and to us unknown law of the dance yet rigidly obtains.

Thus our first evening in the desert. The gasoline lamp was still burning when we went to bed, and the dogs in Mena village were still barking.

to bed, and the dogs in Blein.

My last waking words were to the Head, who was propped up in bed doing a crossword puzzle.

"Well," I said, "if food will do it we ought to get strong as a lions!"

"I dare say," he replied absently. "And we're leaving Mena village in good shape, too. What's the name of an island in the Lesser Antilles?"

With her rare blend of whimsical humor, keen insight and colorful realism, Mary Roberts Rinehart takes you farther into the Libyan Desert in her article for May

Sound Teeth can be kept sound

DECAY GERMS lose their power when you use this dental cream. Read how it helps your dentist prevent decay.

By IRA DAVIS JOEL, B.S., M.S.

SUPPOSE on your next visit to your dentist, he should say to you: "Your teeth and gums are in unusually good condition. I find no cavities, and

your gums seem firm and healthy."

It is very satisfying to hear your dentist say this, as thousands of Kolynos users know. Kolynos keeps sound teeth sound. It prevents, as much as any dentifrice can prevent, more cavities from forming in teeth already ravaged. It is forming in teeth already ravaged. It is a germ-killing dentifrice and thus strikes at the cause of tooth decay. Scientists now think they have discovered the specific germ that causes the breaking down of tooth en amel, a germ that Kolynos kills and washes from your

washes from your mouth. You cannot see or feel the germs, but you know that most of them are gone, for two reasons: First, improvement which your dentist sees in your teeth and gums; and secondly, the refresh-ing sensation.

Thousands write and say, "What I noticed at once was how clean Kolynos made my mouth feel!"

Teeth that seem sound to you may look like this to your dentist

Begin at our expense

The quickest way to get the protection Kolynos gives your teeth is to buy a tube your druggist's the next time you go out. But—we are willing to have you prove our claims at our expense, prove them to the fullest possible ex-

tent. We want you to see for yourself the result of killing germs. Then you will say, just as thousands of others have said, "How clean my mouth feels!"

to 90 per cent of all that are there.

Hours pass before there are again enough

Dentists agree

You have read our claims for Kolvnos. Perhaps you think we are too enthusias-

Perhaps you think we are too entitishastic. But do dentists and physicians think so? We have in our files at New Haven cards or letters written by 51,000 dentists and 89,000 physicians asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients. They recommend Kolynos Surely adentist or physician would

nos. Surely no dentist or physician would suggest a dentifrice to his patients unless

he were convinced of its merit.

to be dangerous to your teeth.

Kolynos kills germs

Your mouth feels so clean because it is clean. The film on your teeth is gonegone, it seems, as completely as if it had never been there. And what is of prime importance, most of the dangerous acidforming germs are killed and washed

Some people think that the mere twicea-day removal of the coating is enough. They think that this is sufficient cleansing to protect their teeth from decay. The film is gone—yes; but the main cause of tooth decay remains. The germs while no longer on the teeth are still very much alive and still in the mouth. The film immediately begins to form again, and the germs once more begin their acid attack upon the enamel.

Eminent scientists of several countries have studied Kolynos. They have de-scribed their findings in scientific papers. If you care to examine these papers, we shall be only too glad to send copies to you. These scientists report that Kolynos kills germs in the mouth—as many as 80

Enough Kolynos to brush Free your teeth 22 times, 1/2 inch to the brushing. **KOLYNOS**

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To recidents of Canada: Address The Kolymoc Company,
F. O. Box 1321, Montreel
Kelymos manufacturing laboratories are located at New Haven,
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You are only as old as your hair looks. Why should you look old? If your hair is streaked with gray and you do not wish it to have the "dyed look," you can darken it very easily, safely, surely and gradually in the privacy of your own home by simply using Q-ban Hair Color Restorer.

A woman never tells her age. Why should she show it? Q-ban Hair Color Restorer.

Tens of thousands of men and women conceal their age with Q-ban, they prefer it to dyes or other preparations because Q-ban darkens the hair gradually and produces the natural appearance so much desired.

so much desired.

If you have tried other preparations you will appreciate Q-ban the more. It is unlike
anything else. It does its work so gradually that even
your intimate friends do not notice the change. A
clean daintily scented liquid.
Easy to use. Directions with
each bottle.

each bottle.

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Liquid Green Soap Shampoo
sent free together with our book
on the care of the hair. We are
hair specialists and study the
subject constantly. Our book is
valuable. It also tells about the
seven different Q-ban Preparations for the hair.

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Q-ban Hair Color Restorer works so gradually that a sample
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The Bride

(Continued from page 41)

closely and grilling into her bright brown eyes with her own tired blue ones.

"I want you to have a wedding, Ellen. I couldn't stand it if you didn't have a wedding. Bridesmaids and flower girl and white prayer-

book and all. Veil too, with the three lace medallions of Love. Honor. Obey."

"Obey—half the time they're striking it out, mom. Obey—it just isn't done any more—

that word's got barnacles."
"I couldn't stand it, Ellen, if my first-born and first-married didn't have a wedding. A three-tier cake one. A full dress one."

"Oh, all right, mom, if it'll make you feel better, but I'd rather have the mon—"

"I want you to have a wedding, Ellen. I want you to have a wedding."

"Oh, all right-but with the price of a wedding we could buy a three-piece living-room set or furnish the dining-room or—"

"I want you to have a wedding, Ellen. I want you to have a wedding."

Well, it was the sort of wedding that was to grow into neighborhood legend.

Ellen Hennessey's wedding.
Ushers in "claw-hammers" and white gloves

and carnations.

Four bridesmaids in light gray cotton crêpe with tiny pink ostrich-feather bags and fans. Maizie in white silk with a narrow band of white satin ribbon about her brow and a bunch

of white carnations that she held over her little stomach as she walked up the aisle.

"Oh, Promise Me!" sung from the choir loft and music on a small portable organ that made the chapel throb.

A looped-off section of pews with "Members of Family" pasted in gold paper letters on white satin ribbon.

Father Sheehan in a surplice edged in Honiton lace.

And up the aisle formed by the four brides-maids and the four ushers, including Bobbie in his first long trousers, first, the four parents of the bride and groom. Basil Hassebrock, a thin droop of a man with the look of one who inhabits his clothes without touching them at any point. Mrs. Hassebrock, so softly fat in a gray foulard shot in three-leaf clovers that fitted her kind bosom like a cheese bag. Agnes Hassebrock, in thick eye-glasses.

Mike Hennessey, in the third suit that Lossie had lugged home from the costumer's, in the hope somehow of spanning a mysterious chasm that would form between waistcoat and trousers and finally achieving some sort of trousers and finally achieving some sort of reconciliation between the trousers of one suit and the "claw-hammer" waistcoat of another. Hennessey the Terrible, suddenly subdued in his evening clothes, the ox-blood of deepest dye darkening above the unwonted white of collar. Hands, five-pointed semaphores, jammed into white cotton. Shirt-front that slid like a plank and made a plunk shoving in again. Hennessey the Terrible, suddenly terrible only in his meekness. in his meekness.

And Lossie, whose head ached exactly as if she were fourteen of herself and had fourteen headaches, in a black flat crepe ready-made, with bead trimming that flashed.

The procession that preceded the bride and groom up the aisle while the rafters throbbed with the organ march was a debonair one of girls who had shopped and contrived their bridesmaids' frocks during noon hours and Saturday afternoons off. Of young city sales-Saturday afternoons off. Or young city satesmen with the secret of their pressed trousers to be found under the mattress. Of two sets of parents with callous spots under their cotton gloves and of a little flower girl who had been born into a world where the only gardens that bloom are in single pots on fire-escapes. Lossie's triumph, that wedding! Worth the

fourteen headaches of three weeks of sixteen hours a day on her feet. Worth the fourteen headaches of pressing down on a baking-powder can to cut two hundred sandwiches into



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A Sure Way To **End Dandruff**

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and

more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will belustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and slour ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known LIOUIO ARVO



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circles; of gilding Maizie's last summer's little circles; of gilding Maizie's last summer's little kicked-out white canvas slippers; blanching almonds; carnation bouquets for the bridesmaids; silver belt buckles for the men; soda pop and ginger-beer by the case; plates and chairs to be borrowed from Renchler's, one flight down; one dozen cabinet-size photographs flight down; one dozen cabinet-size photographs of the bride and groom; two fiddle players; just-Married sign for the taxicab; sachet for the bride's overnight bag; tissue-paper caps that pop; foot-ease powder for Mike; floral horseshoe for the threshold of the happy pair's horseshoe for the threshold of the happy pair's new flat; lemon snaps; white satin garters for the bride with tiny bells! Rehearsals of the bridal party. Twenty-five dollars for choir singers; Father Sheehan's fee. "May-Your-Troubles-All-Be-Little-Ones" writ in red-hots on white icing. Three shadow-lace medallions, Love, Honor and Obey, at one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece, for the veil of the bride.

1926

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Ah, the veil! When Ellen walked down the aisle with it flowing from her in beauty, all of Lossie's headaches stopped for the moment, and her heart. Of a little swoon. An actual little swoon as she stood there lined up beside Mike at the altar. Waiting. Waiting for the bride in her flowing white veil to take her place beside her man for the holy fastening of the bonds of wedlock.

The grandeur of the wedding-march! Here omes the bride—here comes the bride—tra-la-la-la. La-la. La-la-la! Beautiful, streaming music. Lossie's daughter streaming to it up the aisle, wrapped in foam. Wrapped in veil. Here comes the bride—tra-la-la. And Leonard. Two such white hands. Two such great white hands in gloves that seemed such great white hands in gloves that seemed to grow and grow. Here comes the bride— tra-la-la-la. Mike, making that creaking to grow and grow. There contains that creaking noise with his shirt-front. And old man Hassebrock. His droop of mustache moving up and down. Like a walrus!

Poor Lossie, with her aching feet and four-teen headaches. It was so hard to keep to the teen headaches. It was so hard to keep to the reality. The reality of Ellen's streaming up the aisle in bridal beauty. One was afraid of waking. Then the intruding realities of the two hundred waiting sandwiches stacked on platters. There! She had forgotten to cover

oh dear, Maizie, who would not consent to wear heavies under her little lace panties, was already making little croupy sounds. Oh, was already making little croupy sounds. Oh, Maizie must not make croupy sounds while her sister was walking up the aisle! In glory. The glory of being a bride. The glory of becoming a wife. It didn't matter, the backbreaking days of the preparation. The running around for the hiring of the dress suits. The wreath of sateen orange-blossoms. Veal for chicken salad. Gloves to be coaxed onto Mike's hands. Floor wax. Red-hots. Garter bells. Here comes . . . oh, the years of the waiting and the dreaming . . . here comes the bride—Lossie's Ellen. the bride-Lossie's Ellen.

These young people . . . united in holy edlock . . . may the noble ideals of home wedlock . . and its sanctity as exemplified in their parents be passed on to them . . . join thee in the holy bonds of wedlock . . Surely Leonard hadn't forgotten the ring! How he fumbled! . . There, ah! . . Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder—love, honor and obey—large honor and obey—received.

and obey—love, honor and obey . . . pronounce thee man and wife

Man and wife. Man and wife! Rolling of
the organ. Mike so red. So red! So red to

bursting—and the plunkings of his shirt-front. Why, there were tears in Mike's red eyes!
"Don't step on her veil, Mike. Leonard, my son. Ellen, kiss mother, my darling. My little wife-daughter. Sh-h, don't cry. You'll splotch. Careful, your veil! Take it off, Ellen. Ill take it on home in the little wife home. splotch. Careful, your veil! Take it off, Ellen. I'll take it on home in the little gilt bandbox it came in. We'll go on ahead, Ellen, pop and me, and have everything ready by the time the folks get there. Mike, lend Maizie your pockethandkerchief. How I begged that child to put of her underneaths! Bobbie, you get the girls and boys all lined up together in the vestry-toom and lead them to the house by way of

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

B

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin -NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

B. SC., §Filamin.;

I, From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply must eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrost, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grape-fruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally, Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and

foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soapisfine). Thes use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively. Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date

this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances, Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream,



Lovely Skin

in two weeks -this easy way

See blemishes go-skin grow lovely. Here is beauty insurance!

> HERE is a simple, NEW method.
> One that thousands of beautiful women have used for ten years or more.

Lovely skin is so important to your beauty. Now every woman can have it—quickly, easily. This way, every woman can appear 5 to 10 years younger. For blemishes do actually vanish-often in two short weeks!

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice—a remarkable improvement within two weeks. And remember: You need one cream . . . only!

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X-RAYS

prove that the tooth sockets are destroyed by pyorrhea, which starts with

tender,

bleeding

sensitive

gums and

those white gleaming teeth?

Your gums must be kept firm and healthy—free from pyorrhea—to guard the foundation on which the safety of your teeth depends.

Soft gums invite pyorrheal infection. less checked, the infection destroys the bony sockets which hold the teeth in place.

Keeps the gums firm

TOOTH pastes contain glycerine which has a softening effect upon the gums. Pyorrhocide

Powder does not con-tain glycerine. It is recommended by dentists for its effectiveness in keeping

the gums firm and healthy.

Pyorrhocide Powder is the only dentifrice that has met all the requirements in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea prevention and treatment. Its value in correcting soft, tender, bleeding gums has been conclusively demon-strated. It keeps your teeth glistening



Buy Pyorrhocide Pow-der at your druggist. Note the refreshed, cleanly feel-ing of your mouth for sev-eral hours after brushing. The dollar package is eco-nomical—it contains six menths! in poly. months' supply.

Free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea sent upon re-quest. The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc., Dept. D7, 1480 Broadway, New York City (Sole Dis-tributors.)

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Clear-Tone your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch and Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has sen Tried, Tested and Proven its merits over 100,000 test cases.

REE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN" telling how I cured self after being afflicted for fifteen years.

E. S. GIVENS 214 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Highbridge. They don't need taxicabs going

Highbridge. They don't need taxicabs going back. If you oughtn't to be ashamed of yourself, Mike Hennessey. Keep those gloves on!
"Indeed I am, Mr. Hassebrock, I think I'm the happiest mother a bride ever had. He's a good boy, Mr. Hassebrock. And yes—she's a good girl, my Ellen, and if I do say it as shouldn't, Mr. Hassebrock, she'll make him a good wife. A good—wife——"

There were thirty-six empty soda-pop and ginger-beer bottles piled up in the clothes-basket to be put on the dumb-waiter in the morning and one pint-sized champagne-bottle, empty too, and with a lavender corsage ribbon about its neck, standing on three black keys of the piano. There were four Welsbach lights

Sandwiches that had been ground underfoot.
Near-beer, dead in its feeble suds. Carnations wilting on wire stems, their spicy odor mingling with the welter of veal under mayonnaise and of five hours of forty human beings dancing under the four Welsbachs, pressing down hor-ribly on Lossie's fourteen headaches.

Ellen's wedding was over. The last guest had thrown the last handful of rice after the de-parting bridal pair. The bolt to the front door had been drawn and every window in the apartment securely closed for the night.

There was Mike with his shoes off and his coat-sleeve burst at the armhole and his collar swinging like an old gate on a broken hinge, asleep in a chair. Maizie, who had been indiscreet between her sip of the champagne, veal under mayonnaise and ice-cream cone smothered in corn-sirup, full of a certain accumulating kind of misery that kept her silent in her corner, afraid to let even the tears come. Bobbie slamming about in his room and letting

out prodigious sounds of yawning.

Ellen was married. Ellen was gone. Poor
Lossie, padding about the house with her
beaded dress pinned up like an apron about
her and her hair in the tired straggle and her fourteen headaches making her eyes look like

two dried old prunes stuck there.
Ellen was gone. Dear, overscented, overheated chaos of her deserted little bedroom. Her bridal finery almost as she had stepped out of it and still warm from her body. The little camisole of silk net and white satin ribbon that Lossie had beaded with seed-pearls, still round and warm from the beauty of Ellen's round and warm from the beauty of Ellen's young breasts. The gilt paper bandbox that held Ellen's veil. The veil of the three medallions. The bandeau of orange-blossoms hanging by the miracle of a thread from the edge of Ellen's dresser. Ellen's wedding handker-chief that Lossie had edged in point d'esprit. Ellen's white moire prayer-book—so pure. Like Ellen-ethe wife Like Ellen—the wife

The throbbing of the fourteen headaches— the welling of all the tears in the world. Arms that ached in their sockets. Ellen was gone. Dear child of her life . . . her soul her heart-beat. Ellen was gone—to be a wife.
It was hard to cry through the twenty-eight

eyes that were hurting. "Bob-bie—you've go "Bob-bie—you've got to get up earlier to-morrow and help me hoist bottles on the dumbwaiter.

"Aw!"

"Mike! Mike, wake up. Sleeping there like a lunk in a chair. Too dead in your tracks to even throw rice after your daughter. She's gone. Come, Mike, pull yourself together and set into hed. Shame lunk you!"

get into bed. Shame, lunk, you!"

The ignominious task of getting little
Maizie to bed, her head like a flower that had

snapped on its stem.

'Mike, I say, pull yourself together. Ellen's gone. I can't drag myself another inch. We'll have to let this mess stand until tomorrow. Mike-come

The lights out after a while, and the silence of a flat that still beat with voices rushing

through it like wings.

Lossie lying there aching beside the suddenly wakeful Mike.

"What the devil did you wake me up to come to bed for?"



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"It's two o'clock in the morning. No time

"It's two o'clock in the morning. No time to be lying like a lunk in a chair."
Tick. Tock. How the darkness and the silence grew. In billows. That must be Mike sleeping by now. Lightly, for him. Tick. Tock. And then finally, three little slow tingtings. One-two-three. Was that Mike sleeping? ing

'Mike. Mike, you awake?"

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"Yeh-what the devil did you wake me up for to come to bed?"
"Mike-she was a beautiful bride-wasn't

she?

"Yeh." "I never saw a prettier—or a prettier wed-ding. You?"
"Naw."

The Hassebrocks looked snide. But Bobbie 50 fine—and Maizie—sweet. She'll make a sweet bride, too, Mike." Grunk.

'You hadn't ought to kept snapping your shirt-front while Father Sheehan was reading, Mike.

"Damn plank."

"Did you hear him say, Mike, parents whose noble ideals of—home—have been passed on to their children? That nearly broke my heart, Mike—so sad—so—so sad—and beautiful—huh? Did you, Mike? You're not asleep—him and the produced hearths." you're pretending. Did you hear him, Mike-

Grunk.
"Mike?" "Huh?"

"It was a beautiful wedding—enough to make a girl proud through her lifetime——"

"Mike!"

"Huh?" "Will you?"

Grunk

"Will you, Mike?"
"What the devil?"

"Oh, Mike—Mike—if you would now! It would make up for everything."

"You starting-

"I swore I'd never ask you again. But now -after this-there is something holy about us now, Mike-being the parents of that pure creature who walked up the aisle tonight."

"There's no use your lying or pretending. There were tears in your eyes tonight while you stood up there. Mike, will you?"
"Nonsense."

Nonsense.

"It's not nonsense, Mike, when you want something with your life and your heart and your soul. It would keep life beautiful for me, Mike. I wouldn't mind—all the rest."

"There's no fool like an old fool." "Maybe, Mike. It's not like I'm blaming anybody. It happened in such a way there was nobody to blame. Not you. Not me. Not anybody. But that don't keep me from wanting, Mike. Wanting it like I always have with my heart and my life and my soul. Wanting

and you denying it to me."
"Because it's nonsense. Makin' a fool of me."
"Mike, will you? I'm too tired—after this to have the strength to want anything much again, Mike. But this! Mike, will you? Please. You never in your life broke a promise to me after once you made it. Mike, will you romise? Tonight. Your daughter's weddingnight. Will you? Tomorrow morning, Mike, will you?"
"Y-yes . . ."

You sat in an anteroom most of the morning and signed papers on dotted lines and got out of elevators on the wrong floors and misread signs on ground-glass door-panels, and Mike's feet hurt and once in one of the anterooms he slid out of his left shoe entirely, and when you were summoned suddenly to sign on some more dotted lines, there was great scrambling because Mike's foot had swelled and would not go in easily, and didn't you have to miss your turn and wait for it all over again!

And then the ride on the ferry in the crisp winter morning with the wavelets of the harbor



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the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and

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could you "carry on"?

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TIM was coming home from work when it happened. The car wasn't going very fast, but when they brought him to me his arm hung helpless at his side. It was broken in two places.

"Of course Jim's salary stopped—but the bills didn't!
Our modest savings disappeared in no time, and besides
the rent and food there was a payment coming due on
our new piano, and a premium on Jim's life insurance,
and—oh, so many other things.

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slapping the great old tub as she plowed through and Mike sitting indoors beside the hand-bag and the bandbox and Lossie with her tired face to the wind, standing out at the bow.

Lossie with her tired face. Lossie with her

radiant face, and Mike sitting indoors with his sheepish face.

There were more anterooms. A tiny one which held Lossie privately, while Mike bashed around outside with his great head forward, walking up and down before the wooden benches which lined the wall. Waiting. Waiting for Lossie. Lossie alone in the anteroom, fumbling out of her hat and coat. Fumbling open the bandbox.

There was a bald man behind a desk that was covered in green felt and a vase of pink paper flowers on it and two clerks for wit-nesses. And Lossie! Lossie walking from the anteroom into the little office-chapel, the veil of the three medallions flowing over her black flat crêpe with the bead trimming, and Mike standing sheepish with his red head forward and his raw hands hanging like beefsteaks. "Do you take this woman to be your lawful

wedded wife—your lawful—wife "I do."

"Do you take this man to be your lawful husband—lawful—lawful—lawful—"
"I do."

". . . pronounce you man and wife."
"Thank you, magistrate . . . Five dollar
. . Good luck . . . This way out Five dollars

Good luck . . This way out . . . Good morning . . "

"Hey, here's your bandbox. madam!"

"The veil. My husband will carry it, thank you, magistrate. My husband . . "

"Sure. I'll carry it. It's my—wwife's."

The beauty of the day. The beauty of the thin crisp morning. The lapping of the little waves against the tough old home-going ferry. The dear, glittering, beautiful day abroad over a beautiful world.

Mike sitting indoors on the ferry with his left shoe unlaced and half off. Lossie at the prow with her gold-colored bandbox.

prow with her gold-colored bandbox.

A Slightly Scarlet Woman

(Continued from page 03)

she assured him shamelessly. Emerging from the post-office, she glanced at her wrist watch. "It's five o'clock!" she announced. "I'm going to have afternoon tea at that place where they have the darling little cakes—won't you come too?"

"I'm sorry," he lied, "but I am afraid I can't—"

The professor was a man of science, of infinite intellectual resource in dealing with problems in physics. But he was no match for a designing woman—as his wife had demonstrated in Paris.

They had their tea. The professor ate many more of the darling little cakes than he realized and presently found himself assuring Cinda that he certainly had not forsworn golf and that they would have a game the following afternoon.

"I'm glad!" Cinda told him softly.

And, though he had had nothing more in-

"They had tea this afternoon together," the matrons of Standish assured their spouses at dinner that evening. "Esther Rich saw them and she says they did everything but hold hands."

The professor's wife was a fly on nobody's wall, privy to such snatches of conversation, but she knew what she herself would say under the same conditions and so she felt competent to inform her husband what coap-

"I never found you so much interested in what I did before," he commented dryly. "I have Mrs. Alden to thank for that, at

"And unwise "Perh The y

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"And much more I do not doubt!" she was se enough to reply.

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unwise enough to reply.

"Perhaps you are right," he said.
The young man with the patent-leather hair had told Mrs. Anthony that she was simpatica.
He did not find her so that night. She had a way of suddenly compressing her lips that made her look—well, forty, anyway!

On Tuesday the professor and Cinda played golf. So did a surprising number of other people. Cinda played up to that gallery—though not at golf. As far as she was concerned there was only one cloud on the horizon.

there was only one cloud on the horizon.

"I had a wire from Chisholm this morning,"
Anthony informed her. "He's coming Thursday—you'll enjoy meeting him, I feel sure."
Cinda felt sure she wouldn't. He would interfere with her tactics terribly by spoiling a perfectly good twosome. Besides, any young man who had not only mastered physics but acquired a Ph. D. as well must be an awful muff. The professor was an exception.

"Muff. The professor was an exception.
"Darn Chisholm anyway!" thought Cinda.
"He'll probably wear horn glasses and stare at me through them in a way that will throw me out of my stride—just as I was beginning to get results."

This was modest of her. She was more than

beginning to get results.

None of the more or less virtuous matrons would have admitted it, but there were several who now saw both the professor and his wife in a new light. His wife didn't appreciate m and as a result the first designing woman

who came along walked off with him!

It was a pity. They did not blame him.
They blamed Cinda. She maddened them. If there were only some way in which a really good woman could talk to him sympathetically. Be, in brief, what Mrs. Anthony's protégé called

They could at least show their opinion of any member of their sex who deliberately vamped another woman's husband right under their noses. "Husband snatcher!" those uplifted noses said to Cinda that afternoon, as plain as words-or, according to Cinda, almost as plain

as the noses themselves. as the noses themselves.

"As if," thought Cinda, amused, "I couldn't have had half a dozen husbands of my own by now if I wanted them!" And that was quite true. She had yet to meet the man who could quicken her pulse notably; she had begun to believe the many would.

on Thursday she met him.

"Mi-gosh!" she thought amazedly, as Anthony bore down upon her so triumphantly.

"That can't be his beloved Doug Chisholm

Nevertheless, the professor, with a proud, almost paternal hand on the newcomer's shoulders, so introduced him. And Cinda litted eyes suddenly grown shy and received fresh emphasis of her first impression.

"Why—he's a perfect peach!" was her be-

wildered verdict.

But by the time they reached the first tee she had suffered violent reaction. "You— you idiot!" she blazed inwardly, considering his back with the hurt anger of a child, as he prepared to address his ball. She had warmed to him so swiftly and he had frozen her so

to him so swiftly and he had frozen her so completely.

"Mrs. Alden!" he had acknowledged the professor's introduction in a tone that was impeccable, yet yielded not an inch.

This had surprised her. And then she had become conscious of something in his gaze. His eyes were cool, analytic, unfriendly. Studying her as if she were—

Well, as Cinda afterwards admitted with rueful honesty, as if she were precisely what she had put herself at such pains to appear, for Standish's benefit. "A dangerous woman who is tampering with the affections of his beloved professor," she mused. "And so he treats me—like dirt." For which, Cinda guessed shrewdly enough, she had Mrs. Anthony to thank.

"I, am afraid you won't have Anthony mittee."

"I am afraid you won't have Anthony quite so much to yourself as usual this year," Mrs. Anthony had seen fit to inform Doug



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his new disciple, Mrs. Alden."

Doug had never liked Mrs. Anthony and it had been quite mutual.

"Mrs. Alden?" he had repeated, taken by

surprise.
"The pure flame that inspires Anthony's every waking hour," she had explained.
Doug, sensing conflict, had glanced instinctions of the sensing conflict.

tively at the professor.
"Nonsense!" the latter had protested but he had blushed.

"A divorcée," Mrs. Anthony had gone on nastily. "I believe Anthony maintains that she is nice—more sinned against than sinning but you'll undoubtedly have plenty of oppor-tunity to judge her for yourself."
"Good Lord—she's actually jealous," Doug

had thought.

This had seemed preposterous at the mo-ment but became more understandable when he met Cinda. She was not at all what he had pictured, yet he had been instinctively armored against her. And he had quite misinterpreted the unconscious warmth of her first swift, shy

"Is she trying to vamp me too?" he had demanded of himself wonderingly. He had firmly wished her luck if she were!

The lack of that luck was what Cinda was considering, as she sat in her room at the inn, gazing out toward a vista of blue that her eyes were blind to. Instead, she saw Doug Chisholm. A man's man and yet a woman's Chisholm. A man's man and yet a woman's man. Lean and lithe and still young—for at twenty-eight, thirty-three is "still young"—yet with a suggestion of distinction and of reserve power, mental and physical.

"A stuck-up old Pharisee!" Cinda assured heavel to the still the part of the still the s

herself, trying to stem the tide. But it encompassed her relentlessly. They saw each other every day thenceforth. The twosome became a threesome with the professor bliss-fully unconscious of what might be termed a new problem in physics that was being worked out before his eyes—the heat, magnetism and electricity generated by two bodies apparently -the heat, magnetism and engaged in golf.

"Charming, don't you think?" he had demanded of Doug, referring to Cinda.
"Very," Doug had conceded briefly.

And the professor actually believed that these

two young people were enjoying themselves— liked each other, got along splendidly together. Cinda knew better. Doug had become chaperon, always watchful and omnipresent. She tried to make herself believe she detested him as much as he detested her. To prove that she did not mind what he thought, she let her eyes adore the professor shamelessly whenever the chance offered. Yet through all this she was heart-sick.

"Oh, darn him—and darn everything!" she rebelled, at odd moments.

The man wouldn't even act human. He would answer her, if spoken to, and then withdraw into a detached and courteous silence that somehow left her with the color stinging her cheeks.

Again and again she promised herself she would keep away from the golf course altogether, only to recant—and despise herself. She might have felt better if she had suspected that, in spite of all he believed to be true about her, Doug would have felt a sense of deprivation too. Of anything like that he never gave a sign. He was no raw youth to let himself succumb to undisciplined emotion. And yet

Cinda with her miracle sheen of hair, her lovely lyrical voice (Cinda had studied voice culture, because she had felt that a good voice might be as much an asset in business as on the stage). Cinda with her slim, supple body, as beautiful as a dancer's (Cinda had spent two winters mastering rhythmic dancing, so that no matter how petrified she might feel when she entered some big prospect's office, she would still move with instinctive ease). Cinda who could look so charmingly candid, so irresistibly everything save what he knew her to be.
"Technique!" he assured himself grimly.

"Too much a man's woman-and too little a woman's woman.'

And that, he reminded himself, was always a bad sign. As if the mere fact that she was tampering with the affections of his blessel old Anthony should not have been enough, he found himself preparing fresh indictments against her.

"A bad sign that, too," he suddenly realized. with a flash of intuition. That startled him but he fell back on logic. A man did not fall in love with a deliberate siren. At least the whose name was Douglas Chisholm didn't!

dn't!
A man whose name was Ulysses could have
ld him better than that. When Ulysses told him better than that. reached the spot where sirens practised their ancient art he made his crew put wax in their ears and had himself lashed to the mast. He did not rely on logic-and then kick himsel for a goat!

One week later and Doug reached that stage. He was kicking himself, though to the casual eye he appeared to be standing calmly on the terrace that Mrs. Anthony took such

on the terrace that MIS. Annual pride in, smoking a cigaret.

"Bad heart action!" he admitted, trying to "Bad heart action!" wer feeling sick. "And more make light of it, yet feeling sick. "And more than a little delirious. You need a change of air, old top!" He came to a swift decision,

aur, old top!" He came to a swift decision, turned and went to his room and packed.
"I'm awfully sorry," he announced at dinner, "but I must leave tonight. There's a train at nine-thirty, I believe—"
"What!" protested the professor. "But you said two weeks!"

Mrs. Authorican and the said the said two weeks!"

Mrs. Anthony smiled unpleasantly. "Mis-fortunes never come singly," she remarked. "Anthony is already much upset. Mrs. Alden is departing on the nine-thirty. And now you desert him too!"

"Mrs. Alden?" Doug broke in incredulously.

"Mrs. Alden?" Doug broke in incredulously. "Why, she didn't tell me—"
"She probably thought you wouldn't be as interested as Anthony was," suggested Ms. Anthony. "She phoned him a farewell just before dinner—and never even asked him to see her off. It was quite a shock to him—and never your provide another."

see her off. It was quite a shock to him-and now you provide another."

The professor's lips tightened, as if he were keeping in things better left unsaid. He sup-pressed them and turned to Doug.
"Must you go tonight?" he asked.
"Why—perhaps I can stay over until to-morrow anyway," replied Doug uncertainly, still dazed by an unexpected complication— and a vision! and a vision!

"And soothe Anthony's wounded vanity," suggested Mrs. Anthony. "His Mrs. Alden's going off this way-

"Would you mind," demanded the professor in a tone whose determined restraint only made it the more deadly, "refraining from using the phrase 'his Mrs. Alden'?"

Evidently there had been a scene of some sort before dinner. So much Doug guessed. That there was a second scene after dinner he could not doubt. The professor had left him for a moment, only to be pounced upon by his wife. Their voices came to Doug.

"That," he heard the professor say, it, Grace. If you have reached the point where you believe that your money means anything to me or ever has

anything to me or ever has——"

Eavesdropping was not in Doug's book. He fled precipitately out of the library onto the terrace now flooded with the spreading splendor of a July sunset. But he was blind to its beauty as he walked down to the water's edge and stood there. It was shameful. The professor was the fairest, squarest of men—Presently a clock in the distance struck nine leisurely.

"The professor must be wondering what has become of me," he realized.

The professor was not in the library; Mr. Anthony was standing by the window. Seturned as Doug came in.
"He's gone" she said, as if she must say

that to somebody. "Gone—the professor?" asked Doug, uprised. "Where?"

The grimac "Yo "And fere, in "All St Then, a flash himsel it will! And he saw too. he den He o him ba She "Wh persiste him fr have p You ha to-tho Ever clashed don't k I'll try "Ord Doug o myself. the sta the pr ognized "My "I've ju a word. Doug Dodge. and at As he phrased What l despera But touched "I ha answere grim, w eternall by runi "And

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"He says back to college, where he belongs. But he's going on the same train with that awful woman. If they hadn't already planned awful woman.

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swill woman. It they hadn't already planned to elope, they will—""
"Nonsense!" protested Doug sharply. "You know the professor better than that!"
"He's a changed man!" she persisted. And then her voice, curiously toneless until now, changed suddenly, became charged with fury.
"But I won't give him a divorce—I won't!"
"Has he asked for one?" suggested Doug

austerely. austerely.

She ignored that. "You have influence with him," she went on. "Go and talk with him. Tell him what you think of such actions. That may bring him to his senses!"

The very thought of it caused him to grimace involuntarily.

"You overrate my influence," he replied.
"And I know of no reason why I should interfore in any event—"

fere, in any event-

"Think of the scandal!" she broke in.
"All Standish will draw their own conclusions." Then, seeing that he was not moved, she had a flash of inspiration. "It will affect Anthony himself—and the college too! You must see

And that was true, Doug realized. She held the trumps. But though his hand was forced he saw, in a flash, where he might force hers,

"Are you asking me to bring him back?" he demanded directly.
"Yes, yes," she answered. "But hurry—the train leaves at nine-thirty—"
He did not stir. "To what am I to bring him back?" he demanded bluntly.

"She stared uncomprehendingly.

"What I want to know is simply this," he persisted ruthlessly. "You have tried to take him from the college he loves. Failing, you have pin-pricked him in a thousand ways. You have belittled him, scoffed at all he holds dear. Are you asking me to bring him back to-that?"

Ever so briefly their eyes and their wills clashed. And then abruptly her eyes dropped. "I know—I know," she babbled. "You don't know how maddening he can be. But-I'll try to be more reasonable-

"Order the car, please—while I get my bag," oug cut in. "I think that no matter what luck I have I had better take the nine-thirty myself."

The nine-thirty was late, fortunately, and the station was apparently deserted save for the professor. The latter turned and recognized him.

"My dear Doug," he said shamefacedly. "I've just remembered that I left you without a word. I'm sorry—"

Doug plunged in. "I had a talk with Mrs. Dodge. She seems—to be very sorry. I—don't you think it would be better to go back and at least talk to her, Professor?"

As he finished he realized he could not have phrased his plea more baldly or with less tact.
What he did not realize was how drawn and desperate he looked under the station light.
But the professor saw and was deeply

But the professor saw and was deeply touched.

"I had reached that conclusion myself," he answered. And added, with what, though grim, was still a smile: "The old saws remain eternally true—one never solves a problem by running away from it."

"And that's that," thought Doug, breathing deeply, as he watched the car bearing the professor depart.

The episode that might have strained the

The episode that might have strained the structure of what had always been to him a treasured friendship, had strengthened it instead, and for that he felt a great gratitude to the professional strains and the strengthened in the professional strains are strained by the professional strains are strained by the professional strains are strained by the professional strained by the professiona to the professor.

"They don't make them any finer," he assured himself, with fervor. For the rest he was no optimist. The professor and his wife were essentially mismated and they would continue so to the cold of the state of the state.

nue so, to the end of the chapter. Yet that in itself need not prove a tragedy. The professor had his science, the real love of his life. She had her social career, to which



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the professor was a necessary adjunct. This need she had been forced to realize. In the future she would be more careful.

So ran his thoughts, but beneath them was a stronger undercurrent.

A small pulse hammered at his temples A small pulse hammered at his temples. He had not seen Cinda; the station was still apparently deserted. Yet he knew, as definitely as he knew that a July moon shone overhead, that she was somewhere near. He felt her and felt himself drawn as if she were

willing him to her.

And that was exactly what Cinda was doing. And that was exactly what Cinda was doing. She had instinctively obscured herself when the professor appeared. She did not feel that she could talk to anybody just then. The time had come for her to leave Standish, while a vestige of her pride remained intact. And she had wondered what Doug would have done had she yielded to the impulse

that had so bewitched her that afternoon, and taken his lean brown hand and pressed it swiftly to her cheek. She feeling that way about any man. She who had always been so proud!

"The Adirondacks for you, my dear," she had told herself, clutching at a remnant of her old flippancy. "You need tender care and her old flippancy. "You need tender care and home cooking, else you'll go as mad as Ophelia!"

It really was a good joke on her, she tried to tell herself. And if her sense of humor failed her, she could grit her pretty teeth and determine to go if it killed her. She simply refused to be responsible for her actions if she remained where Doug-darn him!-was another day.

Yet now, standing in the shadow, she was

willing him to her.

"Come," she found herself saying, under her breath. "Come!"

It was all very silly, she realized. And naturally he did not come. He lighted a cigaret, the glow of the match illumining his face briefly. And then he stood at the end of the platform, an immobile, stately silhouette against the moon glow.

She bit her lip hard as he turned and moved slowly toward her. She would not stir, she would not speak! Not even if he passed right

by, unaware of her.

Unaware of her! Not Doug. He might disapprove of her, yet he was prey to wild impulses stronger than he—as old as man. His eyes marked her in the shadow, motionless and silent and—his hat came off.
"Mrs. Alden?" he said, in a voice that seemed

Cinda admitted it, her mouth gone dry. "The train is late," he murmured. "Are you-taking it too?" managed Cinda.

He said he was and silence fell between them.
Silence, but alive and electric. The small The small pulse at his temples hammered harder than ever, he felt as if a spell were being woven around him that he must break now—or never.

"The—train is late," he said.

Cinda felt as if elixir had suddenly been poured into her veins. He was not puncture-proof after all! She sensed that exquisitely— and became herself.

"Two minutes later than it was the last time you mentioned the fact," she commented

demurely.
"Oh—did I say that before?" he remarked uncertainly. "I—I——"
"I was afraid," she cut in smoothly, "that the professor was to depart on this train too.
Don't you think that would have been deplorable? I am sure that Standish would have suspected the worst!"

The abruptness of that startled him, defi-nitely broke the spell. Cinda realized that, but was not perturbed. She knew what she

could do now!

"Why is it," she went on lightly, "that everybody always believes a divorcée is sure to be more unprincipled than a single woman, a married woman-or even a widow?

"I have no opinion to offer on that," he

replied, aloof once more.
"Nonsense!" she said. "Consider your own reactions. Didn't it seem particularly deplorable that the professor had fallen into the clutches of a divorcée—of whom the worst might therefore be assumed?"

"In court," he evaded, "a man is never required to give evidence that will tend to

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incriminate himself-

"And so, when he refuses to testify, every-body knows he's guilty!" she assured him triumphantly

She paused, but he had taken refuge in

silence.
"The train is now five minutes later than it "The train is now nive minutes later thank was the last time the subject was mentioned," she commented casually. And added, precisely the same tone of voice, "I rather suspected I'd create more of a sensation in Standish if I pretended to be a divorcée,"

"Pretended to be a divorcée?" he echoed, taken unawares. "Aren't you?"

"How can I be if I never married?" she demanded reasonably "What?" he gasp

"I-don't underhe gasped.

"I suspected as much," she informed him. "Else you would not have looked at me, l hope, as a particularly stern and upright Pilgrim father might have at a particularly

scarlet woman—"
"I didn't!" he protested.
"You did!" she maintained. "When I was simply trying to be a philanthropist."
"A philanthropist!" He stared at her

uncomprehendingly.

"I hope I don't look like one—but I was, just the same," she assured him. "I—I thought that Mrs. Anthony needed a good jolt and it was my aim and intention to

There her voice failed her; she could say no more. But she did not need to. A great light

had broken upon him.
"Why," he gasped, "why—so that was what you were up to!"

Little premonitory thrills coursed through

"The-the train is coming. At last!" she

announced practically.

It was. Swinging around a curve in the track, it sent the bright shaft of its search-light track, it sent the bright shart of its search-light ahead, to fall upon them, illumining her uptilted face. But trains were less than nothing to him now, the pulse at his temples had become a trip-hammer.

"So—so you see," said Cinda, feeling that she must say something, "appearances are—"

They were in the shadow again. Air-brake were religious applied took ed wheels were gridies.

were being applied, locked wheels were grinding the tracks. The nine-thirty had arrived, late the tracks. as usual; a considerable commotion was being created in their neighborhood. But it was eclipsed by one commotion they had created within themselves

He had gathered her in his arms impetuously,

his lips had discovered hers.
"The—the train!" managed Cinda, during

a second's respite.

He merely tightened his arm about he, held her prisoner in the shadow.

They let the train go. Trains at their best are what one goes on journeys on and journeys, at their best, end in lovers' meetings.

So what need had they of a train? There

would be another along toward midnight of morning or sometime, anyway. In the mean-time there was tonight, the moonlight and a baggage truck to which they moved. "Where's your bag?" demanded Cinda

suddenly, some time later.

He didn't know and he didn't care

he demanded my baggage?" blissfully.

"How perfectly un-Ph. D. of you!" commented Cinda. "Are you referring to me, sir!" "Well—you are one, you know!" he main tained, his eyes adoring her.

"But not a graceless one anyway!" she protested. And added swiftly, "And even if were, you'd—love me just the same?"

He did not bother to answer that if

merely caught her to him as somewhere clock struck something perfectly preposteres—but wholly immaterial.

The Miracle Workers (Continued from page 65)

boy entreated her, throwing all caution to the winds. "I want to go! Oh, please. Oh, mother, it says there are seals! I'll be good forever, if you'll let me go! Won't you please..."

"Stephen, I'm surprised at you," Lillie said

reproachfully.

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"But, moiner "Positively not tomorrow. When I say No,' I mean no, Steve," his mother, still quite unruffled, interrupted him. "If you say anything more about it, dear, mother will think that you haven't had your nap out, and ask you to go up-stairs again."

One last spasm of protest and rebellion shook him. He averted the face over which tears were streaming now, and tried to hold

his shaking lips steady.

his shaking lips steady.

"I've never seen a circus, and I'd come home whenever they said—and I'm eight—and I wouldn't eat anything—" he muttered. And he went to the window and stood there, a desolate small figure in his neatly-belted linen suit and clean white socks, staring forlornly and blindly out at the hot August sunshine in the yard, and wiping his eyes over and over again upon a clean pocket-handkerchief that was no sooner stuffed into his little pocket than it had to be dragged forth again.

was no sooner stuffed into his little pocket than it had to be dragged forth again.

"Would it do him anny h-u-r-t?" Mrs. Callahan spelled cautiously and pitifully.

"Please, Aunt Agnes. Please let's say no more about it," Lillie said pleasantly. "He spells very well, by the way. But although it's a disappointment now, and no wonder, he's too fine a boy—and too obedient a boy," Lillie added, for the child's benefit, "not to realize that mother does what she does for his realize that mother does what she does for his own good.

Steve did not rise to this bait. The quiet tears continued, and the little elbow crooked

itself over the handkerchief once more.

"Could you leave it to me to decide," Mrs. Callahan suggested, artfully, "so that if he was tired, tomorrow night, there'd be no question of takin' him? But that if he wasn't tired—""

"To this in the suggested of the su

"If think we won't discuss it any more,"
Lillie suggested, with a certain little note of
finality in her voice. And Stephen's little head
bowed itself in a fresh burst of bitter but silent

Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Callahan looked at each other, and faintly shook despairing heads.

"Well, annyway, you'll leave him here with me tonight and tomorrow night?" Mrs. Calla-han changed the subject cheerfully. And she felt a twist of pleasure so keen that it was pain, in her heart, when she saw a little hopeful straightening of the child's shoulders as Lillie

"It would be a godsend," Lillie admitted simply. "For if I leave him here with the clamb; "It won't be too much trouble, Aunt Agnes?" "Trouble? There's been times I had seventeen in this house! We'll have a nice quiet time," Mrs. Callahan promised. "It would be a godsend," Lillie admitted simply. "For if I leave him here with the Cassus next week there are all his clothes to

Caseys next week there are all his clothes to pack and the apartment in Brooklyn to get ready for my tenant and my own things to get ready for my lecture tour, and perhaps this horrible lawsuit, next week. I talked to Andrew's lawyer about it," Lillie said, worried again, "and he says it looks badly for me unless I can get in the says it loo I can get my witnesses, just because I was so decent when the accident occurred! Stephen," she added gently, in a tone that Mrs. Murphy later admitted frankly "give her stomach a tur'n like whin a ship would throw a lep—and you down-stairs to see the watther go slap families the likely sind."

forminst the little windy!"

"Come here, Stevie," Lillie said, and the boy, with his tear-stained face and drooped head, went obediently to stand at her shoulder.

"The standard healthy boy, whose mother is the standard of the standard of

head, went obediently to stand at her shoulder.

"I am a splendid, healthy boy, whose mother would die to make me a fine intelligent man,"
Lillie recited in an academic sing-song, one arm about him, keen eyes upon his averted face. "My little body has been made strong by good care, my little mind has been led in the right way. All the world loves me, and

is friendly to me. Every day in every way I am growing better and better. Say it, Steve," she directed, in a low, earnest tone.

"But mother—" he stammered "the

"But, motherhe stammered, "the circus isn't wrong!"

"Steve, did you hear mother?" the patient, anthe voice persisted, undiscouraged. "Every gentle voice persisted, undiscouraged. day-in every way-

Presently, in a sudden burst, the child repeated it, first sullenly, then, with an effect of doing physical violence to himself, in a quieter voice, but in one still thickened by

Lillie, before leaving him, smothered him and his elderly hostess with directions; Stephen listened to her apathetically, apathetically kissed her good-by. His bitter disappointment still shadowed him, he spoke wearily and indifferently in answer to Mrs. Callahan's first

differently in answer to Mrs. Callahan's first remarks, when they were alone.

But Mrs. Callahan suggested that he cut out cooky men; Stephen, it appeared, had never knelt upon an old kitchen chair and done this before. He grew quite breathless with excitement over it, and his face grew very red.

Then the two Hogan boys sauntered over transcent does not have a support over the control of the support of the

from next door, and had cookies, and Stephen, from bashfully murmuring remarks to them in monosyllables, was presently climbing their windmill ladder, shouting at their geese, and windmil ladder, shouting at their geese, and having his scratched finger bound up by their mother. After that he had dinner with Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Callahan, a weary, happy, rosy little face between their two wrinkled old ones, and then he and the Hogan "gang" and the Casey "gang" shouted and whooped and raced up and down the shabby, tree-shaded old street for another two estatics. and faced up and down the snabby, tree-shaded old street for another two ecstatic hours before bedtime. "This," stated Stephen, undressing himself

in a businesslike and efficient way, "is a happy place for a boy to be."

He said his prayers with his hot face buried in Mrs. Callahan's knees, his young body still heaving from running. Neither remembered his tooth-brush or his finger-nails, but when Stephen was in bed Mrs. Callahan, again below stairs, heard him muttering in the dark, and called Mrs. Murphy to the foot of the stairs

"Every-day-in-every-way-I'm-going-to-be-better-and-better-every-day-in-every-way-I'm-

going-to-be-better-and-better——" said little Stephen McGuiness sleepily.
"Did you ever hear the like of that? It's heathen!" said Mrs. Callahan.
"I'd betther and betther Lillie O'Brien wit' the end of a broom," Mrs. Murphy remarked simply. "She never got that off her good father. Harry O'Brien was a man wouldn't hurt a fly!"
"It would civille your heart to know how."

"It would curdle your heart to know how that young one craves the circus," Mrs. Callahan remarked thoughtfully.

Her rocker creaked for some time before there was a reply.

"Wherever wud Lillie get the notions she have!" Mrs. Murphy commented mildly, after a while, from her own rocker. "I suppose she'd go into fever with the rage that'd be on her did you take him tomorrow?" she added,

suggestively.
"I wouldn't dass!" answered Mrs. Callahan.

"I wouldn't dass!" answered Mrs. Callahan. "She'd take it out on him, and the poor little feller'd pay too high for it. She'd maybe have him analyzed again!"

"God help us an' all in danger!" Mrs. Murphy appended piously.

"If she leaves him at Casey's," Mrs. Callahan presently resumed, "I'll have manny's the chance to put a little fun into it for him. They're nice children, thim, but they don't blue-mold in their tracks! He'll do good there. He's a fine child—Lillie's raised him good. But if I run him off to the circus tomorrow, God knows would poor Lillie leave him down God knows would poor Lillie leave him down here in the neighborhood at all. Annyways, he'd not defy her."

"Maybe you cud foam Lillie tomorrow, and



"his mind may be in the clouds, but-<u>his eyes never</u> <u>leave my face</u>

FROM THE DIARY OF MARJORIE WILLARD "REJOICE and be glad, Little Book! At last I've met that intellectual Kenneth Ogden—and something tells me I've got him on the run!

"Yes, I know he's above the tempta-tions of mere beauty—scorns it just like that!—says it's my intelligence that at-tracts him rather than my good looks— but ah, Little Book, don't you believe a word he says!

"Intelligence! It is to laugh! All my intellect is in my cheeks, my eyes, my youthful, crimson lips. What I don't know about philosophy would fill volumes—but what I know about make-up—ah, there's where my intelligence comes in!

"I surely learned the secret of make-up when I discovered Princess Pat Rouge and ever since, it's been one triumph after another.

"Last night, with my demure chiffon, it was Princess Pat Medium rouge that it was Princess Pat Measum rouge that helped me win such glowing tributes to my 'intelligence.' Tomorrow, when he takes me to the Country Club, I'll blossom forth in my gay new frock and Princess Pat Vivid on my cheeks. And next time, who knows but what I'll use that glorious orange shade, English Tintl

"Keep him guessing! You bet I will. With my 'baby stare' and this wonder rouge to help me, I'll be 'intellectual' every time he sees me—and soon I'll have him at my feet."

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ask her could he go," Mrs. Murphy suggested.
"She'd only say 'No,' again; look at the way
the poor little feller cried today, an' she as
cool as a sod!" Mrs. Callahan answered.

"Whin I seen that, me skin crep' on me like you'd pull off a wet glove," Mrs. Murphy said, and sighed

"The Hogan kids all went yistidda', and aren't they all goin' again tomorrow night?" Mrs. Callahan demanded. "The little feller Mrs. Callahan demanded. "The little feller was up at the corner here, with young Joe Hogan, an hour back, lookin' at the circus posters. 'I'd be afraid to give the elephants peanuts, Joe,' he says, 'but I'll bet' he says, 'I would stand right by you while you did it, Joe!' Your heart would ache for him! Mame Hogan would take him in a minute, would I leave him go. But Lillie laid it all down before she wint-

"Lillie might say you learned him to disobey," Mrs. Murphy commented, after a long, comfortable pause. And presently the complaining rockers were making the only sounds heard in the kitchen.

Stephen, sparkling at breakfast, and admiring everything in and about the dingy old hospitable kitchen, reverted at almost his first word to the circus.

"Joe Hogan said it was kinder like walking on hash?" Stephen questioned, cocking a on hash?" Stephen questioned, cocking a dubious eyebrow.

Mrs. Callahan, whose heart had already riveted itself firmly to this obedient, conscientious little boy, looked puzzled in turn.
"Sort of chopped up and brown?" Stephen

added, anxiously

added, anxiously.

"Oh—in the circus? Yes, so it is," Mrs. Callahan confirmed it. "It's very soft under your feet, an' it makes no sound."

"For the animals' hoofs to walk on!" Stephen contributed joyfully. "Joe and Jim Hogan and their sister Gemma, and their baby, they are it for its to the interpretation."

they're all going again tonigh!" he added.
"I wish you were, dearie," Mrs. Callahan said
regretfully. "But mama won't let you!"
"Could we even walk over toward the tents?"

"Could we even wank over toward the tents!
Stephen said wistfully.

"That'd have your heart bust on you,"
Mrs. Murphy assured him. "You'd hear that
steppy music—steppy music was what my
boy Dan used to call it! Ta-ra-ta-ta-boomdyboomdy-boom! That'd have ye desthroyed

boomdy-boom! That'd have ye desthroyed entirely!"
"And what's that steppy music for?" Stephen demanded eagerly

"For the animals and the clowns to walk in,

"Oh, but, Aunt Agnes!" the little boy cried longingly, "couldn't we just walk by, and hear that, and maybe braying or roaring, or something?

"But, Steve, then if you couldn't go in-Mrs. Callahan reminded him. "You'd see all the other children streamin' in an' 'twould

be a great hardship to you—"
"I'd like to have Lillie O'Brien by the ear!" Mrs. Murphy muttered to her cup, as the child fell silent, his bright face darkening, his eyes mutinous. And Mrs. Callahan began to Mrs. dwell upon the approaching excitements of the morning, as soon as the Hogan boys had their mother's wood box filled, and the yard raked

up.
Stephen, rushing forth into the perfect blueness of a warm, sweet autumn day, helped the Hogan boys so vigorously that those half-hearted youngsters began to drag the broom and the wood wagon to and fro with a will, and Stephen's face grew hot again, and his fair thick hair was pasted upon his white little forehead.

"I declare if he isn't a good little feller, Mary," Mrs. Callahan said to her youngest daughter, when Mary Keane came in with her daugnter, when Mary Keane came in with her baby to pay a morning call. "He's the most biddable child I ever seen. It's terrible for him to hear the children talk nothin' but circus—circus—circus—and him jumpin' out of his little skin to go, and I dassen't take him!"

"We took Paul and the baby last week,"
Mary commented serenely, "and the baby



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The Blonde Hair Shampoo

1926

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had enough circus for once?"

"You'd all be cryin', comin' home, years ago, and the half of you sick on that messy lemonade and candy," Mrs. Callahan remembered fondly. "Them was the times! There's no use your leavin' them tickets, Mary," she added, as Mary, whose husband was highly favored in circus circles, put some box seats behind the clock. "For I'd never dare go again' Lillie—she'd have me scalped!"

"Well I'll leave 'orn anyway your contribution."

again' Lillie—she'd have me scalped!"
"Well, I'll leave 'em anyway, you can give
'em away," Mary said indifferently. "We're
not going tonight."
"The poor child prayed about it—he told
me so," Mrs. Callahan imparted suddenly.
"Well, I think it's terrible!" Mary said impatiently. "The idea of Lillie O'Brien McGuiness giving herself such airs, and shutting
arear little boy out of so much fun just to a poor little boy out of so much fun, just to show how much authority she has!"
"I'd do it in a minute, if we could get around

"Id do it in a limitet, in we count get around the little chin in a monkey-like little hand, and stared steadily into space, pondering. The sound of youthful voices rang joyously in the yard. "Wo, there! Ketch his head! Shoot him!" Stephen and the Hogans and the Caseys were playing

Later, Mrs. Callahan showed signs of a most unwonted depression. She appeared to droop, as the blazing day wore to a perfect twilight. When the fluttered and docile Hogans were summoned home, to "rest" awhile before it was time for baths and the long ceremony of dressing for the circus, Stephen came in, wearied and quiet, and sat down in a little chair on the deep side porch, close to Mrs. Callahan's chair, and leaned his fair head against her knee. And there they sat silently, in so perfect an

accord that no words were necessary.

But now and then Stephen spoke, and always wistfully.
"Their father takes them early—the Hogans

-so's they can walk around and see the animals!" he said once. And once:
"When I'm a man, I'll take fellers to the

circus every day there is a circus!"

Mrs. Callahan stretched her big, gentle, work-roughened hand out, and laid it on his

The Caseys swept shouting through the yard;
Ma wanted them, they shrieked, Aunt Rose
was going to take them to the circus again!
"Where's that other lady?" Stephen asked
once, and Mrs. Callahan said:

"Mrs. Murphy's gone back to her own grand-child, in Jersey, darling. But she's comin' back tomorra."

back tomorra."

Dazzling rays fell from the sinking sun through the heavy tree-foilage, powdered with golden motes; they struck shafts of light across the shabby yard, and the barns, and the Hogans' windmill. The chickens began imperceptibly to drift toward the sheds.

"I can't believe it's the last night of the circus, and me not going!" Stephen said simply.

"We couldn't disobey mama, Stevie," Mrs. Callahan said.

Callahan said.
"No," he answered, in a suddenly thickened

voice, as the finality of his sentence fell upon him afresh, "we couldn't do that."

It was half past six o'clock, and an opal sun-

It was half past six o'clock, and an opal sunset glow was enveloping the world, before Mrs. Callahan suggested supper.

"I'm all right out here," Stephen said then politely, but with obvious difficulty, "but if we went in maybe I'd feel sorter—like crying."

"Well, we'll stay out here then," Mrs. Callahan conceded. She saw Mrs. Hogan coming across the side-yard as she spoke, and hoped that the hospitable neighbor was not going to coax for Stephen again, and torture the child afresh. But Mrs. Hogan called out that she was only after the loan of one of that she was only after the loan of one of Annie's hair-ribbons, for Gemma to wear to the circus!

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RADIO FANS - Listen in on WHT every Tuesday ni from 7 to 7:30, every Friday ni from 10 to 10:30, central standard to Loftis Bros. & Co.'s hour of music.

Exactly twenty minutes later Mrs. Callahan took from behind the kitchen clock the two circus tickets Mary had placed there some hours earlier, straightened the drooping widow's veil she had worn for nineteen years, pulled on her black cotton gloves. Her big, kindly face was lighted with a solemn glow.

"The ways of the Lord are very mysterious, Stevie," she told the child, with a quiver of laughter in her voice. Herself she ate no supper at all, except for slivers of cold mutton consumed as she stood at the sink, but besides his mutton sandwich Stevie had milk and cookies and a sliced tomato. "Aunt Aggie has some business to do," Mrs. Callahan informed him. 'You'll have to walk down the street with me,

It was just seven o'clock when their course led them toward the big circus tent. Stephen drew an ecstatic breath, his warm little hand clasped hers tightly. They were going to see the outside of it, anyway!

The summer night was warm, the gaily-awninged entrance was draped with limp flags; dangling electric lights vied with the high, clear moon. Rising like a captive balloon beyond the fringed pavilion that was the doorway, the great tent was roped and staked. Over the trampled earth that looked so oddly rural in all this excitement of Arabian nights lay the flattened garish green of the grass.

A French horn was rippling up and down-up and down; the delicious ammoniac odor of damp straw and animals penetrated the summer night. And Stephen felt tan-bark under his feet.

the sights and the wondahs give the little folks a chanc't'see the sights and the wondahs . . . the amazin' after-perform'nce or after-show . . ." roared the

"Are we going in?" faltered Stephen, his heart hammering. He saw the slim blue tickets in Mrs. Callahan's cotton-gloved hand, he saw the man tear them in two—so casually! He was in.

In among cages, a great circle of cages behind whose gaudily painted bars creatures skulked and growled. Sawdust underfoot, overhead the friendly canvas. A hippopotamus opened a great flannel-pink mouth in a horrific yawn. White horses, tasseled, tossed their restless heads all pompons and ribbons. And rocking upon their uneasy great pads—there were the elephants! Oh, and one was putting up his trunk! Oh, and one was putting up his trunk! Oh, and one was a baby-

Stephen, never moving his eyes from them, felt a paper bag in his frantic, hot little fingers; he explored it for peanuts with all the confidence of a confirmed circus-goer. When he flung his little left arm straight up in the air, the mam-moth creatures raised their big trunks, too, and who could fling peanuts into the great wrinkled mouths with a surer aim than Stephen McGuiness? He was alone in the jungle with them—he was Mowgli—he was Tarzan. Great shouts of ecstasy burst from him, and he danced a wild barbaric dance before their chains.

That anyone was watching him, that he was the center of a sympathetic group, he never dreamed. But when both bags of peanuts were gone, he returned partially to earth, panting, perspiration on his brow, his eyes

"Those are the friendliest elephants I ever saw!" he cried with a great breath of satisfaction.

"But there's monkeys, too, darlin'," Mrs. Callahan said, "and there's a camel they'll let you ride, and there's a bearded lady—and one that's surely very fleshy, God help her—we'll come back to these fellers!"

One last chill finger-tip of doubt smote Stephen, and he clutched the guiding big Stephen, and he coaton glove fearfully.

"Would mother-"I've got your mother all fixed, never fear!"
Mrs. Callahan responded. And Stephen gave
his drowned conscience not so much as a parting glance, as it sank beneath the waters of his



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The Vivid Allure of Colorful Youth

glows in charming audacity from beauty's warm cheek!

PERT ROUGE is the new compact ex-pressly originated to reflect the fresh vitality of radiant youth. Its handmade texture is so satin-fine, that its ar-dent tints shade subtly into your own complexion. The color lasts much longer, if applied directly to the skin. A little more rouge, after powdering, adds warmth to the flush.

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She Chose to Stay Gray Until Notox Was Explained

WO years ago she felt as strong a preju-Two years ago sne ten as strong a project of the dice as anyone against coloring her hair. Now she uses Notox regularly.

The thing which converted her, which first prompted her to use Notox to banish her gray hair, was an explanation of the Notox principle.

Before Notox was invented—about two years ago—her hair had been graying, but she had steadfastly refused to color it—be-cause the effects of such preparations as gray hair. Women who used them looked so obviously dyed. The tone of their hair was hard, flat, unreal. She preferred letting her hair stay gray to having it look like that.

Then she heard of Notox—a hair coloring based upon a new and a unique scientific principle. When this principle was explained to her, when she understood how it differed from the principles of those preparations she had shunned, she was converted to coloring her hair.

Hair, she learned, is a long, very tiny stem, with a rough outside covering. Underneath this is a layer of fibres. In these fibres nature puts its color.

Hair also is translucent. Light passes through it, as it does through fingernails. and so the natural color of hair, as we see it, is the combined effect of light shining on the hair and through the hair.

When hair turns gray—that is, when nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres—it is hopeless to try to duplicate the former color by coloring the outside covering of the hair. This is what the old-fashioned restorer did and this is why it failed. It merely pointed over the it failed. It merely painted over the outside of the hair, coating its natural

lustrous surface and shutting off the natural translucence of the hair's substance. beauty of color which nature achieves by the combined effect of light shining on and through the hair was not attained-because the method of nature was not followed.

In its departure from this unnatural

method lies the distinctive principle of Notox.

Notox follows nature's method of coloring hair—it places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hairright where nature used to put its own color. It leaves no color on the outside. And so Notox colors hair without impairing in the least its natural translucence or the natural visibility of its lus're. By using Nature's

technique, Notox duplicates nature's effects.

These facts about Notox have converted not only one woman, but many hundreds of thousands of women to coloring their hair— all since two years ago, when Notox was in-vented. The sheer beauty of the effects of Notox has ever since kept them devoted to its regular use.

Important Notice:

Notox is the only coloring that banishes gray hair in the safe and natural way. Its basic in-gredient is an entirely new substance. The prin-

gredient is an entirely new substance. In eprin-ciples of its manufacture and use do not exist in any other product. They are furthermore fully protected by patent. Notox is sold only in packages bearing the Notox trade-mark, as shown here. To be sure you get Notox, look for the Notox trade-mark. In beauty shops, see the seal of the Notox

package broken before you permit application.
This protects you. Notox is made by Inecto, Inc., New York; and by Notox, Ltd., Toronto.



Why the Notox Principle is Better:



- A A red hair, magnified. Notice how nature distributes the color through the layers of fibres beneath the outer covering.
- B A gray hair. Notice that the color is gone from the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering.
 - A gray hair as colored by a coating dye. Notice the crust around the outside how different from the method of nature.
 - D Hair re-colored by Notox. Notice that Notox has put color again in the layer of fibres underneath the outer coating—exactly as in Picture A, of nature-colored hair.



Notox is sold and applied in beauty shops; and sold in drug and department stores. The makers of Notox will, upon request, recommend a shop near you where you may have Notox experily applied.

Send for Trial Sample

If you are discontented with the appearance of your hair, send in the coupon below with 10 cents in stamps and a trial sample will be sent you, in a plain wrapper, by return mail. Pin a few strands of your hair to the coupon to enable us to provide you with the shade of Notox which will harmonize

-	INECTO, INC., 33-35 West 46th St., N. Y. City. Gentlemen: Attached are a few newly cut strands of my
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I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admite. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full off those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yours-if. At all drug stores, or send 25% direct to J.W. Kost Co., 614 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint

delight. He was springing into the air again, with wild screams of excitement; a wise, sad little monkey was clinging close to the bars of the big cage, and had extended a brotherly little beseeching hand.

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little beseeching hand.

"Oh, he knows me—he likes me—" Stephen half sobbed, half shouted. "Hello, feller, hello, boy," he said gently to the monkey, as the cool little hard paw closed over his fingers. "Here's a peanut for you, boy."

Stephen rode the camel, he paid, with a trembling hand, ten cents for a picture of the snake-charmer wound in her snakes, and the giant picked him up, and held him high in the air while the crowd laughed. They were back at the elephants again when the Hogans came at the elephants again when the Hogans came in, and it was with a great air of familiarity with the pachyderms that Stephen instructed Jim and Joe in the distribution of peanuts.

And then the steppy music began, and everyone streamed at a sort of half-run into the performance tent, scurrying over the saw-dust, looking for "Sect. O" and "Balcony 6."

Oh, and what seats were these that Mary had given them! The best in the whole place, Stephen and Mrs. Callahan decided raptur-Stephen and Mrs. Callahan decided rapturously, when the Hogans were out of hearing. Right down in front, with only the rope between Stephen and the clowns—Stephen and the pig that ran away, and convulsed the audience before it was captured—Stephen and the bucking bronchos—Stephen and the beautiful proud dappled-gray horses, with their arched necks and snowy manes!

"Ladies and gents—here's the smallest giant now in captivity!" the funniest clown of all shouted, catching Stephen's hand, and disshouted, catching Stephen's hand, and dis-

now in captivity!" the funniest clown of all shouted, catching Stephen's hand, and dis-playing Stephen's bewildered, joyous little earnest face to the crowd, before he went rocketing and tumbling upon his uproarious way, and after that Stephen's rapture wore a certain splendid shadow, as of one who has knelt for accolade.

And all the while the glorious music continued; sometimes steppy—ta-ra-ta-ta-boomdy-boomdy-booml—slow and rhythmic, for the horses and elephants, who seemed actually to pick up their feet to keep time to it, and sometimes fast and gay for the clowns, who raced in shouting and screaming, and squiring water-guns at each other, and honking the horns on motor-cars that came to pieces right in the middle of the parade. But when the girl with the satin knickerbockers was twirling round and round and round on the rope, hanging by her teeth, making Stevie's own teeth hurt because he was watching her so sympathetically, there was no music at alligust the deadly, jungle-like "br-r-r-br-r-r" of a muffled drum, that seemed to him the audible beating of his own heart.

In the "hotly-contested jockey race" Stephen horses and elephants, who seemed actually to

In the "hotly-contested jockey race" Stephen eagerly selected his winner, causing thereby a ripple of laughter in his neighborhood, which he was entirely unconscious, and when his jockey, doubled over the big bay's sating neck, duly passed the flag first, Stephen was in

seventh heaven.
"I sort of thought he'd win!" he said over and over again, in deep satisfaction.

Presently all blissful sensations began to blend into one. He was thirsty, and drank something lemony and deliciously cool, he was just a trifle tired, and leaned his little fair. head thankfully against Mrs. Callahan's shoulder, closing his eyes sometimes for only half a second, when mere acrobats were walking off.

But he was wide awake, and animated again, walking home, staring at the stars, wondering if a lion would bite a keeper's child if the keeper was sick, and sent the child in his place, guessing that country boys, when they saw the elephants, would be just about scared out of their wits scared out of their wits.

He did not, however, disdain Mrs. Callahan's motherly help in undressing, and there was only the sleepiest of "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" mumbled into her neck a few

seconds later. Coué was forgotten that night, and Mrs. Callahan had to wake her guest at

noon the next day.

air again wise, sad brotherly

, 1926

Stephen ler, hello, , as the fingers. l. with a

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Mrs. Murphy had returned, and Stephen had had breakfast and was whooping about the yard with the Hogans, when Lillie came in at one o'clock. She kissed the boy affectionately, wearily seated herself at the kitchen table, and thankfully began on her belated luncheon. and thankfully began on her belated luncheon.
"Stevie, dear, mother was sort of sorry
afterward that she hadn't let you go to the
circus with Aunt Aggie," Lillie said. "Mother
was terribly worried about a lawsuit, and
renting the apartment, and a lot of other things
you wouldn't understand. And she'll never
fewert what a good boy you were about it!"

you wouldn't understand. And she'll never forget what a good boy you were about it!" "Oh dear me, didn't he go to the circus, and ride on a came!, and feed the elephants, and the whole caboodle!" Mrs. Callahan said with a laugh.

Lillie's jaw tightened a little, and she shot a quick, suspicious look at the other woman's serene face

"But, Aunt Agnes-" she began, in a rather tense voice.

Leave me tell you all about it-here, I'll "Leave me tell you all about it—here, I'll finish this up on you, Lillie, there's nothin' but fluff to it," Mrs. Callahan said, scraping from a saucepan the delicious last of the creamed chicken. "I had a bit of business, and where did it take me but right into the midst of the circus! Mrs. Murphy here had returned home for the night, and the Hogans and Caseys was all off for the circus themselves. So what was there in it but I'd have to take Storie and off we wint together." Stevie, and off we wint, together."

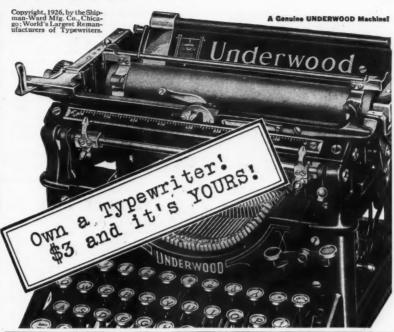
"I can imagine what sort of business Lillie said skeptically and accusingly, a hard little red spot in each cheek. "Really, Aunt Agnes—— Stephen's never disobeyed me before!"

before!"
"Well, now, to tell the truth an' all to it,"
Mrs. Callahan interrupted comfortably, "it
was your business, Lillie. An' no way I
could wor'rk out," she added, "could annyone
do it but meself! It come about that Mrs.
Hogan stipt over here last night," she went on,
"and borrowed a len'th of hair-ribbon off
Annie's Helen. An' whilst we was up-stairs
she says to me, 'Yistidda', who did I see at
the circus, mindin' a bear, but Joe O'Neill?'
she says. Well, at that I said nothin', for Joe's
here and there an' everywhere, and there's she says. Well, at that I sade hottain; to Joe-here and there an' everywhere, and there's nobody will ever give him a job he'll hold but the undertaker, but after Mrs. Hogan

"After she wint," repeated Mrs. Callahan, in a thoughtful tone, touching her cheek with the fingers of one hand, to represent the musing mood in which she had found herself then, "it come to me, 'Where did I see Joe O'Neill last?' I says to myself, 'an' what was we talkin' about?' An' thin, all of a flash, it come to me. It was Joe O'Neill was over to my Jim's house for lunch. one Sunda' last winther, and him talkin' Ida and Jim about winther, and him tellin' Ida and Jim about how he'd seen a motor accident, him drivin' for some rich man he worked for, 'an' I never for some rich man he worked for, 'an' I never thought till later that the lady whose car was smashed, Mrs. Callahan,' he says, 'was none other than your brother's wife's ger'rl by her second man—Lillie O'Brien, who married Andy McGuiness!' "Oh, my God, I thank Thee!" Lillie said swiftly, her face pale with emotion. "And did you get hold of him!" "Well indeed I did that any he'll he here "Well indeed I did that any he'll he here

"Well, indeed I did that, an' he'll be here "Well, indeed I did that, an' he'll be here this very day at three o'clock, and didn't he remember the whole thing like a book?" Mrs. Callahan exulted. "'It was Mr. Carleton Greene's car I was drivin',' he says to me, an' there's no whiter man in the wor'rld,' he says, 'nor one that would do you a good tur'nn faster! He's just back from Europe,' he says, 'an' I'm to be drivin' again for him Monda'....'"

"Carleton Greene! That was it," Lillie exclaimed, the color rushing back into her happy face. "Oh, I am so grateful!" she cried, laughing through tears. "Oh, my God, I am so grateful! Oh, Aunt Agnes, you know what this saves me! This'll throw their case out of course—the judge told my lawyer so—oh, Stevie! and you were so good yesterday when mother disappointed you! The next chance



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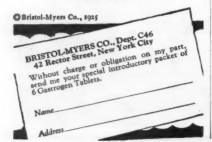
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I get, you'll see the whole circus-every bit of

it—for being such a good boy!"
"Well, to tell you the truth," Mrs. Callahan confessed, "he seen-run back to them Tur'rks in the yard, Stevie," she interrupted herself, "they're yellin' like banshees for you!

he seen the best part of it, Lillie," went on

Mrs. Callahan innocently. "For while I was Mrs. Callahan innocently. "For while I was huntin' for Joe O'Neill, and talkin' to him, here was these good seats Mary had given me-an' it seemed safer for the child in a seat. God love 'um, he didn't want to do it. 'Mother,' he says, tuggin' at me hand. 'Oh, mother'll understand all right—this is business!' I told

him.
"'If I don't nab Joe O'Neill tonight, dear where the circus will be

time, nor him either!-tomorrow night!-

"Oh, you did exactly right!" Lillie said fervently. "And I am so grateful to you! It's answer to prayer-

"God knows we all prayed!" Mrs. Callahan agreed, glancing at the clock, where the tickets had stood all day yesterday, calling her like temple bells, to prayer. "Stevie prayed," Mrs. Murphy contributed

dispassionately.
"He was awfully good about it!" Lillie said

"He's a good child," Mrs. Murphy conceded, with her sinister chuckle. "I shouldn't wondher—that one!—if every day in every way he wasn't gettin' betther and betther!"

Finger That Kills (Continued from page 72)

boy. Of course I patronized him heavily. I had other kinsmen among the party-Twisted Plume, who was my father's half-Of course I patronized him heavily. brother, and Square Face, my full uncle. As to the rest, there were Sticky-Mouth Bear and Weasel Robe and Swift After Elk and One and Weasel Robe and Swift After Elk and One Horn Off and Broken Lance and Kills With His Head Low and Star Man and Otter Running and Smooth Water and Young Hawk Feathers and Very Quiet Bird—fifteen of us in all, including that youthful ardent candidate for promotion who was my cousin. Weasel Robe was the chief and One Horn Off the going-ahead man, or, in white vernacular, the head scout, he traveling on a mile or so before the main hand to so, out mile or so before the main band to spy out the land. But of the fighting force I was the youngest.

The campaign was aimed at the country of the Crows far to the south and east of where our people were camped on the shores of the River of the Two Mystery Lodges just under the mountain which afterwards came to be known as Rising Wolf Mountain; but then it took its name from the stream which wriggled past its foot. So all the day before, being painted for war, we sang and we danced and the priests made their incantations beseeching the approval of all the Powerful Persons in our The portents were right, they told us, and that cheered us.

We danced the last dance late at night and at its finish all of us leaped on horses and rode as hard as we could push the horses until just before sunrise. Then we turned our tried-out mounts over to two herd-boys who had accompanied us this far and who now would graze them slowly back to the village again, and we set out, Weasel Robe carrying the little carved war pipe in its case, and we stripped down, each one of us, to his breechclout and his moccasins and one robe or blanket and his head-dress and his small mystery pouch and a little packet of dried meat to eat on the way and, of course, his weapons. For such was the way of the Pikuni in those days—afoot and fasting he went to strike his enemies, expecting to return astraddle of a captured pony with more captured ponies to drive ahead of him, if he had been lucky and, if he had been especially lucky, with loot in his pack and a fresh scalp or so to stretch and dry in the lodge smoke.

We threaded our way down from the Backbone of the World, that is to say, from the slopes of the main Rockies. We were going very swiftly but we proceeded more slowly and with caution after we had forded the Birst Where the Shield Flexted Arned the River Where the Shield Floated Away— you see, with my halved perceptions I could think of this river under the ancient name our

nation gave it in the long-ago time and also under its map name of Madison River.

The strange part was that before the night when I had this dream I am sure I had never heard the Madison River called other than the Madison River. This is to the best of my knowledge and belief. Of course, though, the simile of a spinal column for the Continental Divide would be likely to occur to anybody of whatsoever color, provided he had any imagination at all.

From the time we waded across the headwaters of the river we moved with a very great caution indeed, for now we were nearing hostile ranging ground. More days of slowly vigilant traveling ensued and we entered that alien territory. We watched constantly for signs, especially for dust clouds; for while a moving dust column in the distance might mean only buffalo, then again it might mean a body of ranging horsemen. We saw elk and antelope and mule-deer in plenty but dared not fire a gun, and always these animals were beyond arrow reach. We trotted along tirelessly and once in a while a man would chew a scrap of the jerked meat he carried; before that we had lived on game taken along the way.

At night we hid in thickets, making no fires. It was late in September and frosts had fallen. One fell on us, making our blankets stiff and crackly with its hoar. In that high altitude a white man lying nude except for a single coverlid on the bare earth would have risen stiff and half-frozen, but we slept lightly and without discomfort while the rime formed on the scanty skin robes that wrapped us.

On the twelfth day, being well out upon the plains now, I was still fit, but oh, so hungy. My ribs stood out through my skin like bent bows and below the ribs the skin across my belly was stretched as taut as the head of a medicine drum. This day I was the going-ahead man. One Horn Off had lamed an ankle against a loose boulder that twisted under his tread and the chief had designated me for the post.

Somewhat in advance and a mile or two off the left flank of our party I was skirting a small canyon—a coulée it really was—when from overhead and beyond the farther bank I heard sounds of a fight between animals. I heard yelps, many of them, and deep, short, panted, hog-like grunts and the frenzied thumping of heavy hoofs. On my hands and knees I crept up the steep bank and lying on my stomach just beneath the rim I craned my neck and peeped over, taking care to keep my head well sheltered behind a clump of yellow furze that clung with its roots half

exposed to the crumbling verge.

Not two hundred yards from me a pack of five coyotes had a straying buffalo cow down. They had hamstrung her and now she was flat on her side, still heaving and struggling in her dying agonies and they worrying at her flanks and throat. As I watched, they made the kill and fell to at their feast of hot meat.

So intent were they that they did not see So intent were they that they did not see me until I was almost upon them. Then, all together, they bounded aside and shambled silently away, looking back reluctantly, with the foamy red slaver dripping from their jaws. Coyotes are shrewd but they are cowards. That was why among us a man might take the big gray wolf for his sacred are the property of the complex was the same might was the same than the sa emblem—his natosim—or might wear the name of wolf but never was called after the

night,'illie said

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coyote except in derision to denote that he lacked for courage.

All but famished that I was, I ate of the food of their providing. I dug out her liver and ate it raw—raw and smoking but very tender. I ate and ate, chewing little and swallowing fast. My white's brain marveled that even a man near starving could absorb such provender, but my Indian's stomach relished the bleeding slick gobbets of the meat. Being gorged, I became sleepy. I settled myself down behind the bulk of the dead beast, my head between her forelegs and my back against head between her forelegs and my back against her ripped paunch and I lay there a little while in a state between dozing and waking cat-napping, as you and I would put it. The sun was warm and pleasant to my relaxed limbs. Presently I lost myself entirely.

It was well for me that I roused when I did. For the Gros Ventres were almost upon me-For the Gros Ventres were almost upon meeight of them and a war party like our own, as
their paint showed, and prowling, as we were,
out of tribal bounds with intent to despoil
the thievish Crows. But a Blackfoot was no
friend of theirs either and here no doubt
they figured was a solitary Blackfoot delivered
like so much fresh tripe into their greedy hands.

I amsure I did not hear their approach. What brought me out of sleep was a subtle darting sense of danger, and in the instant of opening my eyes I was up on my feet and I had vaulted the cow's frame and was running across the prairie in the direction away from them. As I ran I darted this way and that to confuse their aim, keeping my head tucked low and my shoulders hunched to make small the target that was I.

They were shooting, all of them. Arrows whistled past me and chunks of lead falling short thudded about my flying feet. Then there came a something that thumped against the back of my head like a blow with a maul and I tumbled forward in the clumped sage, stunned by the slug that had creased my skull, but not unconscious. There was but one thing to do and that thing I did. I simulated death, my face in the scrub and my legs sprawled out.

sprayled out.

The Gros Ventres trotted up—above their voices I heard the nearing patter of their moccasins—and they were all laughing and the one who had dropped me was singing in his exultation. He straddled me, one foot on either side, and stooped and caught up the long hair upon my poll and set the point of his knife in the hair roots at the front. The tip was through the scalp gritting on bone when he saw something which for the immediate moment appealed to him more than the lifting of the scalp. lifting of the scalp.

My right hand was outstretched and on all the fingers of it were "trade rings"—flashy bands of brass and plated silver bought from the fur-gatherers of the Hudson's Bay Com-pany to the northward. I was a fop among the Blackfeet; each finger of the four was loaded to the first joint.

The Gros Ventre let go of the clubbed strands of my topknot. He bent further and caught up my hand, I keeping it limp. He tugged at the rings. They fitted snugly; to slide them over the knuckles was a task beyond his hands, which already were slippery from fumbling at my grazed head. So while I set my teeth into the stalk of a sage-brush to gag myself against crying out, he put the blade to the place where hand and fingers met and sawed off my fingers—the little finger and sawed off my fingers—the little finger first, then the next, then the middle finger. It had been a better thing for that Gros Ventre's people had he sawed off the forefinger, too. But he was too slow about it. To me with my jaws clenched in the wood, it seemed that he was too everlastingly slow about his surgery.

seemed that he was too evenasting, about his surgery.

For now then at this juncture my people came over the hill, taking the Gros Ventres unawares as they had taken me, and now it was the turn of the Gros Ventres to flee, and, fleeing, to twist their bodies. Five of them



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got away; the remaining three did just that—remained. Star Man shot one through and through as the fugitive bounded upward to clear the cow that lay in his path and he flopped down upon her and coup was counted on him and his scalp was taken as he sagged across the back with his head against the neck and his arms dangling downward as though the dying Gros Ventre were hugging the dead buffalo in a companionship of death.

For us the trail ended there. For this time we left the Crows' pony droves unharried. Young Hawk Feathers—who was not young but a man of mature years and who had acquaintance with the mysteries—said the auguries were against our going farther. Besides, looking toward the sun that very morning he had seen a strange small creature shaped like a water animal swimming up the rays of the sun and had wondered at its meaning. Now, for confirmation of what plainly had been a warning, was this corpse embracing that torn carcass. Anyhow, we would not be returning empty-handed. We had scalps to show; we had a mass of war gear stripped from the fallen three; there would be a celebration on our home-coming.

As Buffalo Fat, nursing a maimed hand that was bandaged in an enemy's striped breech-clout, I turned back with the others. As Buffalo Fat I bided in my father's lodge until the pain of the amputation was gone and the cuts were seared over; and still as Buffalo Fat I went forth when I was strong again to prey on the Gros Ventres, for my stump of a hand called for vengeance; the trigger-finger that was left twitched in the trigger-guard of the new many-shots gun that I bought from a trader for ten of my father's horses which he gave me.

Now then when I came again to our camps I came as Finger That Kills. For each of my lost fingers I had taken a toll of a Gros Ventre fighting man. Two of these I stalked from an ambush of willows along a creek as they went in their hooded winter capotes of blanket cloth to run their traps.

of blanket cloth to run their traps.

This minute, as I write this, I can recreate that part of the dream: the brush heap in which I hid, the deep drifted snow pocked with tracks of animals, the approach of my muffled victims and one of them spinning around as I fired twice, shifting my sights quickly for the double kill, the other staggering a few yards, then folding slowly down upon his knees like a tired man, and all at once collapsing in a still kneeling heap. The third I shot next day, creeping up close to a lodge before the dawn and potting him as he stepped out, yawning and stretching, from behind the buffalo-skin at his pegged door-hole.

But on him I could not count the coup of reprisal. I had to run away very quickly. His people swarmed out of the other three lodges standing there and chased me until I eluded them in a great windfall beyond a place of loose stones where the wind had blown the snow off the bare steep slope below this wooded refuge.

This then was how I won my new name, the one I wore from this time on. Among the Blackfeet I had my share of honor. Among other tribes I very soon came to be known by my favorite gesture-sign, which was made thus: first by the crooking of my right forefinger, next by the outward downward swing of both cupped hands, the palms turned inward, this among all the sign-talkers of the plains people being the symbol for the Gros Ventre, and last, the brisk slaps at my shanks below the knees to indicate that the seams of my leggings were fringed with the scalp-locks of dead foemen. The Big Belly had mutilated me, but I wore his hair. Behold, I was Finger That Kills, the one bearing a grudge!

Continuously from this point on until the dream tailed off into blankness and I awoke with a confounded cramp in my right hand, I was looking forward. The tense of the dream—provided a dream may have tenses to it—ceased largely to be that of the present and lost also the recurring retrospective

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phases. I seemed to be looking into the future through a somewhat blurry glass which made the images vague. I seemed to see myself figuring in more campaigns, in hunts myself figuring in more campaigns, in hunts, in the taking of squaws and the rearing of children of my own get; I seemed to pass through a terrible year of famine—but that year lay a long weary journey of years on ahead after we had been herded like sheep upon a sterile reservation. Then somewhere along here I awoke, as I was saving with a abon a sterne reservation. Then somewhere along here I awoke, as I was saying, with a hurting in my hand which had twisted under me as I slept.

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I reasoned with myself touching on the gnificance—if any such it had—of this, significance—if any such it had—of this, my big dream. What association of ideas my big dream. had produced a conception so vivid?

I canvassed back on the details of my costume the night before—perhaps the clue lay therein. Let's see now, there had been the old antelope-skin tunic and the feathered war-bonnet and the beaded leggings and, for a special added touch, the fringed pipe pouch with its pendent braid. But none of these or any article of like description had figured in the dream save incidentally. If there was a connection, a complex of physical substance tying in with the figments of sub-consciousness, I couldn't for the life of me put

onscions of the part of the first of the bar whand on it.

It was the following spring before I visited the Northwest again. I plotted my itinerary so as to have a few hours in Seattle. I wanted to call on Mr. L. Kohl; possibly he had someto call on Mr. L. Kohl; possibly he had something in stock which might prove desirable. But I didn't see him; he was dead. A youngish man who presided at Mr. Kohl's old stand told me of his death three months before. "I bought out the business," he said, "and changed it around considerably. I'm going in the really propular stuff you know."

more for the really popular stuff, you know."

He had changed it around. Most of the wares with which I had been familiar were gone and instead there were up-to-date Oriental goods almost exclusively—chinaware and fabrics then in demand. The transformation was nearly completed; only a few worthless odds and ends remained in the spaces devoted to curios.

told the new proprietor that formerly I

had been a regular patron. He grinned at me.
"So you fell for the old boy's graft," he said.
"Well, by all accounts, there were a lot of
them that did. I get letters all the time from here and there over the country; people that used to trade here for Indian relics and South Sea Islanders' clubs and all, writing in asking about this and that.

"Funny old boy—Kohl," the iconoclast went on. "Square as a die in some respects and in others the worst old faker that ever lived, I expect. Did you by any chance ever buy a scalp-lock off of him? A good many did, if you didn't."

That jolted me. I remembered that dream of mine—remembered my inclination rather had been to hitch the dream to my scalp-lock. "Yes," I answered, "once. Why?" "Because it's a hundred to one you bought something that was bogus, that's why," he said. "I found out about some of his tricks soon after I took over this line. He had a bunch of those Mission Indians down south of here in California on his staff. They used to make up his scalp-locks for him. It was to make up his scalp-locks for him. It was funny how I caught on to it; makes quite a yarn if you've got time to listen to it

"No? Well, anyhow, they'd make 'em up so natural-looking that even an expert would be fooled, I guess, let alone an amateur col-lector. I don't know who trained 'em at the maybe Kohl himself did. I don't know whether they used human hair or colts' manes whether they used human hair or colts' manes or what, but I rather think it was colts' hair they used—you know, they'd cut round pieces off the neck of a young colt that had died, and scrape the skins thin and then stretch 'em on little disk-shaped frames made out of willow and tan 'em in smoke and paint 'em up Injun style. That was the process, from what I heard. Was yours fixed up like that?"

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Gude's Pepto ~ Mangan

Prescribed by Physicians for 33 Years



My Shampoo Gives hair a glint By Edna Wallace Hopper.

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

Two years ago some great experts sent me a new type of shampoo. They said, "You are the leading advocate of beauty, we are the leading makers of shampoo. We have studied it for 60 years, have made up and tested some 250 formulas. Here is our final creation. It not only cleans hair and scalp in the best ways, but two new ingredients give the hair a glint. Please watch the results on your hair."

I used it. Never had I known such a delightful shampoo. And my hair when dried had a sunny sheen, new glory and new beauty.

I had bottles sent to 1,000 other women and awaited their reports. From everywhere came calls for more and comments of delight. So I had those experts make it for me—and for you. All toilet counters now supply it as Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo.

Let me send you a sample bottle. It will amaze and delight you, whatever shampoos you have known. It will show you a way to new hair beauty I never attained without it. Yet my Fruity Shampoo costs no more than others.

Clip coupon now. With the sample bottle will come my Beauty Book and some powder.

For Trial Bottle

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10 cents for postage and packing on a sample bottle of Fruity Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.

In addition to trial size ordered above we will include Free, without postage or packing charges, Free sample of either.

Youth Cream Powder or I Face Powder White—Flesh—Brunette (Check kind and shade desired)

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Apply Twice a Year

You can now have real and permanent relief from the danger and uncertainty of driving "Blindfolded" behind a rain blurred windshield every time are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the Entry Time of the State o

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"Yes-s," I conceded, dying hard. A fond hope was being dissipated but I clung to its shredding fragments. A man hates to b stung; it makes him feel like a fool. "Yes, I said, "it was. But mine was sewed to pipe bag. And the pipe bag was on the level; I'm sure of that much anyhow."

"It might have been at that," said this dis-illusioning young man. He smashed my dis-integrating idol with a final blow. "But it's a cinch the old boy sewed it on there himself.
When you get back home you look and see if it's not hitched on with ordinary black thread instead of sinew. That ought to prove something.

I thanked him-but from the lips only-and started my retreat. He scuttled me with a

farewell shot:
"Old Kohl was too wise to have those synthetic scalp-locks of his scattered all over the shop-that would make them too common. He'd fetch them out one at a time and he'd never show a sucker the second one until the first one was gone. Maybe that was how he landed you so easy, huh? Well, there you are

Well, there I was. On that I went away, shoving the figurative shards and potsherds of a shattered belief from my route as I went.

But this last summer I chanced to be spending my vacation in Montana. I spent a good deal of it in the congenial company of Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, as they call him, the man who probably knows more at first hand about the plains Indians of former times than any other living man does. And when it comes to putting these same plains Indians down on canvas—there, I contend, he never had an equal and probably never will have. A great and increasing number both here and abroad think the same.

One evening, sitting on the porch steps of my camp, I told him my dream pretty much as I camp, I told him my dream pretry much as I have told it here, except that I reserved the L. Kohl part of it—my purchase and my subsequent discomfiture—for the last. I was saving that part up as the point of a joke that was on me. But I didn't get to the point—not until considerably later in the evening after he had had his say in rebuttal.

I had reached the secondary high peak of the narrative and was detailing the conjured-up recollection of that portion of the dream which dealt with my escape after the killing of the third Gros Ventre in the winter camp at the base of the windy mountain when abruptly he interrupted me.

"Hold on," said Russell, throwing up the deft slender hand which, lacking all other evidences, would yet stamp him as an artist, "hold on there a minute, Mr. Man. You may think you dreamed a dream out of the whole cloth. But you didn't. In your sleep you must have revived what you'd read somewhere and then forgotten—or thought you'd forgotten. It has to be that way. It couldn't be any other way.

Then his voice lost its positive tone; it took on doubtfulness

"Even so, though, I don't see how you could have read it," he went on dubiously. "Funny! Because I never saw it in print anywhere myself and I've collected and read every book and every newspaper article or magazine article relating to the Indians in this part of the country that I could get hold of. It's a part of my trade to do that, aside from the personal interest I've got in the subject. I wonder where it was published and how I missed it? I know I never wrote it down after the old fellow told it to me and I don't believe anybody else did, either. It's funny!"
"What's so funny?" I broke in, "and what

old fellow do you mean?" Finger That Kills. I knew him "Why, Finger That Kills. I knew him when I first came out to this country from Missouri, a sixteen-year-old kid, crazy to be a cowboy and carrying my paint-tubes and brushes in a wool sock rolled up in a bedding oroll. I'm sixty now, so you can figure for your-self how long ago that's been. Yes, once I knew him well, and he told me, partly sign-talking and partly with tongue talk-he knew some English and I'd picked up a little Piegan—he told me practically, no, exactly, what you've just been telling. It made quite an impression on me at the time. Say, there's maybe something in dreams, as the Indians claim. They think, you know, that when a person goes to sleep his shadow—meaning by that his soul, I reckon-slips out of his body and goes rampaging round having strange adventures. That's why an old-time Indian won't wake you up suddenly if you're his friend. He's afraid that if he does your shadow may not get back inside the shell in time and you'll die or else be an idiot from then on. Now once—" He

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"You were speaking about this Indian, Finger That Kills," I prompted. "Oh, yes! Well, I'm liable to ramble when I get going on this Indian stuff. Well, he told me all about how he ate the cow's liver and how the Gros Ventre sneaked up on him and shot him over and hacked off his fingers—there was a big scar in his back hair where that chunk of trade-lead creased his scalp for him; he showed me the scar-and how he got even with 'em, just as you were saying you'd dreamed about it. Did your dream have anything in it about the time he crept into the Flathead camp and swiped the medicine-bag?"

I shook my head in the negative and motioned to him to go on. Something within me—some stirring intuition of an undisclosed but dimly perceived development-muted me but made me yearn mightily for this impending

promised sequel.

"It didn't, eh? Well, he told me that once. Years after he'd lost his fingers that way, he went with a bunch of other Blackfeet bucks went with a bunch of other bunch on a horse-stealing expedition among the Flatheads down in the valley below here on this side of the mountains. They got the ponies rounded up all right; nobody roused up in the camp. But after the job was done he told the others that he was going to do something highfalutin, and fancy—that he was going to slip into one of the lodges and steal the medicine-bag of the man who lived in that lodge from the pole where it would be hanging right alongside the owner's head. There was one special pole at the back of the lodge facing the entrance where the medicinebag always hung, you know, and the boss of that lodge usually slept almost directly under it with his favorite squaw by him.
"The rest of the crowd argued with Finger

That Kills against his tackling such a risky job. They hadn't come to kill any Flatheads; this time they'd come after horses. And they had the horses, with no fuss and no trouble over it; so why not call it a day and put out for home? That was the way they argued.

"But he wouldn't give up the scheme. He told 'em to hang around and he'd show 'em something. So what does he do but crawl inside the nearest lodge without waking any-body up, which was a smooth piece of work, they being Indians, and without waking up any of the dogs either, which was even smoother, if you know Indian dogs. He crawled in and he got hold of the medicine-bag and then he felt something else there and it was a pipe bag swung up alongside the medicine-bag. So he decided to bring that along too.

"But as he backed away a puppy that was asleep in the hot ashes in the middle of the lodge where the fire had been, all of a sudden started yapping. And the boss of the lodge waked up and started to jump up. But Finger That Kills just leaned over and beaned him through the brain with his war ax and killed him. And then, by gracious, with all the squaws and all the papooses yowling and scrambling around him there in the pitchblack darkness, he stayed long enough to rip

off the other fellow's scalp.

"Then he ran for it. It was plenty dark outside and although the whole camp was rousing by now he finally made his getaway back to his gang. First though he pulled a great piece of strategy. He was terribly proud of

it and loved to boast about it. Well, I don't much blame him. It was a smart trick. There were bells on the medicine-bag—these little round hawk-bells that the Indians used to round nawk-beils that the Indians used to get from the traders—and they rang as he ran and that guided the Flatheads who were rampaging and swarming around trying to locate whoever it was that had busted up their night's rest this way.

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> "So as he ran, he undid a long rawhide halter rope that he had wound around his waist for tying up his share of the stolen ponies, and he slipped one end of it through the loop in the skin thongs that held the two pouches the medicine has together and he of the stolen ponic the medicine has together and he of the skin though the skin of the medicine-bag together and he flung the medicine-bag off into the brush and he squatted medicine-bag on into the brush and he squatted down in some more brush maybe twenty feet away. He'd give a yank with the rope on the medicine-bag and the bells would jingle and the Flatheads would shoot at the sound, and the Flatheads would shoot at the sound, their bullets not coming anywhere near him, of course, and then from his hiding-place off to one side he'd shoot back, aiming at the flash of their guns. He told me he thought he got one or two of them, too.

flash of their guns. He told me he thought he got one or two of them, too.

"Well, then he'd lope off a little farther in a different direction, towing the medicine-bag behind him, and it jingling as it bounced along through the sage, and he'd stop again and repeat the performance all over. Those Flatheads must have been a pretty badly puzzled lot, what with one thing and another.

"He kept that up until he'd had his fun and then he dropped his end of the rope and dusted off and rejoined his crowd and they went home rejoicing. I reckon he did more rejoicing than anybody, though. Well, he had a right to. He said to me when he was telling about it that he had only one regret. He had to leave the medicine-bag behind and that was mainly what he'd gone after. Those old Indians were pretty strict about keeping their word; yes, sir, they were."

"But how about the pipe bag?" I asked, my portent looming bigger and bigger before

my portent looming bigger and bigger before

me.
"Oh, he kept that—that and the scalp.
He told me he kept it until the Starvation
Winter of 1882-1883; that was when the buffaloes failed to come down from the north in the fall and hundreds of the Blackfeet starved the fall and hundreds of the Blackfeet starved to death and the rest came mighty near to it. And then to get food for his family he told me he sold it to some white man—an agent or a trader or a trapper, I reckon. He hated giving it up, he said, because it was a very nobby pipe bag and he'd put his own signs on it and hitched the scalp to it—the one he'd lifted that night off the original proprietor in the lodge. He prized it more than anything else he owned—so he told me."

He finished and I sat for a spell, bewildered. So there you are again!

So there you are again!

Pontifex

(Continued from page 27)

surely never done harm to anyone in his life?

The sudden slamming of the front door aroused her with a start, and presently a hunted-looking Toby entered the room. He threw himself into a chair and passed his hand over his forehead. She went up to him any ionely. anxiously.

"My dear, you're upset. What can I do?"
"It's a confounded fellow who came to see
me. I had to kick him out of the house. At the
office there's a commissionnaire to do that sort
of thing." He smiled wanly. "A beast of
a fellow."

"Who let him in? I asked Mary—"
He started. "Eh? Mary?"
"I heard you having words with somebody in the library, and I asked who it was. She said she didn't know."
"Of coverage of the coverag

sau she didn't know."
"Of course she didn't," he said, with a queer glance. "How could she? I found him on the door-step, and I let him in with my latch-key. I had to. You must never let him come in

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

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Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below.

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M ODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream-a way different from any you have ever known.

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The name is KLEENEX . . . a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

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Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing ALL dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back

KLEENEX

Sanitary Cold Cream Remover



in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperiections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

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Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets - and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables . . . a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.



Kleenex comes in dainty flat handker-chief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer...in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . 35c Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches . 65c

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as of-

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TEST FREE



Then by 8:30 watch how things have changed

Sometimes on rising in the morning you feel that the day is spoiled. Some clogging of the system affects your fit-

ness, your good nature, your vim.
Then do this: Drink a glass of water, hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts, and

you will have a sparkling, pleasant drink.

That drink will flush the intestines, wash out the poisons and waste. The results come quickly. They come from results come quickly. They come from the acids of lemon and grape combined with lithia, etc.

Note how things change in an hour. Then remember you can bring them any hour of the day. And in a sparkling drink.

Let a test show what this means to

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Keep.Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work, but was sticky and messy and burned and blistered.

Musterole has taken the place of the mustard plaster, without the blister.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Mus-terole penetrates the skin and goes to the seat of trouble.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

again, my dear. You must tell Mary. Yes," he added, "we must bar the door against him. If he wants to see me again, he must come to the office, where Smithers can deal with him. Smithers was my sergeant-major, and his ways are swift and effective." He paused and laughed suddenly. "I remember—but I've told you the story several times. Anyway
. . . The war's long since over." He swept
his eyes with his hands. "I think I've deserved

his eyes with his hallow a drink, Cilia dear."
"My poor Toby." She smiled, touched his "My poor Toby." She smiled, touched his "Till bring" hand in passing towards the door. "I'll bring it myself. Quicker. What shall it be? Brandy and soda?"

He nodded. "It's a man's drink."

In a few moments she brought him the tall and sizzling glass. He drank greedily, like a man at the end of his strength. She waited and took the half-emptied glass from him and put it on a little table by his side. She also fetched one of his little pipes from a malachite box and filled it with the companioning tobacco, and lighted it for him.

"Of course I'll see to it that this man's never admitted," she said. "But you must tell me something about him—what he looks like—

Toby stared in front of him and made a vague gesture or two with the hand holding the tiny pipe. "What he looks like? Well"—he tiny pipe. "What he looks like? Well"—he hesitated—"he looks very much like me. Same build and coloring—ordinary-looking fellow." "And his name?" She knew, but she was

bound to insist on the question. "Pontifex."

Again came the echo, as it were, from child-

hood's oblivion.

Suddenly Toby rose and clenched his hands. "Oh, my dear. I never thought I should have to mention that swine's name in your presence! Until a few days ago I thought he was dead. I hadn't heard of him for years. I reckoned that he was safe in Hell.'

Cecilia said softly: "That was the man we saw in the theater?

He turned on her swiftly. "We? You saw

"I think I caught a glimpse of him during the act, in the shadow-just a white shirt-front

act, in the shadow—just a white shirt-front and cuffs."
"Yes!" he cried eagerly. "That was he. And of course he saw you too." He paused, and said after a while, with a groan: "I'd sooner be dead than that he should have seen """." He looked at her suddenly astonished face

with the gasp of a man who has committed an irremediable error. She put her hands on his shoulders.

"Toby dear, what have I to do with him?"

"Toby dear, what have I to do with him?"
"Nothing, dear, nothing." He patted her hands as he released himself. "He's just that kind of man, don't you see? There are plenty about. One doesn't want them to see the woman one loves. And you were looking that night like a hazelnut. Remember? No, no. Don't worry. It'll all come right." He took patter doubt the days of the handy and soda, and sat another draft of his brandy and soda, and sat down as though spent. "Right as rain. I'll fix that. All you've got to do is to see that he

doesn't come here again."

The parlor-maid brought in the evening papers. Toby unfolded one and became calmly immersed in its contents. To Cecilia this signified the end of the talk. She took up another, idly, but the pages conveyed little meaning, for between them and her eyes floated a forbidding figure, grotesque parody of Toby, whose name was Pontifex.

They had two or three friends to dinner that Toby was, as usual, the charming host; but Cecilia noticed signs of absentmindedness and strain. When the guests had gone, he admitted wearines

"Fighting with beasts at Ephesus takes it out of a fellow," he said.

As the days passed, the shadow of Pontifex seemed to spread a thickening gloom over the household. Toby, complaining of insomnia, began to lose weight. His fresh color went; the



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Teeth We Love to Show

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

My glistening teeth and coral gums form one of my chief attractions. One reason I am always smiling is to show them. Thousands of women ask me how I attain such teeth.

For many years I used numerous applications. I used cleaners and polishers, then magnesia, then iodine, then antiseptics, then deodorants. My dental advisers required this. They said that beautiful teeth and healthy gums called for all these factors.

But some fifty experts, two years ago, combined all these needed factors in one tooth paste. They called it Quindent, meaning five in one. Now I use Quindent alone. Morning and night, in one minute, I apply to my teeth all the needed helps in one dentifrice.

The makers of Quindent supply me sample tubes. Each is a ten-day tube. It is enough to convince you that this new-day tooth paste is the best men have yet evolved. My dental advisers tell me that it meets every need. And that every one should use, it.

My office will mail you one of these tubes if you send the coupon. Do that now. I cansot do you a greater favor than to show you what Quindent does.

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Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Mail me a 10-day tube of Quindent.

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As easy to use as Cold Cream

X-Bazin is a hair removing cream that is safe and pleasant to use. It does not increase later growth nor irritate the skin. Removes unwanted hair in five minutes. Daintily perfumed, easily applied and wonderfully effective. Guaranteed by the manu-

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skin of plump cheeks sagged unhealthily. He skin or plumb went about like a man hag-ridden. The senior partner of the firm, who had known Cecilia from infancy, contrived secret rendezvous with her and implored her to take him away to Iceland or Tierra del Fuego; to do anything with him rather than allow him to run loose about Linclon's Inn Fields.

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about Linclon's Inn Fields.

But Toby was not to be moved by remonstrance or cajolery. He had all the obstinacy of the mild-mannered man. Grave considerations kept him in London. So far had he taken his Cilia into his confidence. Doctors? What was the good of them? If he told them of insomnia, they would either prescribe drugs, or recommend him to crawl about his bathroom on his consideration. stomach. He would hear no more about going away or putting himself in the hands of doctors. Now and then he would ask:

"That man hasn't called again?"
And when she said: "No," he would look at

and when she said: "No," he would look at her searchingly and reply: "Don't say that in order to shield me from annoyance. It's of the utmost importance that I should be informed."

One morning a trivial need, the wherewithal One morning a trivial need, the wherewithal to make up a parcel, took her into his library, the storehouse, during all her life, of brown paper, string, sealing-wax, lead-pencils, stamps, and such-like luxuries. It was a Saturday, and overnight he had declared his intention to start by an early train for some distant golfings. His absence at breakfast had recording links. His absence at breakfast had passed unlinks. His absence at breaktast had passed unquestioned. To her surprise, when she burst
into the library, she found him sitting in his
writing-chair in an attitude of supreme dejection. Half a dozen half-smoked little pipes
littered the table. He smiled wearily.
"Thaven't gone to golf, you see."
"But your breakfast?"
"The property of the prope

"But your breakfast?"
"I've just come down. I don't want any
... No, no, I had a cup of tea up-stairs, and
I told what's-her-name not to worry me. And
don't you worry me either." He laughed in
his affectionate way. "I've got a lot of business to think of. But if I can do anything for
you, Clia darling—" he added.
"I orly come for some brown power and

you, Cilia darling—"he added.
"I only came for some brown paper and string. Ah!" She caught sight of the wrapping of some large parcel projecting over the edge of the waste-paper basket. "This is just what I want," she cried, and pulled it out, with the idea of swift retreat, so as not to intrude

longer on the dear one's privacy.

But, with the jerk, out came the corner of a faded photograph. She picked it from the floor in order to return it to the basket, but paused when her eyes fell upon the letters scrawled across: "——tifex."

She had the sense of the shadow gathering thick around her. For a moment she hesitated. Should she throw the torn scrap back or not? She made her decision, and put it on the blotting-pad in front of Toby.

"Toby dear, don't you think I ought to

He looked up into the girl's honest brown eyes and kind, anxious face, and pressed her hand, as it were, in token of surrender.

"Piece the other bits together—jig-saw puz zle, you know—and tell me what you think."

The easy task was soon completed. The joined fragments showed an old photograph of a young man, in outmoded raiment, wearing a full beard, and scrawled across the right-hand corner in faded ink was the signature: "Pontifex."

She stared from the picture to Toby, and from Toby to the picture. Were it not for the short, full beard and the impossible clothes, there stood Toby of today—or, at any rate, the boyish-looking Toby at fifty of a month ago. "Might be me, mightn't it?" said Toby. "Indeed—vee."

"Indeed-yes.

"Well, you see, it isn't."

The girl was befogged. She asked, perhaps stupidly: "How did you get it?"

He motioned towards a bureau. "I was clearing out an old drawer—your mother's clearing out an old drawer—your mother's papers—and I came across it. He was a—an equaintance of your mother's before-He stared into the distance.

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A natural way to restful sleep that keeps you young in looks and spirits — a 3-day trial convinces

No more wakeful nerves at night. No more logy mornings. No more afternoon let-downs.

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Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep, quickly and naturally. This is why.

FIRST—It combines in easily digested form certain vitalizing and building-up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND-Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes

VALTINE

Builds Body, and Nerves

after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood. There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day.

Hospitals and Doctors Recommend It

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. Dur-ing the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

Morethan 20,000 leading physicians know and recommend it, not only as a restorative, but also for nerve strain, nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-Day Test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to

let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.





Send for 3-day test

	COMPANY, DEPT. 164 ash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
	cover cost of packing and mail- day test package of Ovaltine.
Name	
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[One package to a person.] Write plainly

"Before what, Toby dear?" asked Cecilia. "Eh?" He started. "Oh, yes! Before he became a criminal. You see, my dear, he was a great criminal . . . I did something wrong when I was very young," he said, with elbows on table and head in hands. "Men aren't saints, Cilia. If they were, women couldn't love them. Remember that when you're love them. Remember that married—if ever you can marry

The girl started forward and gripped his oulder. "What, Toby?"

He rubbed his eyes. "No, no; I didn't mean

shoulder

He rubbed his eyes. that. I was philosophizing, my dear, just philosophizing. What was I saying? Oh, yes!" He leaned back in his chair and looked up at her as she stood graceful and appealing, with all her anxious heart in her eyes. "It was with all her anxious heart in her eyes. one of those terrible errors of youth.. I did my best to repair it . . . But this man traded on our resemblance You see, my child, it's a net . . . He went to Peru. I paid him. But now he has come back—" He rose and shook his two fists in front of him —and somehow Cecilia was dismayed by a depressing sense of the sweet and beloved creature's futility, for which she hated herself. "Yet I'll fight him, my darling. I'll fight him to the death, so that not a hair of your head shall be hurt."

The door opened. The trim parlor-maid brought a telegram for Cecilia. She opened it and gave a little cry of joy.

Our troubles will soon be darling! over. Sidney will put the fear of God into Pontifex. Listen." She read: "'Air lift to Alexandria. Count nine days maximum. Allah Akbar. Love: Sidney.'"

Toby put his hand to his head and, in a foolish way, found his chair. "Does that mean

"Of course," she declared gloriously.

"Oh, my God!" cried Toby, and sagged, limp, over the arm of his chair.

Presently he recovered consciousness, rubbed

his eyes dazedly, and smiled.
"I do believe I must have fainted. done such a silly thing in my life." He felt his loosened collar. "Thanks, dearest. I'm perfectly all right now . . . Wasn't it idiotic? I suppose because I went without my breakfast, and smoking too many pipes on an empty stomach. Funny thing, custom, isn't it? Lie stomach. Funny thing, custom, isn't it? Lie down? Good heavens, no! . . . Let me see. You were saying something about Sidney, weren't you?" His eyes caught the telegram that had fallen neglected on the floor. "Yes. He's due quite soon.'

He rose, refusing her proffered aid, and walked about the room as though to reassure her of his strength. Then he halted and smiled on her in his old affectionate and

wistful way.

"I'll see that you're happy, darling. Don't worry. You're all I've had to live for since your dear mother died sixteen years ago. I loved her very dearly, you know. She was very loved her very dearly, you know. Sine was very much like you—as you are now. Sometimes I have a little catch of the heart when I see you unexpectedly. It seems, for the instant . . ."

The girl threw herself into his arms. "Dear

The girl threw herself into his arms. Toby, I can't bear to leave you. If it'll make you happier, I'll tell Sidney when he comes

"Why, it would make me miserable!" he cried with a laugh. "Don't you know I'd willingly lay down my life for you?" He took her head in his hands and kissed her, and broke away. "We'll all be merry and bright till Sidney comes. As to this disturbance of the till Sidney comes. As to this disturber of the peace"—he swept the joined photograph on the table into the waste-paper basket—"I won't call on Sidney to put the fear of God into him. I know a better way. And now, dear, I really think I'm hungry."

The counted days passed slowly but peacefully, in spite of the gathering horror that was darkening her life. Now and then, urged by darkening her life. Now and then, urged by vague fears, she tried to question Toby. But, true to his promise, he seemed, when in her company, to have cast off the haunting care and, joining her in mild gaieties, would hear nothing of the dismal topic. Her delicacy and her love for him forbade pressure; but her mind was darkened by vain conjecture. All she could crystallize was this: There was a notorious criminal at large, by the name of Pontifex, a dreadful double of her beloved Toby. He had been a friend of her mother. And all the time the echo of his name fluttered elusive out of the dim-past, and flitted through her brain. Had she known him? He had given her mother a signed photograph. He had caught Toby out in some peccadillo of youth, and had blackmailed him. Instinct connected this with the mysterious son who had fallen in the war, and of whom Toby, otherwise, had never breathed A dark web, with Pontifex in the center all the time

Now Pontifex had returned after many years, and was blackmailing Toby again. So far all was more or less clear and logical. But her own affairs were apparently included in what Toby had called the net—her own and Sidney's. It was with the danger threatening herself that Toby had been so terribly concerned. And not a word could she drag from Toby, though she knew that his high spirits factitious, assumed and maintained through sheer love of her; though she could hear him, now and then, wandering restlessly about the house in the small hours of the night, sleepless and worried. Once, unable to stand the strain she jumped out of bed and rushed down. She met anticlimax. He was fetching a siphon of soda-water from the dining-room. "What are you doing, Toby?"

"Repairing Mary's forgetfulness," said he,

At last the long-awaited train drew in at Victoria. In the eager mutual signal from afar, in the rush together, in the wonderful enfolding of his arms, she forgot everything. Then we held her out at arm's length.

"Let me look at you. You're beautiful." You're wonderful.

She surrendered to delight during the drive through the mellow June evening. He was thin and bronzed and long, and wore a little dark mustache with gleams of dark gold in it— like his trim hair. He had a humorous mouth and the kindest of eyes. She had often thought: 'I could never love a man who hadn't kind eyes-like Toby's.

At the house in Queensborough Terrace, Toby welcomed him with the air of the sweet and simple gentleman that Toby was. and simple gentieman that Toby was. They dined joyously. Sidney told them tales of travel. Toby, blue-eyed, his florid color back again, made his little jokes. Cecilia sat in Paradise. It was wonderful to love and be loved by two of the dearest men in the world.

They discussed the date of the marriage. It must be soon, urged Lefroy, as his leave was short. Toby supported him. The sooner the Toby supported him. better. It was no good waiting for the delay of bans. Sidney must come to the office tomorrow and swear affidavits and things order to get a license, and then they could be

married at once—quietly.
"I did think of having a great to-do—wedding-dresses, wedding-cake and bridesmaids," said he. "But the preparation for all that takes up time. Besides"—he glanced quickly takes up time. Besides"—he glanced quickly at Cecilia, and his voice had a little nervous quaver—"if our dear Cilia doesn't mind, I have my own reasons for wanting it to be quiet.

Ves." he repeated absently, "I have my Yes," he repeated absently, reasons."

Cecilia broke in hurriedly: "And so have I. I gave up all those ideas long ago. What would be the good of Sidney's being on leave if I had to spend half the time at dressmakers'? And Sidney doesn't mind."

"Sidney would loathe it," laughed the young

After dinner Toby left them together. He had genealogical work to do down-stairs. Before Sidney went to bed, he must have a final cigar and glass with him in the library.

"Dear old chap," said Sidney, as he closed the drawing-room door. "The very dearest," breathed Cecilia.

But they were concerned thenceforward not with Toby, but with themselves. When the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece tinkled out its sudden twelve strokes of midnight, they seemed to have been talking for five minutes. It was only after they had parted that she realized that she had not carried out her intention of consulting him about Pontifex.

The moments had been too radiant for shad-She would see him tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that-and for many, many days.

Major Sidney Lefroy, dazed too, after the way of simple men, by the delight of the longed-for woman, went into the library with somewhat of a conquering step. He stopped short on the threshold, surprised at seeing his gay and genial host of dinner huddled up, care-worn and old, in his leather armchair. Toby sprang up at once to welcome him, and busied himself courteously with the provision of smoke and drink. He pressed the young man into the armchair while he remained

Sidney raised his glass. "Well-here's to you, sir.

Toby bowed slightly. There was a strange bleak pause. Toby leaned against the writing-

"Major Lefroy," he said at last, "you are applying tomorrow for a license to marry my stepdaughter. You love her, I know. You're a good fellow. But I love her too—in quite a different sort of way. I love her for her mother's sake; devotedly. She child, dearer to me than life." She's my spiritual

"God forbid, sir, that I should ever come be-

tween you. On the contrary Toby made a little gesture of impatience. "That's not the question. I only want you to know how I feel towards her. What I want to say—what it's my duty to say, as an honorable man, is difficult. You mustn't take a step in the man, is difficult. You mustn't take a step in the matter unless you know—well, certain things about her. Oh, no," as his guest gave an involuntary start, "she's everything you imagine her and more. It's danger, a horrible

danger, that's hanging over her."
"Good Lord, sir!" cried the young man, standing up. "What do you mean? Does she

"Very little. She has discovered certain things accidentally. But I have reassured her." He paused, and tapped with his finger-nails on the table. "What I'm going to tell you, I must ask you to keep to yourself—from Cecilia of all people—as an inviolable secret until I give you leave to speak.'

"If it's necessary."

"It is necessary. You must swear it."
"On my word of honor, then," said Sidney.
Toby sighed, motioned him to the chair, and filled one of his many little pipes which he laid down unlighted on the table.

"Cecilia's mother," he began, "married a

man called Pontifex-

Sidney interrupted. "But Cecilia's name is

"Her mother changed to her maiden name. Let me tell my story. I knew the man-long before I knew her—slightly—just chance. He bore a singular resemblance to me. him, in spite of everything. Then I met her, and, to the end of her days after our marriage, I know she felt that I was acting a part, and that he had come back to her-back from the It was in the dead, as she thought. . . . It was in the long ago that he and I ran across each otherwhen we were at Cambridge. He was even then a dissolute fellow. One tipsy night I had an amour with a woman of no account. I never saw her again. I learned since that afterwards he impersonated me. A child was born. There would have been scandal if he hadn't come forward. I paid him hundreds of pounds to get me out of the scrape. I supported the boy till he was killed in the war. . . I think he was the only human being who ever -but for all my remorse I was powerless. Yet his death rather bowled me over
. . . Anyhow, that's nothing to do with it,

except to show you that Pontifex was a black-mailer from the first. I lost sight of him, thank

"He married Lucy Ford under false pre-tenses. He was a professional crook. Just after Cecilia was born, he was put into jail for two years. You've got to know that. Cecilia's father was a professional criminal. What do you say to it?"

"Cecilia doesn't know this?" said Sidney.
"No. We must save her from the knowl-

edge."
"Naturally," said Sidney.
"She has no idea that Pontifex is her father;
but she knows that the man is alive." Before

the young man could speak Toby had clamped him down by both shoulders to the chair, and

was staring at him with anguished eyes. "That's the horror overhanging her. Overhanging her and you. He will want to suck your blood as he's sucking mine. He is a lost soul pursuing

us. He threatens to proclaim himself as her father, to drag her down into his mire . . . He murdered two women in Peru!" He

Sidney rose. "It's right and honorable of you to tell me this, sir, and I must say at once that it makes my love for Cecilia all the stronger. Poor child, she's perfectly innocent!"

stronger. Poor child, she's perfectly innocent!"
Toby smiled vaguely.
"Yes. Yes. I knew you'd take it like this.
I'm a judge of men."
"I'd be rather cheap if I took it otherwise,"
said Sidney. "But there are one or two things
I don't understand. What has the man Pontifex been doing all this time? Cecilia thinks
her father is dead. What actually happened?"
Toby sat down in the chair by the writingtable and continued his story. He had suddenly grown very tired, and it was with some
difficulty that Sidney pieced together the
narrative. It appeared that, after Pontifex was
released from prison, he sailed for Australia.
News came that he was drowned at sea.
Cecilia's mother, who had, for shame's sake,
changed her name, considered herself a widow.
Four years afterwards Toby met, wooed and
married her.

God, for years

_Danger Line

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"Then one day," said Toby, bending forward, "he came to the house. He was hideously like me. He was hunted by the police. Lucy did not see him, but I saw him. Can you imagine the hell of such an interview?

. . A foolish maid—'A gentleman to see you, sir,"—and here, into this very room walked this abominable double whom I thought dead."

"My God!" said Sidney, and Toby wiped the sweat from his brow.

"He was bearded and wore dreadful clothes."

"He was bearded and wore dreadful clothes. The house was empty. He shaved. I fitted him up with some clothes of mine; I gave him money. The scandal—think of it! He Lurned when I was away, and spoke with Lucy, impersonating me. I can only look back on those days as on times of nightmare. He came back often, and she thought it was I. Then, at last, she discovered, and died of shock. She died. Left me Cecilia."

He paused, haggard and spent. Sidney poured out a drink and handed it to him. He nodded and drank. After a while he went on. He had paid Pontifex more money. Pontifex had gone to Peru. For many years had given no sign of life. What with the war, Cecilia's delicious bloom into girlhood, Pontifex was forgotten.

gotten.

A month or so ago Pontifex had come again into his life. First, he claimed Cecilia's fortune inherited from her mother who had died intestate. By English law, the estate of an intestate wife goes to the husband. The man's proofs were incontestable. Whether in equity his claim would be upheld was another matter. But the whole story would come out. He was a devil, destitute of the sense of shame.

"And the last time we met—he has been here oftener than Cecilia knows—she thinks he has only been here once—he threatened, in veiled

only been here once—he threatened, in veiled terms, to impersonate me again, for a third period, and abduct her—and hold her to ranor do any horrors with her. I'm a very Health may become a shadow unless you guard The



oments that add years of health

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have painful decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than mere cleaning. They must also be protected at THE DANGER LINE.

HE first teeth are family events! They are greeted with more or less celebration. Then—too often—they are neglected. "They'll be out soon," parents say. "What do they matter?"

Yet regular care of the first, or baby teeth, will practically assure sound, regular, permanent teeth— and if this same care is continued throughout childhood and youth, sound teeth and firm, healthy gums throughout life usually result.

Careful observation has demonstrated that when children's mouths are kept clean and in a healthy condition by the use of a safe and efficient dentifrice, the children are protected to a great degree from the common diseases of childhood.

Decay begins early

Decay of the teeth begins shortly after the first teeth appear. It occurs most actively in the pits and crevices on the grinding surfaces of the teeth, and at that vital place where teeth meet gums, The Danger Line. This is especially true at The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach, and where the most dangerous decay is apt to begin.

The selection of a safe dentifrice is imperative—a dentifrice which cannot injure the tender mouth of the child, but which will protect against the acids that cause decay.

A safe selection

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, is the ideal dentifrice for children, and this is why: It contains more than 50% of pure, palatable Squibb's Milk of Magnesia; enough to neutralize for hours after use the acids which attack teeth and gums; it contains no grit-no astringents—no strong antiseptics; it is pleasantly flavored, and it is harmless even if swallowed.

Children like Squibb's Dental Cream, and many mothers have found it a great aid in teaching the little ones the habit of oral cleanliness. Teach your children to use Squibb's—and as a natural consequence they will keep on using it in later life. At druggists-40c a tube.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—The Standard of Quality—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. It may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist.

DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PROD-UCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



Woman to woman Knowledge passes rapidly concerning feminine hygiene

IN certain circles there is a frank discussion of this subject, but there are other women who constantly stumble along unguided. Many of them, of course, believe they know the truth, but their knowledge usually goes no further than the employment of poisonous antiseptics, such as bichloride of mercury and various compounds of carbolic acid.

New discovery banishes risks

Doctors will tell you that most compounds of carbolic acid are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Scar-tissue and hardening of the membrane frequently follow their use.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. There is a new anti-septic and germicide called Zonite, It is immensely powerful and yet abso-lutely non-poisonous. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. And it means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health assurance

Women's Division offers free booklet

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet especially for women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. Send for it. Read it. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.



In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Company,

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO. (G-12) Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked Feminine Hygiene Antiseptics in the Home
Name
Address
City Stata

simple sort of man, Sidney-but all this is

breaking me up."

"Never mind, sir," said Sidney. "Thank heaven I've come! We'll worry out the thing together. What about Scotland Yard?"

"I've made inquiries, of course," said Toby.

"U've got his dossier from Peru. But he isn't moment,"

wanted for anything at the present moment.

wanted for anything at the present moment."

"There's only one thing for us to do," said Sidney. "Face the music. In a general way it pans out to be only—what's the thing in the Bible?—sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

"Not in this case," said Toby gravely.

"All right, then. In any case we'll face it."

Toby rose and looked at the clean-cut soldier before him, with his thin, hardened body and efficient face, and his features relaxed into his gentle smile. He held out both laxed into his gentle smile. He held out both

his hands.

"My dear boy, I've told you all this because it's my obvious duty. But, for the present, I'll face the music alone. I have my measures deeply laid. If they fail, I'll call on you. Till then, if you love my darling, you can rest in peace." With the air of a host putting courteous end to a pleasant evening, he said: "Another drink? What the Scotch call a 'doch-another drink?

Sidney declined. Toby showed him to his room.

It was about three o'clock the next day, a Saturday, that the thing happened.

They had met at breakfast. Sidney, the worse for wear after a sleepless night, was surprised to find the serene host of yesterday evening's dinner-table. The sight of Cecilia, fresh as the dawn, with the dawn's dew on her lips when they kissed, conjured away the horrors of the night. On her face shone bravery and trust and innocence and every conceivable virtue, and there was love in her adorable eyes. His heart leaped towards her. Was there anything worth living for obtainable without a great fight? That he would fight for Cecilia, he swore by all his gods. But Cecilia, sensitive, noticed a subtle change from the previous evening. She had a vague sense of a struggle to attune himself to a new environment. Could it be that the shadow had fallen over

him?
When they were alone, she said: "You sat up very late last night. I heard you coming up. What were you and Toby talking about?" "Nothing in particular," he answered lightly. "All kinds of things. The usual powwow between men. You, of course. If I ill-treat you or beat you, he'll have my blood. He's a terrific fellow, Toby, when he's protecting his young"—he laughed—"a sort of male tigress. I won't let him down, darling." I won't let him down, darling."

There was an interval for idiocy. But on

recovery, the shadow remained.

"Did he happen to mention a man called Pontifex? Sworn to secrecy, he lied. What else could

he do on a June morning?
"No. Who's he?"

"A man who's giving Toby a lot of trouble."
"What's it all about?"

She told him what she knew. Her fears for Toby, his ill-health, his sleeplessness, his wanderings about the creaking house in the still, small hours. She conveyed to him the impression of the malignant shadow that had so recently overcast their life. He reassured her, loverwise. He had seen too many real horrors in the war days gone by to be afraid of shadows. He had been trained to take any old frightfulness as part of the day's work. His darling needn't worry. All of which, his arms around her, was the comfortable solace of a god. Besides, a clear conscience makes heroines of

all women.

They had driven to the office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Sidney, conducted to a Commissioner for Oaths across the way, had sworn affidavits, and the moldy members of the firm (so different from Cecilia's Toby—a mingling in her mind of sprightliness and mellowness had bestowed on the affianced couple their musty congratulations. They had returned to Queensborough Terrace, where they lunched

Cecilia had left the two men to their port, Toby was a connoisseur of port. The young soldier, driven for many years from ruined pillar to decaying post, knew nothing about it. Genial Toby gave a lesson. Fragrance, the flavors as the wine ran round the tongue, the flavors as the wine ran round the tongue, the after-taste . . . Cecilia and port and the study of genealogy were his master passions. A modest man, he didn't expect Sidney to share in the last; but the two others—well . . .

The maid brought in a telegram.

"Permit me," said the courteous Toby.
He read, and his pleasant face shrunk into
mask of anxiety. His fingers shook as he

a mask of anxiety. His fingers shook as he stuffed the paper into his waistcoat pocket.

"No answer," said he to the waiting maid. He rose. "We're keeping Cecilia too long." He opened the door for Sidney. "You'll find her up-stairs. I've got some business to do. You'll be kind enough to forgive me, won't you? Resides..." you? Besides-

Again his sweet smile as he waved Cecilia's lover upwards.

At five minutes to three Toby put his head through the drawing-room door and beckoned to Sidney, who followed him onto the landing. Toby shut the door.

"He's here. In the library—the telegram—that's why I left you. Don't say anything to Cecilia. But if I want you I'll call for you."
"I'll stand by," said Sidney.
He reentered the drawing-room. Cecilia

came to him, agitated, and clutched the lapels of his coat.

"What did Toby want?"

No ready lie came. He confessed, holding er. "He said that this man Pontifex, whom you were talking about this morning, was down-stairs, and that—that you needn't

Cecilia clung to him. "I'm afraid, I'm afraid, dear. Let us go down to him.'

"I'll go, but you stay. Yes. It's best—"
She flung away from him.

"Why should women always be treated like idiots?

At that moment came the sharp report of a not and a crash. The two looked at each shot and a crash. The two looked at each other for an amazed second, and rushed downstairs. They burst into the library. Toby, haggard and hollow-eyed, yet with a strange radiance and triumph, confronted them, a revolver in his hand.

"I told you I'd face the music myself. I told you you only had to leave it to me." He allowed them to pass him. He pointed to

the hearth-rug.

"There, thank God, that's the end of him!"

"There, thank God, that's the end of him!"
They stared. There was nothing on the hearth-rug. Above the chimney-piece hung a shattered mirror.

"I said I would give up my life for you, my darling. My love is more than words can utter. I give it willingly. I have killed the Thing that would have poisoned your life. It's murder, I know. I'll hang. But I've saved you, my darling, my beloved Lucy's darling, from the Power of the Dog."

He gave a curious little ery, clutched at his

He gave a curious little cry, clutched at his

heart, reeled and fell. He was dead. And, even as she read the news in the eyes of the kneeling Sidney, who had seen death too often to mistake him, the vague and elusive echo sounded suddenly coherent. Pontifex—Pontifex something—it must have

Pontitex—Pontitex something—it must have been Maximus—the bearded papal authority, the great Panjandrum, a playful title given him by her mother, for his possible pontificating airs as a young man. He playfully, too, had signed the photograph in the years ago. Why had she not recognized his handwriting? Suddenly she remembered the dead son. Her having detacted with sheatthy desidation. brain clattered with ghastly elucidation.

Thus, looking down at the dear face, she realized with an inexpressible torture of dis-may that there was no Pontifex, there had never been a Pontifex, save in the disordered and shell-shocked brain of the sweet-souled man who had given his life to save his darling from the Power of the Dog.

The Understanding Heart

1926

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her." In the ranger's tone was the satisfaction one feels at an important and wholly

faction one feels at an important and wholly satisfactory discovery.

"She has fightin' blood back of her," the sheriff agreed. "I don't know anything about her mother's people, except that they were Bannings—and if she came from the Bannings of Shasta Valley she came from fiery stock. I think she did. I think her uncle was old Judge. think she did. I think her uncie was old Judge Ellsworth Banning, a scholar, a good lawyer and a gentleman. He was superior judge in Siskiyou for fifteen years and never had a decision reversed on him."

decision reversed on him."

"We were talking about Bob Mason and his ranch and the prospect of his marrying Monica," Garland reminded the sheriff. "What happened to prevent that?"

"Nobody knows. Perhaps Monica just figured she wouldn't marry him, although nobody knows that he even asked her, although he was a danged fool if he didn't. Bob Mason was the most likely prospect in the lot. He'd been to business college down to Sacramento, on account of his old man figuring there was on account of his old man figuring there was more money in bookkeeping than in cows. Bob had a good job in Sacramento, too. They tell me he was making a hundred a month, but when his dad died he come back to settle up the estate and after that he never seemed to care about city life any more.

to care about city life any more.

"The old man left him pretty well fixed—I think the estate was appraised at forty thousand dollars—and Bob bought Honey Valley and continued in the cattle business, having sort of inherited a forest reserve grazing permit from his father. Just about the time everybody was wondering what the devil made him so slow about marrying Monica Dale he ups and marries old Jeff Harrington's girl over to Klamath Falls. Kelcey was a town girl, pretty as a picture but not any more sensible or well-balanced than a magpie.

"They had a baby the first year—a bov—

or well-balanced than a magpie.

"They had a baby the first year—a boy—and seemed to be getting along right well until the superintendent of the Hercules crowd over on Dogwood Flats took to spending a lot of his spare time over to Honey Valley when Mason was off working cattle or buying feeders. Folks got to talking and somebody sent Mason an anonymous letter, so he called upon this here superintendent—the feller's name was Grant Bardwell—and told him plain, in the presence of two witnesses, that his visits to Honey Valley was causing unseemly gossin: that it Valley was causing unseemly gossip; that it didn't lie in the blood of the Masons to stand by and let their women get talked about, and in consequence he'd be obliged if Mr. Bardwell ould see his way clear to cease his visits; that if he couldn't, his next visit to Honey Valley would be his last visit anywhere. Bardwell took a chance and Mason tunneled him."

"What did Monica Dale do after Mason

"Monica Dale quit Dogwood Flats after Bob Mason married Kelcey Harrington. Folks said Kelcey was jealous of her old friendship for Mason. At any rate Monica sold her cows for Mason. At any rate Monica sold her cows to Bob and kept away from Honey Valley. Last year she got the job as lookout on Bogus and moved up here. She built that cabin herself—said she wanted a house built the way she liked it, not the way Uncle Sam liked it. She could do this because Bogus isn't in the San Dimas. The edge of the reserve passes within a hundred yards of her cabin. Seems she took up two hundred and forty acres under the Stone and Timber Act, the land being worthless for agricultural purposes, and as soon as she's complied with the law I reckon she'll be given a patent to it by the Land Office."

"Do you suppose she was in love with Mason?" Garland queried casually.

"Nobody knows. Anyhow, I don't. I

"Nobody knows. Anyhow, I don't. I think they were just good neighbors. He was a likable feller and any girl would have liked him as a friend. He'd been mighty kind and



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roms start to breed and reed upon the hair. Hair begins to fall. Baldness often follows.

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STUDY AT HOME



neighborly to her at a time when mebbe she

needed a helping hand."
"Well, I dare say she's trying to catch even,
Sheriff. Whether she is or not, I'm for her. And what's more, I'm for that man Mason. I hope we don't catch him."

The sheriff was an honest man and very human. "I hope so, too, but that ain't going to make me try any the less to catch him," he replied. "That's my job and I aim to do my

"The moon's up," Anthony Garland reminded him a few minutes later, breaking a long silence during which both men sat thinking of the tragedy in which they were now participants. "Guess we can see our way down Bogus to the Forest Service trail."

They rose and, leading the horse, made their way down to the trail. After following it half a mile they came across a member of the posse seated on the rump of a dead horse and calmly

smoking a cigaret.

"I'm sittin' my horse in the trail, takin' a look down yonder into the valley, Sheriff," he explained, "when Mason come ridin' down the trail on horseback. At first I thought you were comin'—he had a horse the image of yours—but when the sight of me caused him to turn off the trail and go stampedin' down-hill into the valley I looked closer and saw it must be Mason. I yelled to him to stop and called him by name. He pulled up, sorted out a rifle before I could get mine out and let my horse have it.

"We rolled in the trail together, but I managed to jump clear. Unfortunately my horse rolled over on the scabbard with my rifle in it and I had some delay gettin' the carcass off my weapon. Meanwhile Mason was skally-hootin' down Bogus like a deer, dodgin' in and out among the trees, and the range was pretty long before I got into action. I emptied my maga-zine at him, but the light was poor and goin' fast, and the last I saw of Mason he was goin' faster. Before it got too dark I saw him streakin' across the floor of the valley and headed up into the timber to the north."

"He'll make for the lava beds over in Modoc," the sheriff decided. "I've got to get to the nearest telephone and have the chief ranger warn the ranger force up that way to be on the lookout for him. How far is it to your station, Garland?"

"About five miles, but by the time we get there Mason will have passed the station on June-bug Creek. He'll try for the Forest Service trail leading up June-bug—the timber's too thick for him to ride across county even in the moonlight. It's black as a pocket in the heavy timber and the undergrowth is very Ranger Bolton and two forest guards are at June-bug Station and if we get word to them immediately Bolton may be able to intercept the man. I tell you he's got to ride the June-bug trail. You had better telephone from the Bogus Lookout station, Sheriff

"Her phone is out of order, Ranger."
"It wasn't out of order this afternoon when I was there. I heard the bells ringing when headquarters was calling other stations on the line. If it's out of order Monica Dale put it out of order—and I'm the boy who can put it back in order."

"I'll go back with you, Ranger. I reckon I ought to apologize to that girl anyhow, even if she has made a fool out of me. And while we'r

there we might jolly her into giving us supper. "I think I'll go too," the recently dis mounted member of the posse decided. "Scen ery's a mighty poor diet for a man that's been in the saddle sixteen hours. Where's you horse, Sheriff?"

"He went dead lame on me and besides he beat out. I left him tied on top of the hi yonder."

"How long ago?"

"About fifteen minutes ago," the sheriff lie

The man was relieved. "I would have sworn Mason was riding him, if he hadn't gone by here more than an hour ago," he declared.

He picked himself up stiffly, the weary

"You can order that car now, Jim. I've been turning my spare time into money. Here's the check we needed!"



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sheriff mounted Garland's horse and the trio proceeded up the trail to the Bogus Lookout. There was light streaming from Monica Dale's windows as they came into the yard and Garland went immediately to the door and knocked. The challenge from within was sharp and instantaneous.

"Who's there? Speak or Ull for the

Who's there? Speak, or I'll fire through

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"Don't you be so dog-goned uppity, girl," the sheriff cried back at her. "There's three of us-Sheriff Bentley, Deputy Sheriff Nott and Ranger Garland."

Ranger Garland."

The door opened instantly and Monica Dale stood framed in the light. She was smiling at them in the friendliest possible manner. "Now, what do you want?" she demanded.

The sheriff bent low and swept his sombrero to the ground. "First I want to apologize for my hasty words earlier in the evening, Miss Dale. I'd like mighty well to be forgiven. Of course you had a cussin' coming to you, but if I'd been wise I wouldn't have cussed. It was right unmannerly of me." right unmannerly of me.'

"Don't apologize for making me laugh, Sheriff Bentley. It isn't often I have an opportunity to do that. In fact, it isn't often that I have the desire," and Monica held out her hand, man-fashion, and the grateful sheriff

grasped it.
"You been weeping, girl," he charged bluntly.
"Yes, about Bob.

"Yes, about Bob. I can stand anything except uncertainty. Did he get away all right?"
"We don't know, but the last seen of Bob Mason he was sittin' his horse and going hell-bent for the June-bug Creek trail. He shot and killed Nott's horse and Nott emptied his magazine at him. That's all we know except that Nott ought to be ashamed of himself for

max Not organic to be assaulted to immissing a target as big as a horse."

The girl turned grave but happy eyes on Deputy Sheriff Nott. "What was your horse worth, Mr. Nott?" she queried kindly.

"Well, I refused a hundred and fifty dollars for him a week arg. I was askin' a hundred.

for him a week ago. I was askin' a hundred and sixty-five."

Monica went into her bedroom and returned presently with a hundred and sixty-five dollars in currency, which she handed the amazed deputy. "That isn't my money," she informed him, when he waved her hand aside. "It bemm, when he waved her hand aside. "It belongs to Bob Mason and I'm paying you for him. He wouldn't have killed your horse if he didn't have to. Evidently he could have killed you had he cared to. Bob Mason pays his way wherever he goes. Please take the money, Mr. Nott."

"Better take it, Nott," Bentley urged.
"Yes, take it," Garland urged also. "Miss
Dale will feel very much better about it if

Mumbling his thanks in an embarrassed manner Deputy Sheriff Nott grudgingly accepted the money. "Seems like robbin' a lone, lorn woman," he declared.

Monica looked at her three unbidden guests with maternal solicitude. "Hungry, boys?" "We're human vacuums," Sheriff Bentley declared.

declared.

"And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm," Deputy Sheriff Nott suggested slyly.
"So say we all of us, so say we all," Ranger Garland chanted.

Monica set glasses and the demijohn before her guests, tuned in the radio and leaving them to their own devices, departed for her kitchen to prepare their dinner. Immediately Garland examined the telephone and, as he had antici-pated, discovered that the wires had been torn apart. It was a simple matter to strip off the insulation, twist the naked wires together and insulation, twist the naked wires together and call up Ranger Headquarters. The sheriff thereupon communicated his desires and plan of operation to the chief ranger. While he was talking Monica came to the door of her kitchen and stood listening. Her fine brows were drawn, and her equally fine eyes flashed resentfully at Tony Garland, who returned the challenge bravely. challenge bravely.

"It's a ranger's duty to mend a ruined forest service telephone whenever and wherever he



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finds it, Miss Dale," he reminded her. "Didn't you know your convict friend had just about jerked this phone out by the roots?" he added innocently.

A faint smile lighted Monica's features. "No, I didn't. I most certainly didn't," she replied and went back to her kitchen.

Garland followed her in. "I hope your friend Mason doesn't take the June-bug trail," he told her earnestly, "although I fear he will." "Why this sudden access of sympathy,

Tony?"

"Sheriff's been telling me about him and it appears he isn't a half bad sort. Consequently I'm not going to wear myself out trying to apprehend him, although if I run into him I'll do my best to turn him over to the sheriff. I cannot permit sympathy to cause me to forget

my duty.

"You're going to make a hand some day," Monica declared, and set the coffee-pot on the back of the stove to simmer. "Sheriff Bentley is another of those duty-bound idiots. In his heart of hearts he'd rather be bitten by a mad dog than catch Bob Mason, but since that's his job he's going to work at it with all the enthusiasm of his nature." She faced her entinusiasm of his nature." She faced her visitor. "You don't suppose I'd consider setting canned peaches, ham steak, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and coffee before you boys if I didn't respect you all, do you? I'd see you all starving to death otherwise.'

The ranger did not doubt her assertion. "Bob Mason isn't sufficiently unintelligent to take the June-bug trail, so do not worry," she counseled the ranger. "I'm not worried about counseled the ranger. "I'm not worried about him. I've fed him and rested him somewhat, he's supplied himself with a horse and a rifle and I have no further interest in him except a sympathetic one. Of one thing you may rest assured. He'll never come to Bogus again

to embarrass me.

"Somehow I do not think he will. Monica. I may still call you Monica, may I not?"
"Of course, Tony. Privilege of friends and

neighbors.

When the trio had finished their dinner When the trio had mished their dinner Monica accompanied them to the door and watched Sheriff Bentley climb aboard Ranger Garland's horse. "I suppose you're going to walk home?" she addressed the latter. He walk notice: she addressed the latter. He nodded. "You'll find my horse in the barn. Saddle him and use him until I see you again. Sheriff, where's your horse?" she added mischievously.

"He's exhausted and dead lame. I left him tied to a tree up on the very top of Bogus. I must ride up and get him," Bentley lied with

easy assurance.

"When you get him bring him down here and put him in my barn," the girl begged him. "I'll take care of him until you send for him. Meanwhile, Mr. Garland, you and Mr. Nott can mount double on my horse. I suppose you and Sheriff Bentley will pass. It suppose you and Sheriff Bentley will pass the night at the Tantrum Meadows station," she added, turning to the deputy, who nodded agreement without taking the trouble to question Garland's hospitality.

"That's a fine idea. I'll see you two boys in the course of an hour," Sheriff Bentley declared light-heartedly, and rode off around the

shoulder of the hill.

Garland saddled Monica's horse, he and Not mounted the wiry mountain animal and with hearty good-nights to the mistress of Bogus Lookout departed down the trail. Fifteen minutes later the sheriff reappeared and

"Close shave about that horse of mine, Miss Dale," he called to her as he passed. obliged for making good on my lies. Any time I can return the favor call on me."

"There's only one favor you could do me, you can't do that and I wouldn't ask you. Good night, Sheriff."

Half an hour later she was awakened by resolute pounding on her front door. Pistol in hand, she challenged from within and then opened it. Just outside Bob Mason stood, with the bridle-reins of Sheriff Bentley's horse in his hand. He smiled at her in the moonlight.

"I doubled back, Monica," he explained "This horse is too prominently marked. I can't be seen with him in daylight. I carried your blanket with me and after I got into the your blanket with me and after I got into the thick timber across the valley I realized they'd figure I was bound up June-bug Creek for the Modoc lava beds. So I ripped your blanket to pieces, bound up the horse's feet so he wouldn't leave a distinguishing trail, and rode back. That's a move they will never suspect. May I have something to eat and sleep in the control of the con

back. That's a move they will never suspect. May I have something to eat and sleep in your barn? I'll put the sheriff's horse up there, and in the morning I'll be gone—before daylight—if you'll wake me up. And will you fix me up a snack to take with me?"

Monica Dale leaned against the jamb of her cabin door and laughed softly. "I've never been to a circus, Bob," she declared, "but if a circus is half as enjoyable as what I've been through today I'm going to apply for a job in one as soon as I leave Bogus. Come in and sit down. I'll put the horse up."

She took the reins from him and pushed

and sit down. It is put the holse up.

She took the reins from him and pushed him inside the cabin. When she returned from caring for the horse she found him staring suspiciously at three empty plates on her dining-table.

dining-table.

"The sheriff, a deputy sheriff and a ranger were here for dinner," she laughed. "Thought I'd let the dishes go till morning. Now you come the moment they are gone. Oh, Bob, this is delicious—perfectly delicious!" She tossed him a packet of cigarets and a box of matches. "I know you haven't smoked in a week, Bob. Here's some Uncle Charley left the last time he called."

She left him to the enjoyment of the cigarets.

She left him to the enjoyment of the cigarets and with swift, deft hands prepared for him a meal similar to the one she had given his pursuers. He ate almost ravenously and in absolute silence, after the fashion of the frontiersman, and not until he finished did Monica venture to address him.

"No sense in your program, Bob. I've decided it's best for you to wait here a week, until the hunt has died down. You're exhausted. Why not stay and rest? Nobody will look for you here and you're perfectly welcome to stay.

I think you ought to "

I think you ought to."
"I'd like to. It'd be like old times to sit and talk to you. I've missed you more than any of my friends, Monica, and I'm hungry for the gossip of the mountains. But I can't stay. It wouldn't look right. If anybody ever knew you'd harbored me for a week your reputation would be ruined."

"I'll risk that, Bob. It's little enough to risk "I'll risk that, Bob. It's little enough to risk for you. I owe you much more than I ever can repay." Her hand rested for a moment on his. "Do you know, Bob, you're the only real gentleman I have ever known? I want you to stay. I'm so lonely. Stay for a few days, at any rate."

"I oughtn't to," he protested.

"Well, that's settled. You'll need some clothes, you know. I'm certain it will be foggy again tomorrow. So I may risk a ride over to

again tomorrow, so I may risk a ride over to Uncle Charley's on the sheriff's horse to get you some clothing. I loaned my own horse to

"You can't risk it—on the sheriff's horse!"

"You can't risk it—on the sheriff's horse!"

"I can—if it's foggy. I'll stick to the timber.
And I'll be back before noon, when the fog
commences to disappear. Uncle Charley will
buy the clothes for me, and you must give me
a list of your sizes tonight. If it's foggy I'll be
off at days." off at dawn.

A slight mistiness dimmed his deep-set, piercing eyes. He was touched as only a fiery untamed, noble soul that has known the limit of sorrow and degradation can be touched. When he could speak he disdained an expression of thanks as expectively he could not also sion of thanks, as something he could not attempt to express. "I've often wondered-down yonder," he said thoughtfully, "what crazy foolishness induced me to marry Kelcey. Why couldn't I have fallen in love with you Monica? If I'd married you we'd both be happy and prosperous now. When I think of Honey Valley and my little home I—I—"

"It wouldn't have done you the least bit of good, Bob, if you had fallen in love with me-

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We invite you to consider California. There's room. There is opportunity. There are a hundred ways to greater success for the man and the family with moderate capital who can

succeed elsewhere. You know best which way succeed elsewhere. You know best which way is yours. Two-thirds of our people live in cities of 20,000 or more with their opportunities for industry. Businesses and professions carried on among a prosperous people with money to spend. Think of the Great Central Valley, and its adjoining valleys, with two-thirds the productive land and two-thirds of the productive can be strike and the productive strike and the productive strikes of the productive strikes. tion of the entire state, with its rich cities, linked by superb highways, and all leading into San Francisco, the industrial and commer-cial capital of the Pacific Coast—no pioneering, no waiting,—rich for a hundred years and richer than ever today.

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I was never remotely tempted to fall in love with you, although I was mighty fond of you— so fond of you, in fact, that it broke my heart to see you throw yourself away on Kelcey. But I wouldn't have married you. I could

never be happy in these hills. I was meant for something better—somewhere else."
"I thought the same once," he replied tragically, "but it seems I was meant for something worse—somewhere else. I wonder what's become of Kelcey."

"She has secured a divorce from you, Bob, the grounds that you're a felon. The last on the grounds that you're a felon. The last heard of her she was in San Francisco. She's

"Well, I hope she'll be happier than she ever was in Honey Valley. Where's my baby?"
"Kelcey left him with me when she went down to San Francisco. I'm afraid he never meant very much to her—a reminder of her unhappiness, and an obstacle to the sort of life she craved. She left him with me for a week and I had him six months; Kelcey never wrote, never asked about him. I wrote to your sister to ask if she knew anything about Kelcey and

she came over from Reno and got the baby."
"So I have to go over into Nevada to see him, eh? I wasn't counting on that. It's pretty dangerous, Monica.'

The girl nodded. Bob Mason toyed with a bread pill and stared dully before him. "I'll not try to see him—now," he decided. "I'll lay low here until the search quiets down a mite; then I'll try to get into Canada. I reckon I could get a job riding for some Canadian

The authorities will reckon the same thing, b. You mustn't. You must let me plan for I have four thousand dollars, Bob. Most of it I received from you when you bought my cattle, and I've saved some. I'll let you have half that money and you stay on Bogus until you've grown a beard and a mustache—in a month nobody here will know you. Then you can take my horse and ride across country at night. We'll wait for the full of the moon. If you stick to the hills and the timber you can get to Lakeview, Oregon, and there you can sell the horse and outfit. You know what he is. You raised him yourself and there isn't a better roping or cutting-out horse in the state. Then you board the N. C. O. and go East to New York.

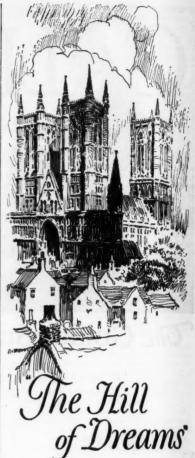
"From New York you will take passage on a steamer to Buenos Ayres. That's in South America—in the Argentine. Cattle raising is the principal industry there and a good smart American who knows cows can get a job. You'll not require all the money I'll lend you, but take it anyway in case of unexpected necessity. You can send it back to me as soon as you can, and when you have a home of your own I'll bring your baby boy down to you. South America is one of the countries I've made up my mind to visit some day so it wouldn't be out of my way."

He pondered this proposition and found it good. "In return," he decided, "you file for record the deed to Honey Valley that I gave you before my trial, to hold in trust for Kelcey. It was my property before I married her and she hasn't any community interest in it. Honey Valley will be ample security for the repayment of your loan." He smiled wanly. "I'll repay or your loan." He smiled wanly. "I'll repay the loan if I can, but I want you to own Honey Valley, too. I'll never see it again, Monica—never, never see the lovely spot where my heart lies buried!"

Hot tears splashed on the girl's cheek. "You're getting sentimental, Bob," she charged. "I'll get you a pillow and another blanket and you go to sleep in the barn and forget Honey Valley. There's some soft meadowhay in the corner." A moment later she thrust the pillow and extra blanket into his arms. "Good night, Bob, dear."

"Good night, Bob, dear."

He trudged wearily out. At the door he paused. "I wish I wasn't so blamed near dead," he complained, "or I'd groom the sheriff's horse. He's caked with sweat and dirt. Poor devil. He's had a hard, hard day of it. Well, I'll fix him up in the morning. Good night."



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When Monica's alarm-clock awakened her at four o'clock next morning the fog was again thick on the San Dimas. The eaves of her cabin, the trees surrounding the cabin, dripped cabin, the trees surrounding the cabin, dripped moisture. She dressed, arraying herself in a youth's woolen shirt and sweater, olive-drab riding trousers and field boots. After lighting the fire and setting the kettle to boil she repaired to the barn, watered and fed the sheriff's horse and groomed him while he ate. Bob Mason, curled up in the hay pile in the corner, did not hear her.

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After breakfast she saddled up and rode off around the south shoulder of Bogus. The night's rest, water, feed and grooming had put the sheriff's horse on his mettle again; he broke into a fast running walk that carried the girl over the ground at a six-mile an hour gait, and when she reached the lower ground and turned into the road to Dogwood Flats he singlefooted joyously and almost noiselessly over the soft dirt highway.

A mile from the headquarters of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company Monica turned her horse to the south and made a wide detour her horse to the south and made a wide detour as a measure of safety, although she knew from experience that the little mining-camp would not bestir itself for the day's work until seven o'clock. Four miles beyond Dogwood Flats her ode down into the valley again, plunged into a little grove of valley cedars and up to a one-room log cabin. She beat on the door with her with each time the control with the control with the control control with the control with the control with the control with with her quirt and it opened cautiously, to permit the egress of a face more than a little reminiscent of Santa Claus.

"Hello, Monicy, what's up now?" Uncle Charley Canfield demanded. His voice was the shrill falsetto of age.

"Bob Mason's escaped from the prison road gang over in Del Norte County, Uncle Charley. He's hidden in my barn up on Bogus right now and the whole countryside is after him.

Uncle Charley's bright old eyes actually burned in his ruddy countenance. His mouth

burned in his ruddy countenance. His mouth clamped shut with a snap, like a cellar door with a spring-lock on it. "Well, they won't git him!" he shrilled. Uncle Charley was very decided about that. "Dang their hides!" Monica handed him a list of clothing Bob Mason would require. Also she gave him the money necessary for the purchase. "Now, you shake a leg, Uncle Charley," she warned him. "Get these clothes for Bob and bring them up to Bogus as soon as possible." to Bogus as soon as possible."

"Hey, wait a minute, Monicy. Folks in Dogwood Flats ain't all fools. Me, I'm five foot four and Bob Mason's six foot. The storekeeper'll wonder what I'm figurin' on doin' with all the excess leg on my pants. Besides which, everybody knows me an' Bob Mason uster be thicker'n thieves an' three in a bed."

bed."
"You're right, Uncle Charley. Of course every man in Dogwood Flats knows Bob's somewhere in the neighborhood. You'd be followed." Monica pondered. "Tell you what you do, Uncle Charley. You jump into your fliver and go down to the general store. Be there as soon as it opens and make your your filiver and go down to the general store. Be there as soon as it opens and make your purchases. Have the clothes done up in one big bundle and on your way back, when you're about fifty yards inside this grove of cedars, I'll meet you; pass the bundle to me and I'll carry it back to Bogus."

"New you're beginnin' to show some hoss-

"Now you're beginnin' to show some hoss-sense, Monicy." Uncle Charley consulted his watch. "Be waitin' for me at ten o'clock," he ordered, and dodged back into the cabin to prepare breakfast.

Monica meanwhile rode off into the grove. dismounted, loosened the cinch and set herself patiently to await Uncle Charley's return from Dogwood Flats.

Dogwood Flats.

Because she could hear him coming a quarter of a mile away she was waiting for him at the designated spot. "Nobody's follerin'—yet," the old man informed her, "but I hope to tell you, girl, I come in for a lot of questionin' as to who I'd took to buyin' clothes for." He got out and lashed the bundle securely behind the cantle of her saddle. "Tell Bob if he's hard pressed an' can make my place, he's welcome,"



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he called after her. "I'll hide him where I hide my whisky—an' folks have been lookin' for my still ten years an' ain't found it yet."

His shrill, mirthless cachinnation followed

Monica as she headed up-hill. Below her Monica as she neaded up-nill. Below her Dogwood Flats lay wrapped in the gray blanket of fog. She skirted it on the side opposite the one she had taken on her way to Uncle Charley's; once clear of the town she took a wood trail leading to the heights until she reached the crest of the long ridge on the north. down which she rode swiftly to Bogus. She was certain that the fog had effectually con-cealed her; she would have sworn that no human gaze except that of Uncle Charley had rested upon her, yet with the instinct of the mountaineer and woodsman—an instinct that is a throwback to primitive man-she dismounted two hundred yards from the lookout station, tied the horse in the timber and cautiously reconnoitered her habitation.

Cautiously reconnoitered her habitation.

Cautiously she came to the corner of the barn and peered around into the yard. The coast was clear, but suddenly her heart gave a wild leap. Up the hard trail from Tantrum Meadows a horse was coming at a fast gallop!

Instantly Monica flung open the barn-door. Rob Mason was sitting on a hoy sending a

Bob Mason was sitting on a box smoking a cigaret. "Quick! Somebody's coming. I'm afraid," she panted. "The sheriff's horse is two hundred yards away, on the south hillside. in the timber. Follow the trail. Your clothes are tied to the saddle. Good-by-and keep away from Uncle Charley's."

With the speed of a deer startled from its bed, Bob Mason leaped to his feet and disappeared around the corner of the barn; a minute later Sheriff Bentley, riding Ranger Garland's horse white with foam and badly spent from a furious five-mile gallop, most of which was up-hill, pulled up in front of Monica's cabin.

Monica, however, had had time to get inside and was busily discarding her riding costume when the sheriff arrived. To his lusty "Hello! Hello, there!" she thrust her head out of her bedroom window and called: "Hello, yourself. Who are you and what do you want?" "Sheriff Bentley."

"Welcome to Bogus, Sheriff. I'll be out in a minute." Hastily she slipped into a dress and

"Welcome to Bogus, Sheritt. I'll be out ma minute." Hastily she slipped into a dress and slippers and came to the door. "Where've you been all morning?" he de-manded pointedly. "Tried to raise you on the telephone at eight o'clock and kept trying for nearly two hours. No answer. Finally got worried about you and concluded to run up and investigate."

"I'm sure I appreciate your concern more

than your horse does.'
"Where were you?" Monica's smile removed the sting from her answer. "None of your business—not giving you a short answer, I hope."

"I'm going to make it my business, girl. You've been over to Uncle Charley Canfield's, and you induced the old reprobate to go down to the mining company's general store at Dog-wood Flats and buy a complete outfit for Bob Mason. The minute Uncle Charley left the store with his purchases the manager tele-phoned his suspicions to the Tantrum Meadows station. I spent the night with Garland and of course figured right away that you had something to do with Uncle Charley's activities, so I rang you up and when I got no answer I was certain you'd gone over after the clothes, and I came up, hoping to be here in time.

"How do you suppose I got over to Uncle Charley's?" Monica's voice was gently taunting. "I loaned my horse to Ranger Garland last night and I haven't any airplane. Do I look like a girl who has just completed a cross-country run up hill and down dale afoot?"
"Well, no—but—well, I'm going to look around a bit."

He dismounted and strode over to the barn.

He dismounted and strode over to the barn, with Monica at his heels. The impress of Bob Mason's body was all too apparent in the hayand on the dirt floor a cigaret butt was still e I hide for my ollowed ow her

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"I'm about three minutes too late," Sheriff Bentley cried exultingly. "I know he isn't on the north side of Bogus because I looked sharp as I came up. I'll bet he ran out of this barn and around the south shoulder of Bogus when he heard me poundin' up the trail." He turned, but Monica was too swift for him. The barn-door slammed in his face and the heavy, live-oak wooden bolt shot into place a split second before his huge shoulder crashed against the door.

a split second before his huge shoulder crashed against the door.
"You let me out," he yelled wrathfully.
"You're interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty, and that's a felony."
"It's a misdemeanor," Monica corrected him. "The only way you can get out is to break out."

The sheriff was equal to the occasion, however. He realized the door was too stout for him, so instantly he sought a weak board in him, so instantly he sought a weak board in the rear of the barn and crashed through it like a "breechy" bull. Furiously angry at having been outwitted by a woman, he ran at top speed toward his horse and the animal, frightened at his precipitate approach, backed hur-riedly away. But Monica was not yet done. She had to gain time for Bob Mason to climb that two hundred yards of steep mountainside and find the horse she had left tethered in the and find the horse she had left techered in the timber; so she picked up a piece of stove wood at the wood-pile and hurled it at the suspicious horse at whose reins the sheriff was wildly grabbing. It struck him smartly in the ribs; he

bing. It struck him smartly in the ribs; he wheeled, kicked up both hind legs and fled home to Tantrum at a gallop.

Monica's peals of laughter followed him. Bentley turned savagely upon her. "You're under arrest!" he cried furiously.

"I see you're bound to get laughed out of office next November," the girl taunted him humorously. "Well, if you can't keep my secrets I see no reason why I should keep yours."

She thrust out her hands as if inviting his handcuffs.

handcufts.

"I guess you'll keep," he replied and dashed into her cabin. On the wall beside the telephone was a schedule of the telephone calls for all stations on the Forest Service line; he called the Tantrum Meadows station and Monica realized that Deputy Sheriff Nott was assessment. answering

"Bentley speaking from Bogus. Mason's been here. Got away less than five minutes ago. Evidently he doubled back from June-bug last night, the girl fed him and he slept in her barn. He'll head for Uncle Charley Can-field's over beyond Dogwood Flats. Telephone the mining company's office; tell them phone the mining company's office; tell them to post every man they can get on the ridges on each side of the Flats and have somebody go up to Uncle Charley's and watch . . . Yes, he was too smart to try the June-bug trail, and he knew he couldn't go across country at night in the thick timber. The girl has probably warned him we were concentrating on June-bug, so naturally he'll head for Uncle Charley's . . Yes, yes, do that. Perhaps you can intercept him . . . Of course he's mounted—evidently this Dale girl furnished him with a horse last night. Hurry, now!"

He turned from the telephone to face Monica's beaming glance. "So I'm not under arrest, after all," she pleaded with almost childish insouciance.

The sheriff sighed deeply. "No, you devil!

The sheriff sighed deeply. "No, you devil! You're not!" He dashed out of the house and

disappeared up the south trail on the heels of Bob Mason.

"Well, I suppose I might as well wash my supper and breakfast dishes and put my house in order," Monica remarked to her old Airedale dog. "If we only had a little excitement like this on Bogus about once a week we'd never get lonely, would we? No, sir-ee! Our job would be worth real money then, wouldn't it, pup?

Bob Mason fled up the trail at top speed, his trained glance following the clearly defined outline made by Monica's little field boots as she had approached the lookout on foot. When

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the footprints were no longer visible in the moist dust he turned into the timber at the point where Monica had turned out; a friendly whinny directed him to the horse; a quick tug at the macarte and the horse was untied: a flying leap without touching foot to stirrup and he was in the saddle, plunging up-hill to the crest of Bogus.

Monica had told him not to go to Uncle Monica had told him not to go to Uncle Charley's—and that way led along the south side of the mountain. Clearly, then, she knew Uncle Charley's place was being watched; hence, by a process of counter-deduction, he decided that the country to the north was safest for him. Undoubtedly word had reached the sheriff that he had doubled back to Bogus, hence the most sensible thing for him to do would be to double back again toward the June-bug trail—only he would not take the frail, but plunge across country through the timber. The fog lay thick on the San Dimas again; only the highest hills showed above the friendly vapor. Yes, his best chance lay to friendly vapor. Yes, his best chance lay to the north and without an instant's hesitation he chose that route.

Up over the crest of Bogus he galloped and down through the buck-brush, chaparral and scrubby timber to the Tantrum Meadows trail that ran along the north slope of Bogus, de-scending swiftly to the valley below. For a mile he followed the trail, then swung off it straight down through the timber at a point where the spare undergrowth permitted rapid progress. Across the mile-wide valley that was the lower end of Tantrum Meadows he fled, on up the farther slope and into the deep timber. Here for the first time he pulled up his horse and rested him; while resting, he discarded his rags of clothing and donned the habiliments Uncle Charley had purchased for him. He had everything—shoes, three pairs of socks, two changes of underwear, a suit of brown cordu-roy, two woolen shirts, a necktie and the sort of light gray, soft, broad-brimmed hat usually worn by cattlemen in that country.

Having dressed, he adjusted his saddle, mounted and rode leisurely but watchfully toward the north. He knew every foot of that country; for years he had ridden it on the round-up and he had no difficulty avoiding forest guard and ranger stations. Early in the afternoon he pulled up in a little patch of park land, hemmed in by tall hills and wholly surrounded by a magnificent growth of sugar and white pine timber. Here he dismounted, un-saddled and after picketing his horse with the macarte, took his rifle and disappeared into the timber.

The booming note of a male grouse reached him presently. With infinite patience he stalked the sound until he located the bird perched on the limb of a madroña-tree. Sightplucked it, cleaned it and returned with it to the tiny meadow. About an hour before dark, when the animal heat had already gone from the grouse, he went into the timber and kindled a fire. When he had accumulated a bed of coals he spitted the grouse on a forked willow wand and roasted it. Thus did he sup. Then he watered his horse, wiped him down vigor-ously with wisps of dry grass, picketed him again, rolled himself up in the soiled saddle-blanket and with the saddle for a pillow, turned in and slept soundly until daylight.

He awakened with the acrid odor of wood smoke in his nostrils and a faint roaring sound in his ears; almost instantly a doe and her two fawns almost ran over him in wild flight from some unseen danger.

He rolled out and looked for his horse. The animal was standing close by, ears alert in a listening attitude, red nostrils flung wide to catch that threatening odor of wood smoke. He was trembling and already perspiration had broken out on him.

The man went up to him, soothed him with caresses and endearing words and led him to an adjacent brook to drink.

"No fog this morning, old settler," he assured the timid animal. "What we see is smoke from a forest-fire. This little two-acre patch of park land is no safe place for us, boy. We've got to get out of here in a hurry and scout this fire. It's to the north of us but what we want to know is, how far east and how far west does it burn, how long has it been burning and are we apt to run into an army of fire fighters led by some of these confounded rangers if we try to win through? That's our job, Baldy. If we can only ride around the fire we'll leave to somebody else the job of putting it out.'

He saddled and rode briskly forward. As he proceeded the evidence of a panic among the members of the lesser kingdom increased. Deer, several specimens of the large mountain coyote, a brown bear with two yearling cubs, some cattle and a panther passed him by withsome cattle and a panther passed him by with-out bothering to avoid him. Plainly they were too concerned with what lay behind them. The smoke grew thicker and thicker and presently little pieces of burning bark and twigs, whirled upward by the roaring draft of the fire and caught in the morning breeze,

commenced falling around him.

That was bad. While it was late October, as yet no rains had fallen in the San Dimas, the underbrush was dry and burned with the heat of the summer just past, and Mason realized that around him dozens of little fires would soon start; what was perhaps now but a would soon start, what was perhaps now but a mile-long line of fire would soon be ten miles long and a mile deep. He had to get out of this and get out quickly. Well, he'd push on to the crest of the next hill in the hope that he would be vouchsafed a glimpse, through some fortunate opening in the timber, of the proximity and size of the fire.

His horse stopped. The man urged him forward with a slap, a cluck and a boot, but was refused obedience; on the contrary the

was refused obedience; on the contrary the animal turned and insisted upon retracing his steps. Mason fought him and the horse reared and fought back. He would not go forward.

Mason had some knowledge of the value of compromises; he had discovered that life is mostly that. "Well, Baldy, if you won't go forward, perhaps you'll go to the right or the left," he decided. Baldy accepted the compromise and they pushed ahead at right angles in the direction of June-bug Creek; in a hazy way the man knew June-bug lay about five miles ahead of him, and while he was far from desirous of venturing in that direction, still. desirous of venturing in that direction, still, he knew that a few miles ahead he would be enabled to climb to the top of Engel's Knob, a granite-topped hill about 900 feet high and quite free of heavy timber. From Engel's Knob he hoped to get an unobstructed view of the fire and mark its exact location and extent; this accomplished to his satisfaction he would

plan his escape accordingly.

He was not excited, not even apprehensive, for he came of a race of pioneers, men to whom hardship and danger were the very breath of life. Moreover, son of vast horizons that he was, the silent, open spaces had bred in him a philosophy not possible for urban dwellers to acquire. Even prison had failed to kill it in He was not afraid of life! Whatever life held for him he could accept cheerfully, bravely—even death, which life holds for every living creature. He knew that one must break eggs if one would have an omelet; he was prepared to take any risk to accomplish his purpose, save that of taking human life; hence he rode boldly, making no effort to conceal himself.

He was quite resolved on this-that if he encountered a ranger or deputy sheriff and the latter should call upon him to surrender he would refuse. He would run for it and risk all the bullets they could send after him. Perhaps one of those bullets would be friendly and as it kissed him, say: "All right, Bob, old settler. You do not have to go back to San Quentin. I'm going to leave you right here, at peace in your own country."

He was troubled about the sheriff's horse and rifle, for he was not a thief. He wondered if the sheriff would realize that he had not really stolen either—that he had merely borrowed them. He was aware that the horse was a magnificent animal, gentle, kind, courageous,

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well trained and with an amount of stamina far beyond that of the ordinary range horse. "Zeke Bentley's bound to realize that if I get dear away I'll send his horse and rifle back to him," he concluded. "Zeke's a sensible man. Why, he's known me, man and boy, for twenty years!"

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twenty years!"

From uneasy thoughts on this subject his mind wandered back to Monica Dale. "She didn't have time to give me that money," he rifected. "Well, when I get over into Canada I'll write her under an assumed name. She'll understand and send me the money. What a fine woman she is and what a true friend she's been to me! And because of me I suppose she'll lose her job in the Forest Service. Well, she'll have Honey Valley and she can sell that or mortrage it and buy some cattle and operate she'll have Honey Valley and she can sell that or mortgage it and buy some cattle and operate the ranch. She's a woman, but she knows how. Ah, Monica, Monica, what a pitiful fool I've been! There was a time when you might have been happy with me for the asking—and, fool that I was, I didn't ask!"

that I was, I didn't ask!"

His horse picked his way up the craggy side of Engel's Knob, climbing from boulder to boulder, squeezing carefully through the growth of scrubby lodge-pole pine, resting when he felt the need of it, commencing the hard climb again when he had in a measure recovered his breath. Half-way up, Mason dismounted and walked beside him. They came to the bare crest of the Knob and looked about

Two miles to the north a terrifying spectacle presented itself—a wall of flame half a mile deep, extending in a vast semicircle east and west of Engel's Knob. In his immediate front west of Engel's Knob. In his immediate front the fire had got into a patch of spruce and the flames were leaping through the resinous growth with a rapidity truly appalling. There were two strata of fire—that in the undergrowth and that in the crowns of the spruce; and in the crowns the morning breeze was a habital life. Form crown to express the belonger helpful ally. From crown to crown the blazes leaped with the speed and agility of a demoniac ape; a vast, thunderous crackling heralded the approach of this hideous advanceguard to the main army of destruction. The smoke rolled in clouds a thousand feet skyward; sparks, coals, flaming twigs and pieces of bark were spewed upward and outward with the vacuum created by the terrific heat, which already was being reflected from the granite face of Engel's Knob.

"She's got a fine start, Baldy," the man mur-mured. "Probably been burning twenty-four hours and the fog hid the smoke. Well, they hours and the fog hid the smoke. Well, they can't blame Monica for not reporting it. And I'm cut off from June-bug! We can't stay here, either, Baldy. This scrubby growth on Engel's will burn clear to the crest, and you'll go crazy and run into it and get burned to death. You're too good a horse for that, Baldy. "But what shall we do? That's the question. Cut off from June-bug and forced back on Tantrum Meadows—and that way the sheriff and his posse are waiting. Cut off from the

Tantrum Meadows—and that way the sheriff and his posse are waiting. Cut off from the country to the west, too, because by the time we can get back that way that flank of the fire will have swung east before the northwest breeze and pinched us back to where we came from. We're caught between the points of a horseshoe of fire—and that fire will burn like the mill-tails of hell until it reaches the northringe of Tantrum Meadows; then it will drive east. I can't follow it because there'll be an army of men fighting it and back-firing from the east, and I can't win through them.

"If I try to get out of Tantrum Meadows

"If I try to get out of Tantrum Meadows at its western end I'll be blocked by the fire when it crosses there and sweeps eastward on the other side of Tantrum. Yes, there's a chance it will do that and climb up over Bogus. Monica's there alone—she'll stick at the look-out till the last—she hasn't any horse. . . . Come on, Baldy horse, we're going back to Bogus—back in broad daylight and damn the odds. You're going back to Zeke Bentley, Baldy, and I'm going back to hell. Come on, boy, we've got to get out of here a-flyin'."

Down the rough southern slope of Engel's Knob they went—now walking, now leaping,

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"Route of the



now trotting, now galloping whenever a fairly clear space of fifty yards showed. Baldy was trembling with fear, but once his back was turned on the terrifying sight, the soothing voice of his rider, the gentle strokes on his wet shoulders and neck, reassured him. Mason rode with a loose rein, giving the horse his head, confident that the animal would, with the instinct and practise of a mountain-bred horse, pick the best route.

Arrived at the base of the Knob, Mason pulled up and looked back. The fire was just climbing over the crest of Engel's! It had swept around the Knob, too, and was roaring down the canyon to the east. "Got to get through that spruce and juniper ahead and on to the more open sugar and white pine timber beyond," he thought, "or we'll be pinched off. All or nothing, Baldy," and he urged the galant animal to greater speed.

But fast as they proceeded, the fire was faster, for in spruce and juniper a forest-fire will travel faster than a horse. The roar of the crackling crowns, the thud of falling, half-burned limbs swelled to a roar like unto that of a furious sea, and the heat brought out the perspiration in great beads on man and horse.

But Bob Mason knew better than to attempt to run before the fire. His sole hope lay in winning off to a flank—in getting out of its way and into timber where its progress would be slower and his faster. Baldy grunted as he collided with a young spruce and the man cried in agony as he felt the skin, the flesh perhaps, ripped from his knee. He felt numb, bewildered with pain and heat, and for the first time in many a year he "clawed leather," for little burning particles were dropping on Baldy's quarters and causing him to pitch instinctively in self-protection and protest as they burned through the hair. But the gallant animal never faltered in his forward course, although his black mane was beginning to turn brown and the unmistakable odor of burning hair was in Bob's nostrils before the timber thinned perceptibly and the ground commenced to slope toward a flat.

Baldy screamed in fear and agony and at the encouraging shout from his rider redoubled his efforts. Now they were in a pretty little piece of park land, perhaps two hundred yards wide and three miles long, and through the center of it ran the west fork of June-bug Creek, a wide, deep stream with high, precipitous banks. But a mile to the west Bob Mason knew the creek flattened out and he could ford it here. He turned Baldy's head in that direction and for the first time removed his hat and struck the

laboring horse with it.

Down the long meadow they flew and now every drop of the three-quarters of thoroughbred blood in him came to life in that horse. Stretched low, his head flung outward, his scorched ears bent alertly forward, he spurned the lush green grass as his royal ancestors had spurned the soft dirt of many a race-track. He avoided springy wet ground and cleared four foot windfalls without a thought of what lay on the other side. And gradually the heat grew less, the hideous sound of the devouring flames died in the distance and the ford of the west fork was before him . . . They were into it, off it, floundering in a deep pot-hole, swimming for a moment. Then Baldy's forefeet clawed the gravel on the edge of the pot-hole and with a great gasping grunt he crawled half-way out, then stood and dropped his hot muzzle to the cooling surface. The man leaned down and scooped water up in his hat and drank as eagerly as the horse.

But he was far too good a horseman to permit his mount to drink his fill. He had no desire to founder Baldy. Across the ford they plunged and then into the timber on the other side.

"No rest, Baldy, old man," his rider crooned.
"The west fork isn't wide enough to stop a forest-fire that travels in fifty-yards leaps. On your way, lad."

your way, lad."
Straight up a hill they labored and at its crest Bob Mason pulled up. A mile to the west another fire had started and was gaining

furious headway—ferocious tribute to the power of wind-driven cinders.

He was being driven eastward again to the other point of the fiery horseshoe! And again he asked himself: "Can I win through between the two points? Well, we'll try, Baldy."

Taking a quartering course they plunged for-

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Taking a quartering course they plunged forward, up hill and down dale, in and out between great brown tree trunks, stumbling over smooth rocks hidden in a deceitful carpet of brown pine-needles, ripping through buckbrush, white-thorn and manzanita; torn, bleeding, fainting they pressed forward. Bob Mason could not tell from which direction the heat was greatest—the east or the west. All he knew was that the western point of the horseshe was advancing with twice the speed of the other point, forcing him up on to the latter.

other point, forcing him up on to the latter.

Baldy was spent. To force him now without a breathing spell would mean that he mus fall from exhaustion and once he went down Bob Mason knew he would not get up. And without Baldy he knew he could never reach the safe haven of Tantrum Meadows. Indeed, but for the momentary refreshment gleaned in the ford of the west fork of June-bug, they could not have come as far as they had.

He dismounted, removed the saddle, massaged the horse's back, readjusted the saddle, blanket and saddled again. This operation, he knew, would ease the bruised and aching muscles of Baldy's tired back and withers. Then he went forward at a running walk, gazing calmly about him, estimating his chances and the lay of the country before him. Presently he descended into a little valley and to the west of it a spur thrown across cut off the wind from that direction. "The fire from that quarter will drop to half speed for a while," was the hunted man's comforting thought, "so we'll not be in too great a hurry, Baldy. Take it easy, old man. Down in that valley there's a spring and another drink waiting for us Easy, boy. Oh, good Jesus Christ!"

The words were not a blasphemy. They fellow he was the law the sea accurate as were less than the saddle and the saddle as were less than the saddle and the saddle as were less than the saddle as were less than the saddle as were less than the saddle and the saddle as were less than the saddle as the saddle as were less than the saddle and the saddle as the saddle and the s

The words were not a blasphemy. They fell from his dry lips as an agonized prayer, a plea for mercy. From where he was he had a dear glimpse of the narrow little canyon below him—a narrow strip of park land, like all these hidden mountain valleys and passes, and through the center of it ran the road from ranger head-quarters up to the June-bug Creek station, where it joined the June-bug trail—wide enough for an automobile to travel—and continued on up into the Modes country.

tinued on up into the Modoc country.

Mason knew that people not connected with the personnel of the San Dimas National Forest quite frequently used this road—or trail, as it really was—to avoid a long detour over the county and state highways; hence, as be topped the rise, he paused and swept the trail with anxious eyes, for he half expected to see it lined with trucks filled with hastily recruited fire-fighters sent up by the chief ranger. Instead, he saw approaching swiftly from the direction of June-bug a small automobile with one person in it; at the speed with which it came down the little valley Mason knew the motorist had barely won through from June-bug and was hoping to get through safely to the country farther west.

Mason, gleaning a perfect view of the situation from the heights above, knew that ther was no hope. "You're trapped, my friend." he cried aloud. "Trapped like a rat! I can't stop you. You're too far away and my throat is too dry. You'll be half-way up the narrow trail on that western spur when the fire will meet you, coming over on both sides of the trail. You won't be able to turn around. The heat will bowl you over—gone like a dead leaf!"

Yet he booted and with his hat beat his

Yet he booted and with his hat beat his weary horse down the hillside, bearing gradually west, regardless of his own safety in his anxiety to be of possible service to the unway motorist below. He cursed aloud as his frantisignals remained unseen, his hoarse, piping shouts unheard. He was not an escaped concict fleeing from man's punishment now. One more he was Bob Mason, a son of the oper range, a man and not a number, answering the call of his simple faith and true to his

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masculinity. He had forgotten himself, for in his desperate rush he had approached close enough to see that the motorist was a woman! A woman in a shiny, pretty little roadster. Ah, God, she had left the narrow strip of meadow and disappeared in the growth of valley scrub. She was climbing the trail to that barrier spur, clivious of the demon bounding up the reverse slove to devour her. slope to devour her.

slope to devour her.

Baldy, grunting and far spent, lumbered off
the hillside and out onto the flat; he took the
trail at a weary trot, though Mason flogged him
with his hat, cheered him on with curses and
endearing words. Into the scrub they went,
following the trail as it wound among the somber shadows, out into sunlight, into the shadow
again—from life to death, from death to life—
mward, onward, into the acrid odor of wood again—from life to death, from death to life—upward, onward, into the acrid odor of wood smoke again, into puffs of hot wind that careened over the crest of the spur, into the ravening maw of the forest demon. And presently he caught up with the woman—and hope died in his heart. She had almost reached the top of the grade when the futility of the the top of the grade when the futility of at-tempting further advance had become all too apparent. Frightened, bewildered, she had apparent. The little roadster had backed off the grade and lay wheels upward some twenty feet below.

Bob Mason urged Baldy down alongside the battered car. And then he saw. The vehicle, in turning over the first time, had evidently flung the driver clear, but it had continued to turn and now the twisted wreck lay, on a little level shelf of hard ground, across the thighs of

level shelf of hard ground, across the thighs of the unfortunate driver, pinning her remorse-lessly, a hopeless sacrifice to the Demon! No, there was no hope! Not one chance in a million. It would require far more strength than he or Baldy possessed to lift that car off its victim—jacks, blocks and tackle, perhaps a team of horses. And the woman was con-scious! She looked up at him with tragic hown eves out of a white but strangely resobrown eyes out of a white but strangely resolute face. She spoke.

"No hope, neighbor. Get out! My baby . . there was a little spruce and the car hung against it . . . ten seconds—tilted . . . I threw the baby down-hill—clear. Then the spruce cracked and the car—came down on me. Don't try to save me—save the baby. Be merciful—don't leave me to—be burned alive!"

Bob Mason's face puckered in agony. He glanced down the hillside and saw a little white burdle that moved—a faint cry, reached him.

glanced down the hillside and saw a little white bundle that moved—a faint cry reached him. He nodded and drew his rifle from the scabbard. "I'd do as much for a yellow dog," he muttered. "Why shouldn't I do it for her?" He gazed down on her and nodded; she closed her eyes and the rifle came up to his shoulder. "Oh, Christ, forgive me," he prayed in a strangled whisper—and pulled away!

He had nerved himself to this horrible or deal; in doing so he felt dully that he was about

deal; in doing so he felt dully that he was about to commit a kindly Christian act the memory of which would torture him to the end of his of which would torture him to the end of his days. Into his consciousness had leaped the words "Thou shalt not kill." Plainly this was God's business. In Bob Mason's heart there was no irreverence, no flouting of the stern faith of his fathers, but there was in him also a code of conduct that transcended all laws, God-made or man-made. He was chivalence. God-made or man-made. He was chivalrous. He could not at whatever cost to himself deny

He could not at whatever cost to himself deny this woman's plea for escape from the flames. The firing-pin fell on a defective cartridge. Puriously he worked the lever and the cartridge flew upward and fell with a tingling sound on the gravel. The brass shell was empty and he remembered now that he had failed to eject it after having shot the grouse the night before. There was not another cartridge remaining in the magazine and the dreadful thought came to him, "O God, must I strike her with the butt?" The brown eyes opened again but they did not seem to see him now and as he bent over her the glaze of death dimmed their luster. The automobile settling a little had spared him at the last from an infermo mental and physical.

He commenced to weep. He was hysterical.



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A	m planning a trip tothis summer and would be glad to receive
detai	iled information about the Indian-detour. There will bepersons in party.
Nam	e
Addr	reug



But presently the rising temperature for him to a consideration of his plight. And the remembered the dead woman's paradmonition. The baby! Where was it? climbed into his saddle, rode over to the little. white bundle that whimpered so and pict up from the ground. For its dead mo sake—for the sake of his own despoiled p hood-he kissed it before turning Baldy along the trail to the meadow in the co He knew it wasn't wide enough to save the terrific heat coming presently from sides of the canyon would cook him are baby and Baldy as a cook roasts a fowl. was a spring a mile up the meadowtrickle of water that ran down into a de left when a mighty sugar-pine had fallen stretched its vast bulk along the ground. T used to be a fair-sized little pond there remembered his cattle were accustomed to quent it and it had been his wont to place for them along the trunk of the fallen

If he could get there in time . . . He could not. Baldy suddenly stood and his poor head hung low between his kn he wavered on his feet and groaned. He run his race!

Bob Mason dismounted and passed his arm around the gallant animal's bent hear the hollow of his left arm the baby nestled whimpered. Up against his own cheek he Baldy's wet one and thus for five minutes rested, leaning against each other, while flames crept up over the spur and roared into the canyon and along the south wall the crest of the long hog's-back on the no red tongue came licking over.

"Come, Baldy. Only a quarter of a more. We'll walk it, boy. Come on Baldy. You're too great a horse to die this. Come on."

this. Come on."

He tugged at the reins, which he had pover Baldy's head, and the noble brut lowed wearily after him, the relief for rider's weight inspiring new courage i great heart. And thus they came to the s Bob Mason removed his corduroy coat, division was a support of the haby completely in the state was not the same to t it in water, wrapped the baby completel and thrust the little bundle far up into the mud into a tiny cavern among the roots fallen sugar-pine. Then he unsaddled and sank the saddle in the pond, led the out into the pond, picked up his right leg, drew it under his belly as far as he and threw all of his hundred and eighty po weight against the staggering brute shoulder.

Baldy grunted and fell on his side; down he did not attempt to rise, for h content in the soft mud with the cool wa half enveloping him and his head outstrete on the soft moist earth at the edge of

pond.
"That slow walk cooled you out, Baldy, in this will cool you some more," the man him. "I'm hoping you won't be stiff all rest of your days—if you and I have any a days coming to us."

He soaked the saddle-blanket in the man and saddle-blanket in the man and saddle the saddle-blanket in the man and saddle-blanket i

and spread it out over the horse. Then down beside the exhausted brute and and when the flaming cinders descended them and the heat filled the valley as he an oven, Bob Mason rolled over and ov the shallow pond and ducked his head u while from time to time with his hands he water on Baldy's defenseless head and and re-soaked the saddle-blanket. grunted sorrowfully; occasionally he squathe baby, well protected in the cavern which it had been thrust with Mason's well around it, sucked its thumb and gurgled The man's last coherent thought was th had died and descended into Hell.

Uncle Charley Canfield opens up a golden future for Monica—and the great fire sweeps them all into sudden drama-in the May instalment of Peter B. Kyne's novel of the forests , 1926

And then a parting a sit? He the little picked it mother's diparent-aldy back e canyon we him rom both in and the wil. There we have a little lepresson allen and allen and allen and allen and there. He

stood still his knees; He hos

d his right head. Is estled and ek he draw nutes they while the ared dome wall; over he north a

of a mile on now,

had passed, brute losi from his age in his the symm, and did letely in it to the soit costs of the liled Bady I the honeright from s he could ty pound' rute's left

side; case for he was cool water atstretched dge of the

Baldy, and the man tole tiff all the any man

the ware hen he lay and waite and waite nd over he tead und ds he three and soake et. Baldy e squealed; avern into avern

and the sudden ment of e forests